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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Gun Ho!

GUN LAW

Jeffrey Lee Pierce & The Gun Club lay it down on the centre-pages by Richard Cook

RIP RIG & PANIC
TWISTED SISTER
PRINCE CHARLES
BANANARAMA
JOHN PEEL

The Gun Club's Jeffrey Lee Pierce. Photo Anton Corbijn.

ELVIS, RESIDENTS TOUR ● PRINCE CHARLES CASHES IN ● BOWIE — EDINBURGH DATE INFO ●

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions are to play a series of selected UK dates next month, tied in with the release of new material by F-Beat Records. The schedule is currently being finalised and full details are expected next week, but it's already known that their London show will be at the Hammersmith Palais on June 19 — all tickets £5, plus booking fee if purchased from an agency.

THE RESIDENTS, the "anonymous" American band who've built up a strong cult following on both sides of the Atlantic, are coming to Britain in June as part of a European tour. They're expected to play a number of dates here, including a major London show at the Hammersmith Odeon.

Despite the novelty of their lack of identity, with the group's members always wearing masks or hoods, their musical ability has been widely acclaimed. Part of their mystique is that no one knows if they are really well-known musicians operating under an alias, possibly for contractual reasons — or simply nonentities with a good gimmick!

JOBOXERS, *A Certain Ratio, The Enid and Chris Matthews' Laser Creations are the latest confirmations for this year's Glastonbury CND Festival over the weekend of June 17–19. Other names already set are Curtis Mayfield, Burning Spear, Dr. John, Dennis Brown, UB40, The Beat, Aswad, Melanie, Incantation, Alexis Korner, The Chieftains, Marmillion and Moving Hearts — plus the various poets and performers appearing daily in the cabaret tent.*

A reminder that the site is Worthy Farm at Pilton, near Shepton Mallet in Somerset. Advance tickets at £12 are available (with SAE) from Glastonbury CND Festival (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), 11 Goodwin Street, London N4 3HQ — accompanied children under 14 are admitted free.

JAMAICA's renowned Reggae Sunsplash event takes place this year between June 29 and July 2 at the Bob Marley Memorial Centre, Montego Bay — and among artists so far confirmed are Third World, Musical Youth, Steel Pulse, Dennis Brown and Rita Marley.

Atlas Caribbean have laid on a two-week trip, leaving London for Montego Bay on either June 23 or 25, providing camping in tents by a private beach (£399) or luxury villa accommodation (£599). To this you have to add the cost of a festival ticket (£57), which includes a welcome beach party.

For more details, phone Stevenage (0438) 61191.

PRINCE CHARLES RIDES THE GRAVY TRAIN

DEFENDER of the funk! King of the jungle! Lord of the universe! Mutha funka of the Computone Lyricon II! Prince Charles! Natural heir to the funk throne of Bootsy and George! The stone killer strutting the city's mean streets in search of cash, kicks and big chested girls . . .

For a native of such a musical backwater as the pretty city of Boston in New England, Charles Alexander is hardly prone to massive bouts of modesty. When he flies into Britain next week for his first live dates outside the United States, he won't be coming here to apologise for himself.

Four years and two albums worth of music with the City Beat Band have landed PC a major deal with Virgin Records and the opportunity to convince the world that his flamboyant funkamatic bravado can be backed up with the requisite rhythm and business.

And the early-warning signals of success are certainly there. His first Virgin single 'Cash (Cash Money)' stands near the periphery of the national chart while the corresponding album 'Stone Killers' — previously only available as a cassette import — has been well received by critics and clubs alike.

But Charles Alexander isn't quite the simple, jive-talking, street-walking, bad-assed dude he might first appear to be. His image is hardly faked, although there is undoubtedly a heck of a lot of showmanship involved, but it is really only half the story, as the Brandeis University degree certificate which adorns the mantlepiece of his Harlem apartment confirms.

"I always wanted to succeed in life and I realised at an early age that I needed the academia to do that," he says. "So I've led a dual life. On one hand, there were my experiences of pimping and prostitution and dope dealing and violence in Boston, and on the other there was this really intense educational experience. I wasn't really studious, though, I just did what I needed to get by."

Though he now resides on 160th street in the heart of Harlem, PC cut his musical teeth in Boston's small black neighbourhood of Roxbury. He taught himself saxophone while still at school before getting himself a gig with local luminaries Michael Johnson and Maurice Starr. A backseat role was never going to quench either his ego or his musical ambition, however, and a meeting with manager/conceptualist Tony Rose was enough to convince him of the need to strike out on his own.

His debut album 'Gang War' appeared in 1980 on Rose's Solid Platinum label and if most of the riffs were pure Sly, Kool and Bootsy, the rawness of the ghetto imagery and the bottom-heavy raunch of the music set the record aside from the rest of the whitewash masquerading as hard funk. The album also lifted the curtain on PC's instrumental trump, the Lyricon, a rare and remarkable wind synthesiser which no other funk or rock players were even attempting to master.

"Things were moving towards electronics and the Lyricon enabled me to compete with that on my own terms. It enabled me to combine the dexterity of the flute with the flexibility of sound you can get from a synthesiser. The Lyricon keeps me going because I know that no one else is doing what I'm doing."

After 'Gang War', PC moved south to New York, finding Boston too claustrophobic, released a couple of singles under beguiling pseudonyms such as Trigger Finger And The Space Cadets and Slych, and cut the 'Stone Killers' album for the Greenwich Village independent cassette company ROIR. His music was now much harder, his obsessions with girls, money and the street scene more colourfully documented, and his underlying sense of humour more obvious than ever before.

If the titles didn't give the game away, then the sleeve certainly did, portraying PC in shades, beret, leather and studs, straddling the Manhattan skyline with a sax in his right hand and two maidens in chains and leather at his feet. Inside lay the new R&B, hard and sumptuous, but on the outside the trimmings were in the grand tradition of much urban black American music — larger-than-life, camp, and unashamedly commercial.

"I don't want to sit in my room playing my flute till I'm the world's greatest woodwind player without anyone ever hearing of me. I want the whole world to know. Not from conceit. I just know I'm good. There's a lot of quality in what I do and also something totally unique in the lyricon. There are other lyricon players around, but they're just diddling with themselves. They just want to be pure musicians, which is fair enough, but I also want to be commercial.

"I want to put on my bikini draws and strut my stuff in front of an audience. I want to entertain the folks. What I'm ready to show the world, the world doesn't even know. When they see me, they'll know that I'm sitting on top of a keg of dynamite!"

If you're planning to have an audience with the Prince next week, it is best to stand well back. Kid Lyricon is about to light the touchpaper.

ADRIAN THRILLS

DAVID BOWIE's Scottish concert has now been confirmed officially and, as forecast exclusively by *NME* last week, it's on Tuesday, June 28. But instead of staging it at Edinburgh's largest indoor arena, the Royal Highland Exhibition Hall, the promoters have opted to accommodate as many people as possible by taking the event out-of-doors. And it will take place at the home of Scottish rugby, Murrayfield, with a capacity of 45,000.

Edinburgh tickets are available by post at £9.80 (including booking fee) from S&G Promotions, P.O. Box 4NZ — make cheques and POs payable to "Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd" and enclose SAE. Limited to four per person.

Tickets will also go on sale to personal applicants at 10am this Sunday (8), priced £10 including booking fee, at the following outlets — Playhouse Theatre and HMV (Edinburgh), Apollo Theatre and HMV (Glasgow), Newmarket Tapes (Aberdeen) and Dingwalls (Newcastle). They will not be available from Murrayfield itself.

Fagan — taking the bucks from Buck House.

FAGAN: FROM

"'ERE MR QUEBEC, if you can get The Bollock Brothers in the background I'll make sure you get laid tonight."

Jock MacDonald — a man who seems to devote half his life to creating scams that will get him in the gossip columns and the other half to raiding the remains of The Sex Pistols rotting legacy — is in his element, ushering the gentlemen of the international media in to The Batcave to view his latest signing.

The fuss began last Wednesday morning when infamous Fleet Street newspaper the *Scum* ran a front page shock exclusive on the re-recording of 'God Save The Queen' by Michael Fagan, the notorious "Palace Prowler". The rest of the day is a bustle of activity as the various TV channels despatch camera crews round to The Batcave where Fagan is to make his performing debut.

Of course, the whole idea is geared to a massive media hype. Fagan is the guy who shocked the world when he had a bedside chat with Brenda Windsor at Buck House earlier this year and, as far as Jock is concerned, the bigger the fuss the better.

Fagan, who's just come out of a mental home, has been hounded by the gutter press and I, personally, have no qualms about him making a few bob out of the monarchy — but the song itself is a real ham, a rewritten *tribute* far removed from the old Sex Pistols' stormer. The backing track was recorded on a Fair Light synthesiser as part of a new version of 'Never Mind The Bollocks' which MacDonald is releasing soon on Charly.

When the people from Quebec TV have finished their filming, Jock takes them to one side and explains the need for one final little formality — the need to slip Michael a few bob "for a drink". So Mr Quebec duly opens his wallet and hands Fagan a crisp £20 note.

Jock beams proudly. He's

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

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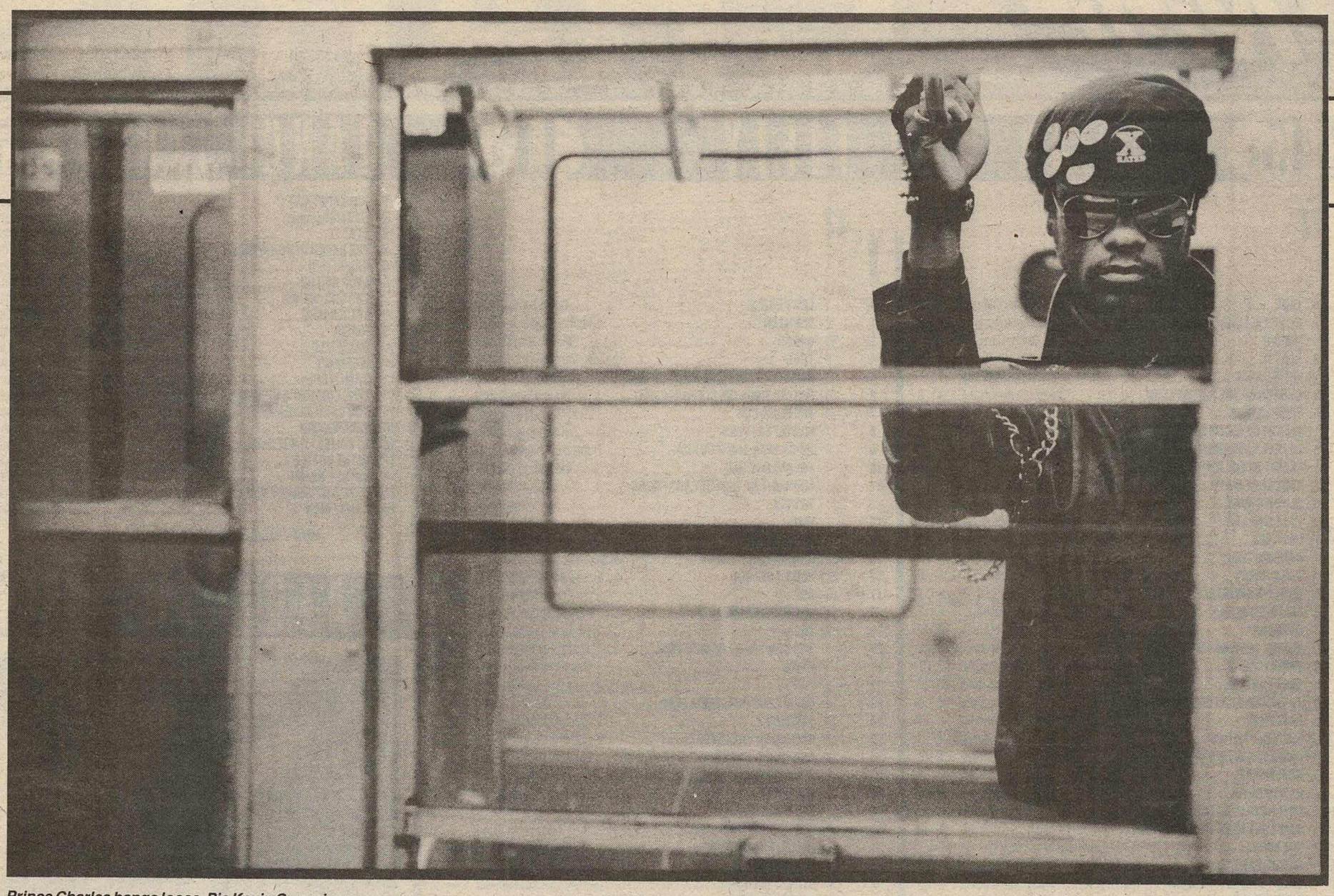
PALACE PROWLER TURNS PUNK ● STYLE COUNCIL FOR PEACE RALLY ● MUDDY WATERS DIES



Prince Charles hangs loose. Pic Kevin Cummins

BRENDA TO BATCAVE

been doing this all day with great success, it's proving to be a much more lucrative enterprise than past ruses like organizing 100-a-side football matches or managing The Sex Dwarf. Arthur Daley just isn't in it.

Fagan, while not exactly mad, could hardly be said to be "playing with a full deck". He says that he sees the song as a way of making an apology to Her Majesty for any inconvenience he caused her.

"I think it's the best media to do it in because it can't be changed, the way the other media change things around. Like, they made me out to be a loony but I've never been mad, I was just unwell. I just want to settle down and get out of it."

But surely making a record is going to bring him back into the centre of attention?

"No, because it's just a medium that I'm using to escape. I don't want to be a star, I want to be an individual. I don't want people rushing up to me in the street, I want them to accept me for what I am. I've hurt no one and I meant no harm to the Queen. I want to live in the country, I'm a countryman. I was considered a moron, but I think I'm showing I'm not a moron, that I can do anything I want — in a nice way, without hurting anyone."

Later that night Fagan, embarking on a career that will include an LP and a tour of American strip clubs ("the new Lenny Bruce tour," says Jock as I start to cringe), followed his new mentor in front of a bemused Batcave audience. In truth, both acts went down like a lead balloon in a duckpond. Jock sang his version of 'Holidays In The Sun', crashing through the taste barrier as he raved about an excursion to the Berlin bunker to see Hitler's diaries. Somebody shouted "that was really dynamic" at the end. I think it's fair to say they were being sarcastic.

Fagan polished off a few tried and trusted Rottenisms — starting off by haranguing a punter, hitting him with a mikestand and then forking out £5 of Mr Quebec's money and telling the guy to "piss off".

Every now and then he stopped in mid-performance, stood still, raised his right arm in the air and sang — *"God save the Queen/The Empire machine/They made me a shadow on streets broad and narrow/God save the Queen — a lovely human being/What future can I dream/Don't tell me what I want/Don't tell me what I need/. . . God save the Queen, I mean it kids — I love my Queen./Because tourists are money and my figurehead's all honey . . ."*

At the end Keith Allen, from Channel 4's *Whatever You Want,* shouted from the bar, "Fuck off! That was a pile of shit." But Fagan and MacDonald weren't too worried, they stand to make quite a bit on this one and already plans are afoot for a follow-up.

"I want to record 'Imagine'", says Fagan, "John Lennon's my hero."

Would you let a man like this into *your* bedroom?

GAVIN MARTIN

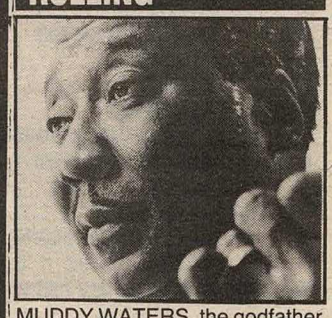
THE STYLE COUNCIL are scheduled to make their second live appearance this Saturday (7), as one of the acts performing for a big Festival For Peace rally in South London's Brockwell Park.

Also playing for the many thousands anticipated at the festival will be Madness, The Damned, Clint Eastwood & General Saint, Hazel O'Connor, and host John Peel.

The demonstration begins with a march from the Victoria Embankment — where assembly time is 11am — to Brockwell Park. The starting time of the entertainment will depend upon when the marchers arrive, but it will be in mid-afternoon.

● In conjunction with this event, Youth CND have arranged a special evening concert at the near-by Brixton Ace. It features Marine Girls, Amazulu and Roman Holliday, and all tickets are £2.50.

STONE STOPS ROLLING



MUDDY WATERS, the godfather of the Chicago blues scene and — along with Chuck Berry — the main inspiration of The Rolling Stones (who took their name from one of his songs) and all the white R&B bands who followed in their wake, died this week after a heart attack. He was 68.

Born McKinley Morganfield in Rolling Fork, Mississippi, on April 4, 1925, Waters later joined the massive migration of rural blacks to the great Northern cities and settled in Chicago, where his rumbustious, brooding electrification of Mississippi Delta blues styling virtually created the Chicago urbun blues idiom.

FULL OBITUARY NEXT WEEK

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NME CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	6	**TRUE**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	3	1
2	7	**(KEEP FEELING) FASCINATION**	Human League (Virgin)	3	2
3	4	**WORDS**	F. R. David (Carrere)	5	3
4	3	**BEAT IT**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	4	3
5	1	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie (EMI)	7	1
6	2	**CHURCH OF THE POISON MIND**	Culture Club (Virgin)	4	2
7	16	**TEMPTATION**	Heaven 17 (B.E.F.)	3	7
8	11	**WE ARE DETECTIVE**	Thompson Twins (Arista)	3	8
9	5	**LOVE IS A STRANGER**	Eurythmics (RCA)	4	5
10	15	**FLIGHT OF THE ICARUS**	Iron Maiden (EMI)	3	10
11	12	**TRUE LOVE WAYS**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	3	11
12	8	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)	7	8
13	37	**PALE SHELTER**	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	2	13
14	17	**ROSANNA**	Toto (CBS)	3	14
15	21	**DANCING TIGHT**	Galaxy (Ensign)	3	15
16	10	**BREAKAWAY**	Tracy Ullman (Stiff)	5	5
17	45	**OUR LIPS ARE SEALED**	Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	2	17
18	23	**I AM ME (I'M ME)**	Twisted Sister (Atlantic)	6	18
19	24	**OVERKILL**	Men At Work (Epic)	3	19
20	20	**YOUNG, FREE AND SINGLE**	Sunfire (Warners)	3	20
21	36	**FRIDAY NIGHT**	Kids From Fame (RCA)	2	21
22	26	**MISS THE GIRL**	Creatures (Polydor)	3	22
23	9	**THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT**	Tracie (Respond)	6	9
24	29	**LAST FILM**	Kissing The Pink (Magnet)	3	24
25	19	**SHE'S IN PARTIES**	Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	4	19
26	46	**I'M NEVER GIVING UP**	Sweet Dreams (Ariola)	3	26
27	13	**BOXERBEAT**	JoBoxers (RCA)	6	3
28	14	**OOH TO BE AH**	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	5	5
29	(—)	**FUTURE GENERATION**	B52's (Island)	1	29
30	(—)	**CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU**	The Beat (Go Feet)	1	30
31	33	**THE TWIST**	Chill Factorr (Philly World)	3	31
32	(—)	**MUSIC (PART 1)**	D Train (Prelude)	1	32
33	(—)	**CREATURES OF THE NIGHT**	Kiss (Casablanca)	1	33
34	(—)	**BLIND VISION**	Blancmange (London)	1	34
35	32	**MINEFIELD**	I-Level (Virgin)	3	32
36	18	**IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOUULD KNOW**	Duran Duran (EMI)	7	1
37	(—)	**MUCK IT OUT**	Farmers Boys (EMI)	1	37
38	35	**FROM ME TO YOU**	Beatles (Parlophone)	3	35
39	28	**PRICE YOU PLAY**	Questions (A&M)	2	28
40	22	**FIELDS OF FIRE**	Big Country (Mercury)	6	11
41	(—)	**THUNDER AND LIGHTNING**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	1	41
42	(—)	**FAMILY MAN**	Hall & Oates (RCA)	1	42
43	43	**THE STAND**	The Alarm (I.R.S.)	2	43
44	41	**SWEET MEMORY**	Belle Stars (Stiff)	3	36
45	31	**SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS)**	Eurythmics (RCA)	10	2
46	(—)	**ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (Trapper)	1	46
47	50	**WAR PARTY**	Eddy Grant (Ice)	2	47
48	40	**CANDY GIRL**	New Edition (London)	3	40
49	34	**THE CELTIC SOUL BROTHERS**	Kevin Rowland & Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	5	20
50	(—)	**GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT THE BLUES**	Elton John (Rocket)	1	50

LPs UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie (EMI)	3	1
2	2	**THRILLER**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	20	1
3	20	**CARGO**	Men At Work (Epic)	2	3
4	6	**TRUE**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	8	4
5	5	**SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS)**	Eurythmics (RCA)	10	1
6	3	**FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT**	Bonnie Tyler (CBS)	3	3
7	4	**THE FINAL CUT**	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	6	1
8	17	**WHITE FEATHERS**	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	2	8
9	9	**QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK**	Thompson Twins (Arista)	10	2
10	(—)	**THE LUXURY GAP**	Heaven 17 (Virgin)	1	10
11	(—)	**MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND**	Meatloaf (Epic)	1	11
12	11	**TOTO IV**	Toto (CBS)	10	3
13	7	**WAR**	U2 (Island)	9	3
14	8	**THE HURTING**	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	8	2
15	12	**HIGH LAND HARD RAIN**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	3	12
16	29	**HIGHLY STRUNG**	Steve Hackett (Charisma)	2	16
17	13	**RIO**	Duran Duran (EMI)	45	2
18	18	**MUSIC FROM LOCAL HERO**	Mark Knopfler (Vertigo)	3	10
19	19	**THE KEY**	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	8	7
20	(—)	**YOU CAN'T STOP ROCK'N'ROLL**	Twisted Sister (Atlantic)	1	20
21	15	**PRIDE**	Robert Palmer (Island)	3	15
22	(—)	**LISTEN**	A Flock Of Seagulls (Jive)	1	22
23	18	**SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR**	Marillion (EMI)	6	4
24	30	**JARREAU**	Al Jarreau (WEA)	3	24
25	22	**KISSING TO BE CLEVER**	Culture Club (Virgin)	20	2
26	23	**GRAPES OF WRATH**	Spear Of Destiny (Epic)	2	23
27	16	**THE KIDS FROM FAME LIVE**	Various (BBC)	4	16
28	36	**ELIMINATOR**	ZZ Top (WEA)	3	28
29	35	**FASTWAY**	Fastway (CBS)	2	29
30	37	**SUBTERRANEAN JUNGLE**	Ramones (Sire)	2	30
31	21	**HELLO I MUST BE GOING**	Phil Collins (Virgin)	25	2
32	24	**CHARTBUSTERS**	Various (Ronco)	7	7
33	26	**STREET SOUNDS III**	Various (Street Sounds)	3	26
34	(—)	**STONEKILLERS**	Prince Charles And The City Band (Virgin)	1	34
35	14	**BUSINESS AS USUAL**	Men At Work (Epic)	16	1
36	34	**THE POWER AND THE GLORY**	Saxon (Carrere)	6	10
37	(—)	**LIVING MY LIFE**	Grace Jones (Island)	2	37
38	33	**LIONEL RICHIE**	Lionel Richie (Motown)	17	9
39	27	**DAZZLE SHIPS**	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Telegraph)	8	6
40	(—)	**TWICE AS KOOL**	Kool And The Gang (Mercury)	1	40
41	(—)	**STEVE MILLER LIVE**	Steve Miller (Mercury)	1	41
42	31	**JOURNEY THROUGH THE CLASSICS**	Louis Clark And The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (K-Tel)	3	31
43	45	**SURPRISE, SURPRISE**	Mezzoforte (Steinar)	6	22
44	42	**THE RISE AND FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST**	David Bowie (RCA)	2	42
45	(—)	**JAILHOUSE ROCK**	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	45
46	40	**THE PERFECT BEAT**	Various (Polydor)	2	40
47	(—)	**PHIL EVERLY**	Phil Everly (Capitol)	1	47
48	(—)	**MAMA AFRICA**	Peter Tosh (EMI)	1	48
49	(—)	**THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD**	David Bowie (RCA)	1	49
50	39	**MONEY AND CIGARETTES**	Eric Clapton (Duck)	7	15

45s DANCE FLOOR

1	**DANCING TIGHT**	Galaxy (Ensign)
2	**LIFELINE (remix)**	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)
3	**BEAT IT**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
4	**THE BEACH/BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)
5	**CANDY GIRL**	New Edition (London)
6	**STOP AND GO**	David Grant (Chrysalis)
7	**THE GIRL IS FINE**	Fatback (Spring)
8	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie (EMI America)
9	**MUSIC**	D-Train (Prelude)
10	**MINEFIELD**	I-Level (Virgin)
11	**WEEKEND**	Class Action (Jive)
12	**CASH MONEY**	Prince Charles (Virgin)
13	**TWIST (ROUND & ROUND)**	Chill Factorr (Phillyworld)
14	**YOU CAN'T HIDE (remix)**	David Joseph (Island)
15	**TEMPTATION**	Heaven 17 (Virgin)
16	**LOVE LIES FIERCE (remix)**	Thompson Twins (Arista)
17	**IN THE BOTTLE**	C.O.D. (Streetwave)
18	**HIP HOP BE BOP**	Man Parrish (Polydor)
19	**LOVE'S GONNA GET YOU**	UK Players (RCA)
20	**CANDY MAN**	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)

HMV Record Shop, Oxford Street, London W1.

AFRICAN LPs

Sunny Ade sneezes in at No. One

1	**AJOO**	Sunny Ade (SAR) Nigeria
2	**AMBITION**	Ebenezer Obey (Obey) Nigeria
3	**EMMA BEKUM MMARIUM**	Sansum Band (Happy Bird) Ghana
4	**L'EVENEMENT**	Rochereau & Franco (Genidia) Zaire
5	**PROPULSION**	Pamelo Mounk'a (Eddy'son) Zaire
6	**SWEETER THAN HONEY**	Pat Thomas & Ebo Taylor (PAR) Ghana
7	**IJO OLOMO**	Ayinde Barrister (SORL) Nigeria
8	**KAIVASHA**	Orch. Super Mazembe (Virgin) Kenya
9	**OMINTIMINIM**	Atakora Manu (KYK) Ghana
10	**ESWI YO WAPI**	Mbilia Bell (Genidia) Zaire
11	**MOTHER & CHILD**	Sonny Okosun (OTI) Nigeria
12	**EN AMOUR Y A PAS DE CALCUL**	Rochereau (Genidia) Zaire
13	**JUJU MUSIC**	Sunny Ade (Island) Nigeria
14	**LET THEM SAY**	Prince Nico Mbarga (Polygram) Nigeria
15	**PRECIOUS GIFT**	Ebenezer Obey (Obey) Nigeria

Chart compiled by Stern's African Record Centre, 116 Whitfield Street, London W1

45s INDEPENDENT

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)	7	1
2	3	**PEPPERMINT PIG**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)	3	2
3	2	**ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (Trapper)	1	2
4	5	**SEBASTIAN**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)	3	4
5	4	**ANACONDA**	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	3	4
6	7	**ANGRY SONGS**	Omega Tribe (Crass)	3	6
7	23	**NEW AGE**	Blitz (Future)	2	7
8	9	**MEGALOMANIA**	Blood (No Future)	3	8
9	6	**WHITE RABBIT**	Damned (Big Beat)	3	6
10	16	**CROW BABY**	March Violets (Rebirth)	2	10
11	13	**LIFE ON THE RED LINE**	Violators (Future)	3	11
12	12	**BAD SEED**	Birthday Party (4AD)	3	12
13	10	**HANGOVER**	Serious Drinking (Upright)	3	10
14	8	**CATTLE AND CANE**	Go Betweens (Rough Trade)	3	8
15	(—)	**SHIPBUILDING**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	1	15
16	(—)	**ALICE 12"**	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	1	16
17	17	**OBLIVIOUS**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	2	17
18	11	**CRY ME A RIVER**	Julie London (Edsel)	3	11
19	18	**A GIRL CALLED JOHNNY**	Water Boys (Chicken Jazz)	2	18
20	20	**MONEY'S TOO TIGHT**	Valentine Brothers (Energi)	2	20
21	(—)	**CEREMONY**	New Order (Factory)	1	21
22	24	**LOVE WILL TEAR US APART**	Joy Division (Factory)	3	22
23	21	**COUNTRY FIT FOR HEROES II**	Various (No Future)	2	21
24	(—)	**LOW PROFILE**	Cook Da Books (Kiteland)	1	24
25	14	**SOMEWHERE/HIDE**	Danse Society (Society)	3	14
26	26	**BREAKDOWN**	Colour Box (4AD)	2	26
27	29	**OCEANIC EXPLORERS EP**	Expo Facto (Probe)	2	27
28	(—)	**PEOPLE EP**	Action Pact (Fallout)	1	28
29	(—)	**BANDWAGON**	Test Card F (Tango)	1	29
30	(—)	**FORCES OF LAW EP**	Destructors (Illuminated)	1	30

LPs INDEPENDENT

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	**HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	3	1
2	2	**PILLOWS AND PRAYERS**	Various (Cherry Red)	3	2
3	3	**LAZY WAYS**	Marine Girls (Cherry Red)	3	3
4	4	**SONG AND LEGEND**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)	3	4
5	7	**BEFORE HOLLYWOOD**	Go-Betweens (Rough Trade)	3	5
6	11	**FETISCH**	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)	2	6
7	5	**IT'S TIME TO SEE WHO'S WHO**	Conflict (Corpus Christi)	3	5
8	8	**ENFLAME**	Passage (Cherry Red)	3	8
9	6	**1981-82 THE MINI ALBUM**	New Order (Factory)	3	6
10	10	**LET THE TRIBE INCREASE**	The Mob (All The Madmen)	2	10
11	13	**MACHINE**	1919 (Red Rhino)	2	11
12	12	**SEDUCTION**	Danse Society (Society)	3	12
13	14	**CARE**	Shriekback (Y)	2	13
14	16	**GANG WARS**	Prince Charles And The City Band (Solid Platinum)	2	14
15	27	**GARLANDS**	Cocteau Twins (Red Flame)	2	15
16	17	**DIG THIS GROOVE BABY**	Toy Dolls (Volume)	2	16
17	20	**A DISTANT SHORE**	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)	2	17
18	15	**SURPRISE, SURPRISE**	Mezzoforte (Steinar)	3	15
19	9	**NORTH MARINE DRIVE**	Ben Watt (Cherry Red)	2	9
20	25	**EARTH**	Misty In Roots (People Unite)	2	20
21	18	**TWICE UPON A TIME**	Hawkwind, Friends And Relations (Flicknife)	2	18
22	26	**RANTING AT THE NATION**	Atilla The Stockbroker (Cherry Red)	2	22
23	30	**MOVEMENT**	New Order (Factory)	2	23
24	(—)	**EARTH Vs SHOCKABILLY**	Shockabilly (Rough Trade)	1	24
25	22	**WRECKIN' CREW**	Meteors (ID)	2	22
26	21	**ALL SYSTEMS GO**	One Way System (Anagram)	2	21
27	23	**CHAOS UK**	Chaos UK (Riot City)	2	23
28	24	**NIPPED IN THE BUD**	Various (Rough Trade)	2	24
29	(—)	**REBEL SONGS**	Decorators (Red Flame)	1	29
30	(—)	**REASON WHY**	Angelic Upstarts (Anagram)	1	30

REGGAE PRE 45s

1	**KINARKY**	Mighty Diamonds (Bad Gong)
2	**WHA HAPPEN DEY**	Wailing Souls (Gorgon)
3	**SIT DOWN AND REASON**	Meditations (Thompson Sounds)
4	**NUTRON BOMB**	Eek-A-Mouse (Gorgon)
5	**DEDICATED TO YOU**	Peter Metro (Volcano)
6	**OBEY YOUR PARENTS**	Michael Prophet (Vivian Jackson)
7	**ROOTS WITH QUALITY**	Third World (Observers)
8	**CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS**	Simple Simon (Hitbound)
9	**STRANGER IN LOVE**	Ruddy Thomas (Stars)
10	**WAR AND CRIME**	Trevor Junior (Youth Promotion)

REGGAE DISCO 45s

1	**PROMISED LAND**	Dennis Brown and Aswad (Simba)
2	**LOVE IS TOPS**	Alton Ellis (Body Music)
3	**REVOLUTION**	Dennis Brown (Taxi)
4	**WHIP IT**	Derrick Harriott (Hawkeye)
5	**JUMPING JACK**	Freddie McGregor (Intense)
6	**TERRORISTS IN THE CITY**	Eek-A-Mouse (Greensleeves)
7	**JUST A MEMORY**	Lorna Pierre (Ital)
8	**LOVE LINE**	Tiger (Ethnic)
9	**SWING AND DINE ON THE FRONTLINE**	David Miller (LGR)
10	**LOVE COME DOWN**	Barry Biggs (Afrik)

Charts compiled by OBSERVER STATION

JAZZ LPs

1	SWING LOW SWEET SPIRITUAL	Albert Ayler (Omofif)
2	CADONA III	Don Cherry (ECM)
3	SWEET AND SOURS	Maggie Nichols and Julie Tippetts (FMP)
4	LIVE AT THE PLUGGED NICKEL	Miles Davis (CBS)
5	MANDANCE	Ronald Shannon Jackson (Antilles)
6	BLUE TRANE	John Coltrane (Blue Note)
7	JARREAU	Al Jarreau (WEA)
8	LADY SINGS THE BLUES	Billie Holiday (Verve)
9	TIJUANA MOOD	Charles Mingus (RCA)
10	QUINTET	Herbie Hancock (CBS)
11	PARIS CONCERT	Bill Evans (Elektra)
12	SOWETO	Dollar Brand (Plane)
13	SKETCHES OF SPAIN	Miles Davis (CBS)
14	DON CHERRY	Don Cherry (A & M)
15	THE SWINGIN' MISS D	Dinah Washington (Mercury)
16	NEW WINE	Ganlin Trio (Leo)
17	PRIESTESS	Gil Evans (Antilles)
18	CARAVAN	Art Blakey (Blue Note)
19	KINDA BLUE	Miles Davis (CBS)
20	LIBERATION MUSIC ORCHESTRA	Charlie Haden (Jasmine)

Chart courtesy of Rhythm Records, 281 Camden High St, London NW1

US BLACK 45s

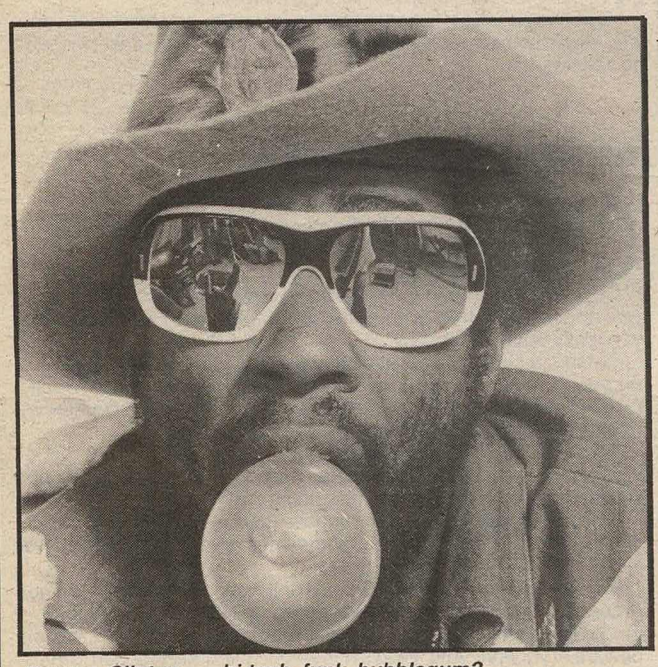
1	ATOMIC DOG	George Clinton (Capitol)
2	TRY AGAIN	Champaign (Columbia)
3	BILLIE JEAN	Michael Jackson (Epic)
4	TONIGHT	Whispers (Solar)
5	I JUST GOTTA HAVE YOU	Kashif (Arista)
6	BEAT IT	Michael Jackson (Epic)
7	MORNIN'	Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)
8	CANDY GIRL	New Edition (Streetwise)
9	I LIKE IT	De Barge (Gordy)
10	YOU ARE	Lionel Richie (Motown)

Courtesy Billboard

US BLACK LPs

1	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	LIONEL RICHIE	Lionel Richie (Motown)
3	COMPUTER GAMES	George Clinton (Capitol)
4	POWERLIGHT	Earth Wind & Fire (Columbia)
5	LOVE FOR LOVE	Whispers (Solar)
6	ALL THIS LOVE	De Barge (Gordy)
7	JARREAU	Al Jarreau (Warner Bros.)
8	H_2O	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
9	1999	Prince (Warner Bros)
10	TO THE MAX	Con Funk Shun (Mercury)
11	TOO TOUGH	Angela Bofill (Arista)
12	STEVE ARRINGTON'S HALL OF FAME	Steve Arrington's Hall Of Fame (Atlantic)
13	KASHIF	Kashif (Arista)
14	SWEAT	The System (Mirage)
15	YOU AND I	O'Bryan (Capitol)

Courtesy Billboard



George Clinton — hi-tech funk bubblegum?

OLDIES LPs

1	DO ANYTHING YOU SAY	David Bowie (Pye)
2	GETTING MIGHTY CROWDED	Betty Everett (Fontana)
3	LOCOMOTION	Little Eva (London)
4	GAME OF LOVE EP	Wayne Fontana (Fontana)
5	MAGIC BUS	Who (Track)
6	SUBSTITUTE 12	Who (Polydor)
7	MELLOW SAXOPHONE	Roy Montreal (Specialty)
8	LITTLE DEMON	Screaming Jay Hawkins (Epic)
9	INSTRUMENTAL ASSASSINATION EP	Manfred Mann (Fontana)
10	BLACK SLACKS	Joe Bennett (Roulette)

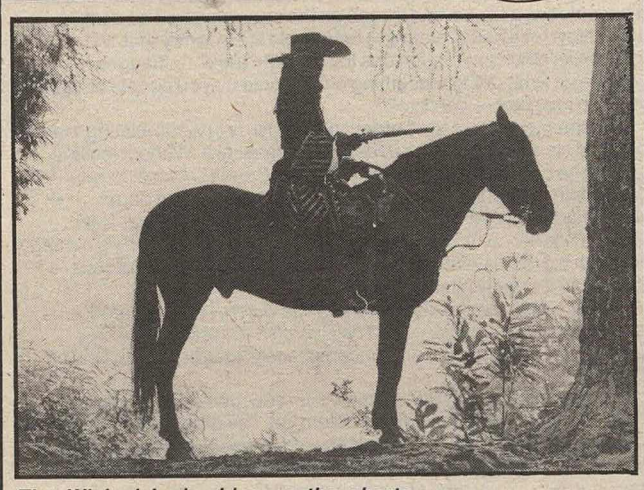
Vintage Record Centre 91 Roman Way London N7 8UN

NETHERLANDS 45s

1	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)
2	MAJOR TOM	Peter Schilling (WEA)
3	99 LUFTBALLONS	Nena (CBS)
4	LADY	Wayne Wade (Dance)
5	TOGETHER WE'RE STRONG	Mireille Mathieu & Patrick Duffy (Ariola)
6	DO YOU WANNA HOLD ME	Bow Wow Wow (RCA)
7	LISTEN TO THE MAN	Time Bandits (CBS)
8	NESCIO	Nits (CBS)
9	I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU	Dolly Parton (RCA)
10	SWEET DREAMS	Eurythmics (RCA)

Stichting Nederlandse Top 40/Billboard

MOVIES 10



The Wicked Lady rides up the charts

1	SOPHIE'S CHOICE	(UIP)
2	GANDHI	(Col-EMI-War)
3	THE WICKED LADY	(Col-EMI-War)
4	10 TO MIDNIGHT	(Cannon)
5	LOCAL HERO	(20th Century Fox)
6	HEAT AND DUST	(Curzon/Enterprise)
7	AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN	(UIP)
8	TALES OF ORDINARY MADNESS	(Miracle)
9	THE VERDICT	(20th Century Fox)
10	BEST FRIENDS	(Col-EMI-War)

Supplied by Screen International.

FRED FACT

The outstanding success of **Bowie**'s first album for EMI — one London shop reported selling 1000 copies on the first day of release — has sparked off renewed interest in his RCA back-catalogue, with the result that such albums as 'Ziggy Stardust', 'Hunky Dory', 'The Man Who Sold The World' and 'Pin Ups' have once more begun to sell in hefty quantities. Not that EMI are worried about RCA cashing in on their new mainman's popularity, in fact, the HMV chain of record shops, owned by EMI, are currently running a campaign to promote the RCA albums. When all's said and done, it's still income. In any case, anything that RCA sells always brings smiles to the phizogs of the Thorn-EMI moguls because virtually every record that emanates from Bowie's old label is pressed by...yep, you guessed right! One way or another, it seems that Nipper, the fox terrier who provides EMI with a British trademark, is likely to end up as the ultimate diamond dog.

Fred Dellar

5 YEARS AGO

1	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees (RSO)
2	NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY	Andrew Gold (Asylum)
3	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE	Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams (CBS)
4	IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
5	AUTOMATIC LOVER	Dee Dee Jackson (Mercury)
6	MATCHSTALK MEN AND MATCHSTALK CATS AND DOGS	Brian & Michael (Pye)
7	FOLLOW YOU, FOLLOW ME	Genesis (Charisma)
8	I WONDER WHY	Showaddywaddy (Arista)
9	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)
10	SINGIN' IN THE RAIN	Sheila B Devotion (EMI)

10 YEARS AGO

1	TIE A YELLOW RIBBON	Dawn (Bell)
2	HELLO! HELLO! I'M BACK AGAIN	Gary Glitter (Bell)
3	GET DOWN	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
4	DRIVE-IN SATURDAY	David Bowie (RCA)
5	I'M A CLOWN/SOME KIND OF A SUMMER	David Cassidy (Bell)
6	ALL BECAUSE OF YOU	Geordie (EMI)
7	MY LOVE	Paul McCartney & Wings (EMI)
8	TWEEDLE DEE	Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
9	BROTHER LOUIE	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
10	SEE MY BABY JIVE	Wizzard (Harvest)

15 YEARS AGO

1	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	Louis Armstrong (HMV)
2	SIMON SAYS	1910 Fruitgum Company (Pye Int)
3	LAZY SUNDAY	Small Faces (Immediate)
4	IF I ONLY HAD TIME	John Rowles (MCA)
5	CONGRATULATIONS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6	I CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU	Andy Williams (CBS)
7	A MAN WITHOUT LOVE	Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
8	JENNIFER ECCLES	Hollies (Parlophone)
9	AIN'T NOTHING BUT A HOUSE PARTY	Show Stoppers (Beacon)
10	SOMETHING HERE IN MY HEART	Paper Dolls (Pye)

20 YEARS AGO

1	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	HOW DO YOU DO IT	Gerry & The Pacemakers (Columbia)
3	FROM A JACK TO A KING	Ned Miller (London)
4	NOBODY'S DARLIN' BUT MINE	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
5	CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU	Andy Williams (CBS)
6	IN DREAMS	Roy Orbison (London)
7	SAY I WON'T BE THERE	Springfields (Philips)
8	SCARLET O'HARA	Jet Harris & Tony Meehan (Decca)
9	RHYTHM OF THE RAIN	Cascades (Warner Bros)
10	BROWN EYED HANDSOME MAN	Buddy Holly (Coral)

NEXT WEEK

FOUR EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

THE CREATURES

Siouxsie and Budgie explain the concept of The Creatures and the sun-soaked days spent recording their new LP in Hawaii. By Richard Cook, photography Anton Corbijn.

NICHOLAS ROEG

***The director who made* Don't Look Now, The Man Who Fell To Earth *and* Performance, *talks about his movie making, including his new film,* Eureka!**

COATI MUNDI

Life without the Kid. Adrian Thrills takes a trip to New York to discuss Coati's new solo LP and future plans.

MUDDY WATERS

Following the untimely death of this blues legend, Charles Shaar Murray writes a tender obituary to one of the most influential musicians of the last 30 years.

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FOR SOME people time is too tight; every second is a commodity, a rarity, something dearly prized yet ultimately intangible.

To them 'living on borrowed time' is all too much of a reality. So much so that there is a constant desire to live every fleeting moment twice, to cast a net, an alter ego, in the sad hope of catching time for another faded day.

For some people the threads of their schizophrenia can be found in that net.

Dee Snider is such a person. He is amiable, hilarious, touching, sinister, sincere. He is a 28 year-old married man with a child; he is also prone to bouts of schizophrenia.

Dee Snider is probably better known to you as that cosmetically scarred-face of heavy metal — Twisted Sister. If you've got the time maybe you'd like to meet the man. You may be surprised though: this is not the atrocity exhibition that you've come to expect and despise.

The hardest shock in this shock rock fantasy is not the physical transformation of this behemoth, but his mental capacity for change. Therein resides the beauty and the beast of this tale — and all the stages inbetween.

Unfortunately none of his faces finds refuge in the powdered interior of his make-up bag. When you're fighting for time it's difficult to cover all the unsightly scars of the persona with foundation cream.

Ask Dee Snider. Ask Twisted Sister. Ask them both.

"I don't think I'm really fucked up in my head . . . yes I do . . . you see?" — Dee Snider/Twisted Sister (April '83).

AS YOU can see, the ugly truth is that this classically trained vocalist from Long Island has an extremely volatile nature. He is desperately insecure and yet manages to hold down two very stable relationships; one with his wife and one with an extremely lucrative band. He is the missing link of HM; a dinosaur with a brain. A new species.

Undoubtedly he is a survivor. How else can you explain a man who has been Twisted Sister for seven years?

In that time he has accrued an insanely loyal following (fan club membership alone is 20,000 and rising), a tidy record contract and a Top 20 hit. Whether you find him laudable or ludicrous this gentle giant (and rapacious beast) is the acceptable vein of chart metal. The cut in BBC airplay for the single ('I Am, I'm Me') upsets him. The offer of an appearance on a Saturday morning children's show thrills him.

Dee Snider wants to be liked. A lot.

Twisted Sister have been crashing on the stage doors of New York since 1976. Painted to the hilt and bedecked in satin, leather and leopard skin, they are Sick Mutha Fuckers to a man; Jay Jay French (guitar), Eddie Ojeda (guitar), Mark 'Animal' Mendoza (bass) and A J Pero (drums). The names should speak for themselves because with or without the bottled facelifts they are a mean, unsightly crowd.

Sneer at your own risk. Laugh with due respect for your life. They are *all* bigger than you. The warning here reads: do not mess with the animals.

FOUNDATION CREAM

THANKFULLY Dee Snider is alone when I meet him. Caged in a dressing room with nothing but his own naturally distorted complexion for company, he is as friendly a guy as you'll ever meet.

He slowly smears his face with a pinky base, his mane of peroxide curls is kept in check by a child's baseball cap. Occasionally he looks like a mutilated Rodger Daltrey; somehow this is not the amusing vision you may have expected. You can't help but think that this whole act has been shot through with pathos.

Preparing for your second *Top Of The Pops* appearance within a month is a painstaking process; harder still when the Boy next door is also a dab hand with the face paints. Q-tips are handled with startling dexterity and tissues survive these pink tipped talons with not so much as a tear. Unbelievably he does have a soft touch.

His equine visage nearly complete, he trots through anecdotes and fables at an alarming speed; unseen hustlers spur him on, constantly reminding him that, "Time's running out!" Precious time.

It may sound melodramatic but Dee Snider must become Twisted Sister before he takes the stage. The warning here may well read: remember children — this is the real world. This is really happening.

Dee Snider and Twisted Sister are the flip sides of the same coin. They are indivisible yet quite opposite. Both exist almost totally independently of each other. Sadly, as always, it is impossible to decide in which the true man lies.

Onstage it is the *Psycho* groupie with the four letter phrase book that prevails. Alone it is the subdued, intelligent male soprano singer. Consequently the latter is not for mass human consumption. Twisted Sister would be nowhere if people actually *liked* Dee Snider. They would be non-existent if people liked heavy metal. That strikes me as funny, very funny. And very sad.

RIGHT EYE

HEY DEE! If there is a joke in all this, where's the punch line? Which side of the crowd barriers is it on? Who exactly is *in* on the joke.

"I've never really thought about that. It's definitely not a laugh at the audience. Everybody is *in* on the joke. It's not an 'in' joke . . . like HA! HA! Look at those assholes out there, jumping about or wearing make-up, dressed like me . . . aren't they *foolish?* It's definitely a very open joke.

"It's having a good time, having a loon, anything for a laugh. I guess the joke is on the people that are shocked and horrified. That to me is the *laugh.* When you get that reaction — Oh my God! That's *disgusting!* — and people call up the BBC, *they* are the joke. They're taking it too seriously and blowing it out of proportion.

"Rumour has it, and I don't know if this is verified that Mary Whitehouse — is that her name? — wrote that Twisted Sister should be avoided at all costs and if seen on the streets should be shot on sight. Now for a conservative to tell people in a country that prides itself on its strict gun regulations to shoot the band . . . (laughs) . . . you've got to be doing something right! Come on you people out there, you can love that — can't ya?"

The man takes a second breath pause. He is just completing the burial of his eyes beneath a thick layer of mascara. Without looking around he continues, "that is funny; that is the joke, those people. To get people *that* angry . . . to write. We're looking for that paper . . . if she really wrote that then we're going to blow that one up all over . . . (little girl lost accent) Mary Whitehouse . . . picture me holding a puppy dog with big, sad eyes! Ha! . . . you'd shoot little ole Twisted Sister? You know it's really hysterical . . ."

I scare easily. Sitting and watching this vision, I am repeatedly reminded of the possession in *The Exorcist;* something that Dee Snider constantly picks up on unconsciously, maybe, but chilling all the same.

Surely you get the same reaction from your own moral majority?

"No . . . we haven't had that problem yet, "he drawls. "I think they're too scared to come down on us. If they do, I challenge them to tell me what we are doing wrong. Tell me, listen to our records, play 'em backwards . . . if you find something about the Devil on them I'll be the first to smash the record! OK?

"We listen to and read every word and there isn't a word in one song that propagates violence . . . no, I won't say violence . . . doesn't push violence or sex or any of those negative things."

I am sure that the only restraints during these outbursts are lack of time and the importance of applying his 'face'. I jest you not. Even Lemmy seemed quite subdued, even wary of him, the night before.

LEFT EYE

WHAT ABOUT your infamous bad mouthing? Dee Sister: "We curse, hey! It's a form of communication — it's a dialect. At this point in life the word fucking has so many different meanings. The word fucking doesn't mean fucking anymore — except when you say, we are fucking!

"There is nothing we do wrong . . . one of the underlying messages that I try to put across is, don't judge a book by its cover. People look at us and say, YUCK! I don't like it, and they're making a terrible mistake. People look at me and say, Oh! Fucked up! Drug head! Alcoholic! Asshole! And I'm not.

I *am* an asshole. Everybody out there is an asshole. If you try to be a *great* man, you're only an asshole, so if you try to be a *great* asshole you've got one up on everybody else.

"We just encourage people to enjoy themselves, to let out, not be so inhibited or hung up about everything. At times it seems very aggressive, very serious and there are times when I am very angry cos I do have a lot of anger and aggression pent up in me over things."

At times Dee — now more Sister than Snider — mouths some fairly profound statements; I really mean that. At other times the Twisted side curls its lips back and growls a profanity. The Twisted side hates a long list of people, I think tht it would be a fair guess if I said that Twisted Snider secretly desires a lot of the things his Sister Dee openly rejects; thankfully for us and the band, Sister Dee is a pretty mean character.

Most pop bands mentioned are derided or verbally spat upon; phoney people are not tremendously popular with this hulk either. He tries to be objective — honestly — though he finally admits that: "There is a double standard at times. I try not to have one but, admittedly, sometimes you get carried away with the whole heavy metal thing.

"After you get put down by that type of person, *Smash Hits* and what have you, you build up a resentment based not on a national judgement of the band or the band or the music, but based coldly on, they didn't like you, so you don't like them. That's the way Headbangers are . . . it goes back and forth and nobody ever puts an end to it."

BLUSHER

ISN'T THERE a shallowness to your 'kick ass' philosophy though? The reply is doleful, even desperate.

"There is a shallowness to heavy metal. Just as there is a shallowness to everything. The object is to put something that's not shallow underneath — a sort of subliminal cut. Somehow *that* comes across . . . whether it's in the words (to be honest there is little of the sublime about Snider's lyrics), the actions, the interview — you put this message through.

"Just like the sincerity on my part comes through to the people. People say, you've got a great rapport with the audience — yet you curse them out and they love you anyway. Why? Because they know that I'm speaking the *truth,* I'm *not* lying, I'm *not* doing anything phoney — I *really* feel it, I *really* love it, I *really* believe in what I'm saying.

"The shallowness is inherent to the system — there is a basic structure that is outside of pop music, or reggae music. There is a basic stereotype — the Headbanger. Hopefully I *really* do try to put something more into it. To put a message across and if I do then that is the greatest success to me . . . and I mean that honestly.

"One of the greatest things for me is to see the people that haven't got long hair, down the front. The ones called nerds . . . the doofers. When I see them there I say, why are they there? I know why they are there . . . because I was one of them . . . an outcast.

"Yet they find some sort of shelter in Twisted Sister's world. Because TS does not exclude people based on the way they look. You do not look *right* is not a basis for exclusion. The basis for exclusion is, you're a phoney, and you're not acting how you feel you're acting the way that you think you're supposed to act. You're perfectly welcome to stay, you're perfectly welcome to act anyway you want to act . . . as long as you *really* want to act that way. But don't stand there and tell me you're too cool for all this."

LIP SERVICE

SHIT! WHAT do you do this for Dee Twisted?

"I do it because I feel I have to. I do it because I wanna be a star, I have an inherent need for attention. I very much desire the attention and affection of people.

"You could think of a million things wrong with me. I'm not a very together person in the sense of hang ups and problems, but I can deal with them when I know what I need. I *need* adulation . . . and I want it. I will get it, but the way *I* want to get it."

Do you obtain that adulation through parody then?

Rouging his cheeks, he replies carefully: "It's not really piss take (oh!) We do realise that it does look ridiculous to certain people though. You're just trying to go crazy . . . to be nuttier than the other guy . . . and you *want* to do it. That's the bottom line.

"Given the power of the moment, the forcefulness, I think it fits very well. Again sometimes it's over the top for over the top's sake; there's no denying it."

THE FINAL TRANSFORMATION

COMPLETE IN his 'outfit' the mood changes. Dee Snider has now become Twisted Sister, probably in the same way as Bowie became Ziggy.

Covered in slashes of red and blue he looks slightly comic and as with all comics the truth is never far from the surface. Hey Twisted! Are you really schizophrenic?

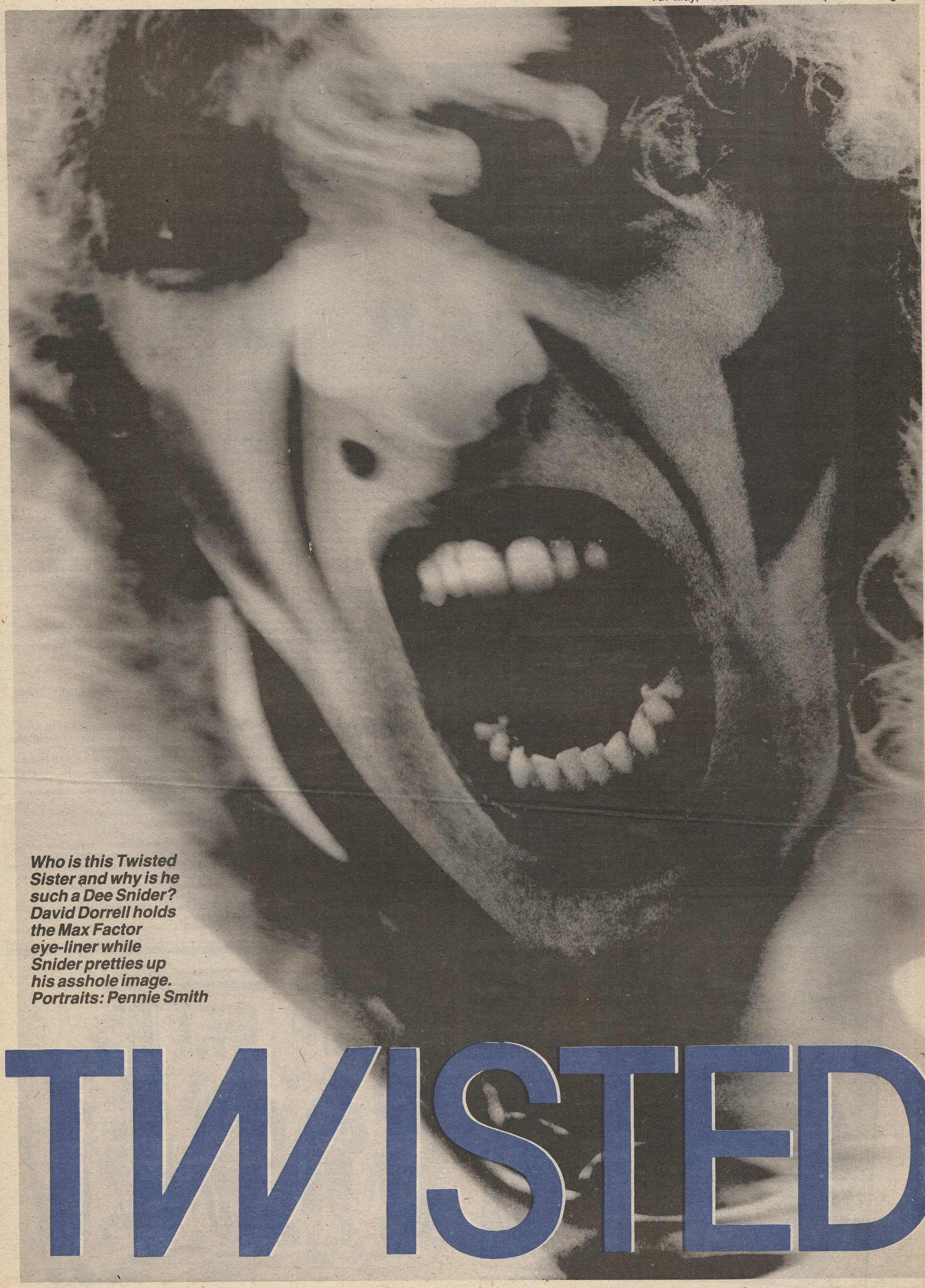
Twisted Sister: "You are seeing *one* side of me. I'm not being phoney . . . you just keep certain sides in check. I don't think I'm really fucked up in my head . . . yes, I do . . . you see? My life is motivated by negative energy . . . the fire is negative. That's not good.

"I have one side of me that is extremely power crazy, violent, vicious, horrible, cut throat, mercenary and really depressing. I do not like myself at this moment but I'm working on it.

"It's only ten per cent . . . so I suppose there is a certain schizophrenia about me . . . and sometimes I try to control it and utilise it . . ."

Thank you Dee. Thank you Sister. I only hope that you can continue to co-exist for a good few years yet because I like both of you very much. The warning here reads: I think therefore I am. Another reads: beware of yourself. And always remember: this could happen to you.

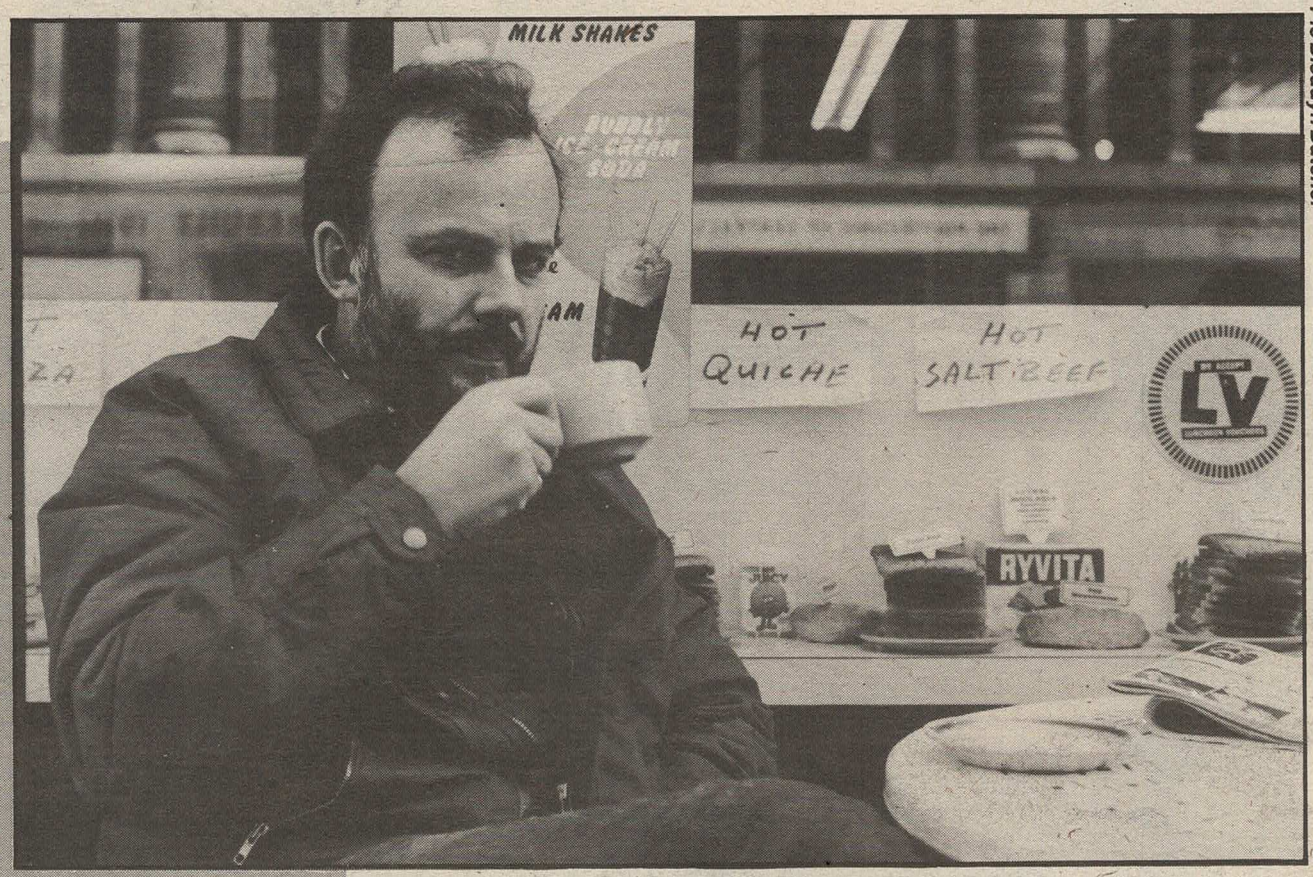
JUST



Who is this Twisted Sister and why is he such a Dee Snider? David Dorrell holds the Max Factor eye-liner while Snider pretties up his asshole image. Portraits: Pennie Smith

TWISTED

CLUB STATE ● OUT TO BREAKFAST ●



Pic Bleddyn Butcher

PIGSLI AND PEEL

WELL, WHAT does John Peel eat for breakfast? Where others can only speculate helplessly on the question, your reporters X. Moore and Paul Du Noyer go straight to the heart — nay, the very stomach — of the affair. We want the truth, we demand the facts: no matter how unpleasant, no matter how unpalatable.

We track our target down, in a cappucino-steaming Italian eaterie betwixt the NME and the BBC. **It's barely nine on the morning. We barely got up in time. But faced by our remorseless probing, Peel is already perspiring — the look of a hunted man in his eyes. His Radio One "Rhythm Pal", David Jensen, is on hand to lend support . . . and to pick up the bill.**

Want a piece of this toast, John?

"No, no. I have to watch my girlish figure."

So what do you eat for breakfast?

"Er, *Top Of The Pops?* The strange thing about doing *TOTP* is that the DJs are by and large irrelevant. Nobody actually pays attention to what they're saying except members of their immediate families. Everybody's looking over your shoulder to catch a glance of the dancer they fancy, or to see where Simon Le Bon is . . . It's those girls mainly, who see you as an obstacle between them and an appearance on national TV. So they're trying to push you out of the way. You're more like a policeman at a demo."

What do you eat for breakfast?

"I'd like to be able to stop doing gigs, cos gigs I think really are a con. I only do them now because I need the money. This is one of those things that no-one is going to believe, but I genuinely don't lead an exotic lifestyle. I live from paycheck to paycheck like anyone else does. But for a gig I can get £600. It's quite mad and I feel quite bad about it. You go to somewhere like Middlesbrough for instance — it makes Liverpool look like Paris . . . so you go into a place like that and you come away with £500 of their money; you feel like a bastard, no question about it."

What do you eat for breakfast?

"Oh, this Rhythm Pals business. Yes, well I've always liked Kid, and we're quite keen to promote this joint identity. Of course the next thing that gets round Radio One is the ludicrous idea that Kid and I are having a homosexual relationship . . . all that typical RAF officers mess humour that goes on. This all sounds so pissy, but it's like a mutual defence league to some extent with me and him. There's an element of paranoia here. I mean, you hear a twig crack and you empty your revolver into the bushes."

What do you eat for breakfast?

"This story about the BBC getting rid of me . . . I can tell you pretty much how that rumour came about. One of my colleagues, who shall have to be nameless and is a constant supplier of wildly improbable stories to the popular prints, had started a story that Savile and I were about to get the elbow because of our enormous age. This story arrived at one paper and my mate who works there said to the editor, shall I phone John and check that the story's true? And the editor allegedly said, No don't phone him because the story's almost certainly not true. Which gives you some insight into the way those papers work, I suppose. But then people say, Oh there's no smoke without fire, and he is getting on a bit . . . I think it's always best not to assume you've got a job for life. And the idea of me at 60, being wheeled out as the Groovy Old Man of British Pop — 'Here he is again, give him a big hand, isn't he wonderful, look he can still get up and walk about on his own' — obviously it becomes unseemly after a while."

What do you eat for breakfast?

"Terry Wogan? Very political, very sharp, a very nice bloke. One of the very few radio people I invited to my wedding."

What do you eat for breakfast?

"Tony Blackburn? It's true, I used to loathe him. I used to see him as being like the Antichrist. Actually I find I quite like him now, funnily enough. He's developed a nice sense of irony over the last few years — well, he hasn't had much choice, poor bugger — which is good. He's *still* the best-known name on Radio One, whatever people like Mike Read might tell you."

What do you eat for breakfast?

"Being a Radio One DJ is a device by which you can secure a highly remunerative outside living, become very famous, and go on to do other things. You can become Noel Edmonds. That's what a lot of people aspire to: to live in a huge house with helicopters and things, and get mobbed in the streets. I'm not making any moral judgements, but it's not what I want. And I'm a bit past it anyway. I see myself as a traditionalist in a way, in that radio is what I want to do. I don't want to use it as a stepping stone to anything else."

What do you eat for breakfast?

"Heavy metal is like this generation's country'n'western. It is rural music, it's what people listen to in country towns. You go into Stowmarket near where I live and people are just getting into flares for the first time out there."

What do you eat for breakfast?

"I thought George VI was a great bloke. I really admired him."

X. Moore: "Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha." *(Scornfully)*

"No, just because he was king, it wasn't his fault, and he was a very brave man. Oh he was. C'mon. It doesn't matter if you're a king or if you're a heavy metal fan in Stowmarket, I mean, people still have problems. He had to overcome a ludicrous speech defect, for one thing. That'd be one of the things I'd put into a *Desert Island Discs,* his first wartime speech: *'A man stood at the gate of the year . . .'* it was just fantastic."

Okay, so tell us, John, what is the Meaning of Life?

"I never eat breakfast, really. Except that at home — I'm afraid this is going to look like *Guardian Women* — my wife makes her own muesli. Which gets called Pigsli, inevitably enough. Pigsli and tea, I have."

Oh! Sorry we asked, really . . .

THE SCUZZY CHUMS

LIVERPOOL LUSTRE

Pics John Stoddart

Custom designed for the nightclubbing aspirations of an affluent weekend personnel, the State doubles, midweek, as a prestigious live venue — boasting such acts as Animal Nightlife, Set The Tone, New Order and most recently Phil Jones & Afraid Of Mice.

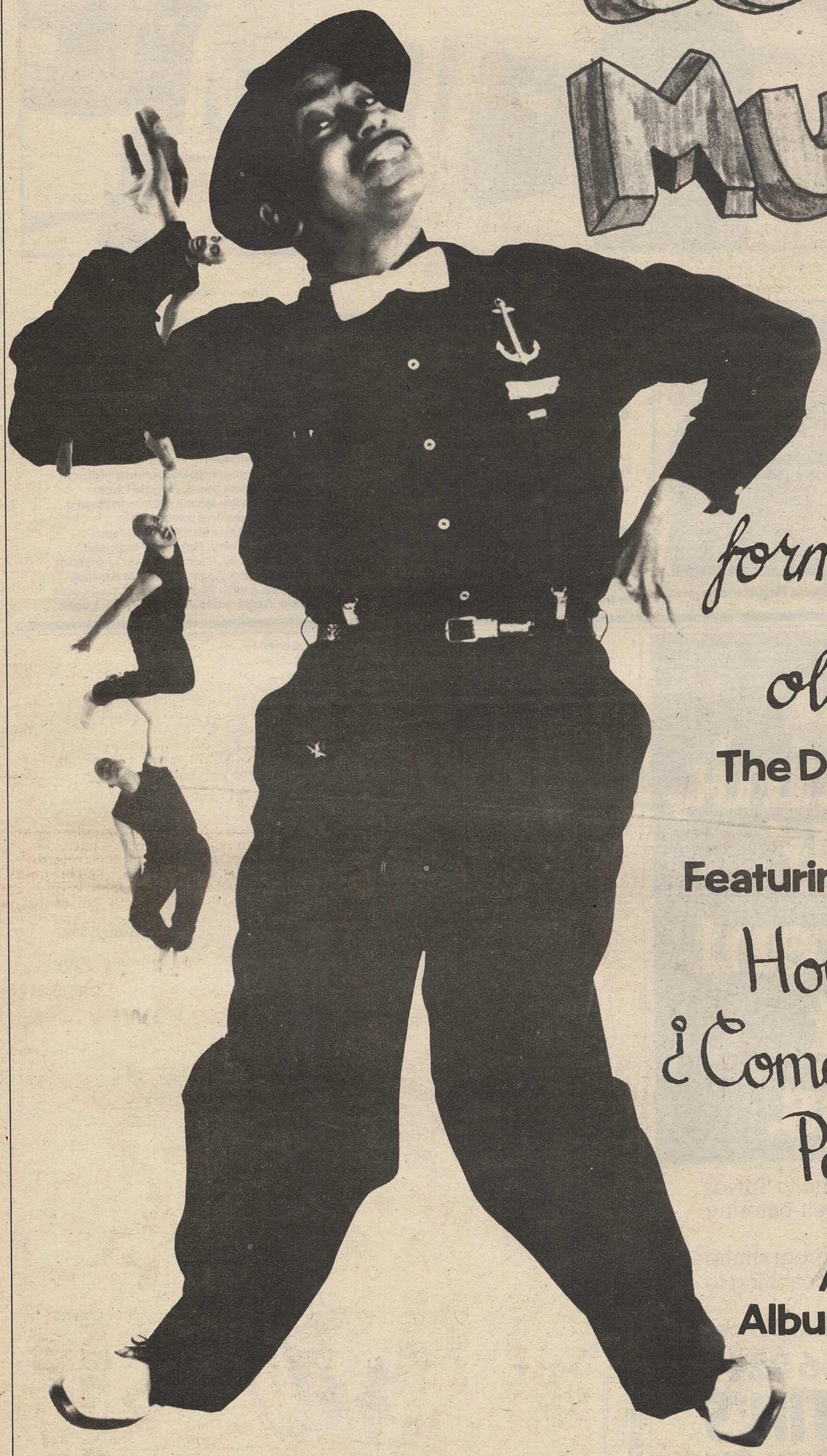
As a disco/club (Friday, Saturday), it becomes an over-impressive play, crammed to the gills with bitching actors. The original architecture and spatial design date back to the charming cafe society chic of our prosperous 19th century boomtown. But by the time you've picked the mixture of beer (bottled only), ash and second-hand sweat from your ear, you might never guess. Thursday is less hectic.

As a venue (Wednesday), with an irregular, though high standard of promotions, the State is a welcome arrival. Large enough (800 fire limit) to pack 'em in without the football match-mospherics; clean; very cosmopolitan; and quite an uplift from those places where the rats heave as the moss grows. The rich decor tempts the notion of riotous youth in possession of a bourgeois stronghold, but somehow outlaws the comradeship such an overthrow would require.

Impressive! . . . mm . . . but! . . . pick your night carefully or you might get clobbered by cattle-market paranoia.

The State Ballroom is at 14 Dale Street, Liverpool 1. BILLY MANN

lowry



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CRAMPS INTERIOR

Lux Interior of the Cramps looked into the crystal ball and answered questions in anticipation of 'Off The Bone'. It's gonna be the new Cramps platter, and will feature a 3-D sleeve within which you'll find 'The Way I Walk', 'Surfin' Bird', 'Domino', 'Human Fly', 'Lonesome Town', 'Garbageman', 'Fever', 'Love Me', 'Can't Hardly Stand It', 'She Said', 'Save It', and their acclaimed classics 'Drug Train' and 'The Crusher'.

What's Mr Interior's fave horror flick? **Ship of Zombies.**

Does he believe in life after death? **Yeah, definitely, but it's the life before death that's got me wondering.**

What does Lux want to be reincarnated as? **Brigitte Bardot's washcloth.**

Who are his heroes? **Charlie Feathers, William M. Gaines, Iggy and Marc Bolan.**

Who in history would he change places with? **Sherlock Holmes or Edgar Allan Poe.**

What's his idea of a dream date? **My female counterpart.**

Fave fast food? **In and out of your mind burger.**

Philosophy of life? **Live until you die and not a moment before!**

Thank you Lux. (And thank you Sara Brinker for cornering the Cramp; good luck to your Crampzine *Do-Wop*. at 965 North Point St, San Francisco, Ca. 94109 USA.) The fearful foursome have also just finished recording recent New York dates for a live LP they hope to have out after 'Off The Bone'. Meanwhile you can get more personal gossip through their UK outlet, *Rockin' Bones*, just out from 10 Dochart Path, Grangemouth, Stirlingshire, Scotland FK3 0HJ.

CYNTHIA ROSE

Pic Mary Pegg

The three 'R's — (left to right) Rowland, Reggie and Raymond

FROM SUNFIRE

AFTER recovering from the shock that Sunfire's UK debut song 'Young, Free And Single' was not the blatant send-up, meeting the group became a daunting prospect.

I fully expected the only people who could record such lines as *"I'm young, free and single / I just want to mingle with you girl . . ."* seriously, would be love sick 15-year-olds.

As it turned out, two of the three adjectives are completely fraudulent — the trio are all happily married (although not to each other) and have an average age of 27 — and 'free' has always been a difficult word to define anyway. The writer of the song, and therefore chief cause of merriment, Rowland Smith wisely decided to stay in bed. Drummer Raymond Calhoun was nowhere to be found, so it fell to leader Reggie Lucas to tell me about the group who have, perhaps a little cruelly, been nicknamed inside their record company "Young, Free and *Simple*".

After five years spent playing guitar in the Miles Davis band, Reggie Lucas teamed up with James Mtume to form a writing / producing partnership responsible for a string of hits from Donny Hathaway, Roberta Flack and Stephanie Mills. Calhoun, best known for his studio and stage work over the last three years with The Gap Band, had come to New York for session work with Lucas,

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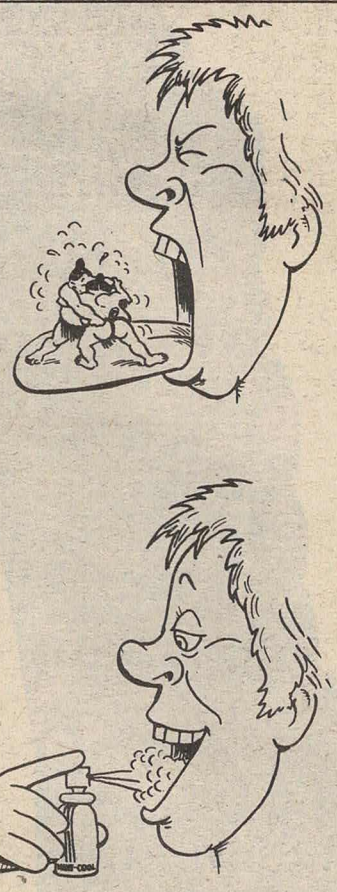

MINT-COOL. THE NEW MOUTH FRESHENER BY GOLD SPOT.

WATERBOYS ON THE AIRWAVES ● FAN'S EYE VIEW ●

Stepping out the shadows . . . Mike Scott. The Edinburgh singer's new group, The Waterboys, is already making waves with its debut single 'A Girl Called Johnny'. The record's picked up an unusual combination of daytime radio airplay and independent chart success. And deservedly so — more of Scott's writing ability will be in evidence in four or five weeks' time, when he releases the Waterboys LP, 'Gala', through the Chicken Jazz label. An Old Grey Whistle Test *appearance is promised for next month also. (At the moment he's frantically searching for extra musicians to join him and fellow Waterboy, sax-man Sylvester.) Scott's a Yankophile in musical tastes — Dylan, Television, Patti Smith, and he recently did some work with Lenny Kaye over in New York — but his own songs are fresh and owe little to anything but his own imagination. His previous groups, like Another Pretty Face and Funhouse, were either under-loved or overlooked . . . but only the ignorant should ignore The Waterboys.*

. . . TO EMBERS

where he was approached with the Sunfire project. He suggested Smith, a childhood friend, for the vacant position of vocalist and the trio was complete. In spite of building himself a big name and a bigger bank balance during the late '70s and early '80s the recording studio proved claustrophobic for Lucas.

"I had started out as a guitarist, and just slipped into the production side. But I'd never intended to totally abandon performing, so Sunfire was really a fulfillment of a life long wish to put together my own band."

On the content of the first single, and the mental image of the group it presents to its listeners, he was not so forthcoming.

"It's not neccessarily a projection of the group, it's just about something that a lot of people have felt, or might be feeling.

"What we want to do is keep our image as straightforward as possible — stick to honest, simple themes that people can enjoy. Hopefully it won't be so simple that it'll be dull or boring!"

Maybe it was the pressure of Lucas' reputation as a successful producer to have a hit with his own band that pushed him into this 'lowest common denominator' syndrome. He denied that, but didn't look entirely convincing. His forthcoming work with Madonna is a better indication of what he can do, and hopefully he'll soon start taking more chances with his own outfit.

LLOYD BRADLEY (Pretty old and nearly married)

" 'SCUSE ME mate, d'you want to buy a fanzine?"

If you're a regular gig attender then you must have been asked this question at least once. Did you shirk away, pretending you had no money, forming the sign of the cross to ward off the evil vagabond peddler? Nay, cease I say to you — welcome darkness, welcome frenzy. Buy, buy the damnation of your soul....

The heyday of the fanzine is actually upon us now. Climbing out of the morass of literally thousands of stapled anarcho propaganda sheets, these are a few rags not to be missed.

FANZINATICAL

These have actually implemented their own ideals of individuality and creativity, with their editors knocking up colourful, amusing and sometimes inspiring insights into the land beyond the weeklies. Although they're not especially an alternative to the music papers (no regular gig guide etc) it's often refreshing to read an untainted "fan's" eye view of the music/world scenario.

Some of the fanzines are scrappy, some are snotty, some care and others pretend to; the following are a sample of the best.

KILL YOUR PET PUPPY — No 5, 30p plus large SAE to c/o 202 Kensington Pk Rd, London W11. This is a glam, punk, hippy, gypsy, psychedelic gambol through the netherworlds with articles/rants on music, magick, make-up and politicks. There's an anarchic free spirit about this that says "do it and do it now".

PANACHE — 6th anniversary issue, 30p plus large SAE to 129 Clare Rd, Stanwell, Staines, Middx. Here's a mag that's been trundling on for aeons and judging by this issue, full of cut-ups, interviews and jokes, the editor hasn't lost his sense of enthusiasm. And that's an important word: enthusiasm is something that a lot of 'zines lack. *Panache* has it in bucketfuls, with sense of humour attached.

VAGUE — No 13, 35p plus large SAE to 'Butcombe', Castle St, Mere, Wilts. "The truth is only known by vagrants" is the cheeky retort on the cover of this gem. Inside, the Ed informs us of various tours and ligs that he's been on; a huge and interesting pub anecdote in print.

CIRCUS DREAM — No 1, 25p plus large SAE to 18 Castlemead Drive, Saltash, Cornwall. *Circus Dream* takes a *serious* look at music, maybe too seriously for its own good, but the high quality of the journalism makes it a worthwhile read. Also of interest are some previously unseen drawings by Linder of Ludus fame.

STABILITY INK — No 7, 15p plus large SAE to c/o 202 Kensington Pk Rd, London W11. This one's remarkable for its inclusion of an interview with one of the editor's friends who repeatedly tried to commit suicide. It's a raw, emotional look at her state of mind, the reasons and recriminations. "It's not professionally written or well together, but it's stained with a thousand tears," reads the introduction. Recommended.

These fanzines and others are all available from Rough Trade, 202 Kensington Pk Rd, London W11.

RICHARD NORTH

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RiP RiG

Their commercial failure was rigged, but they didn't panic. Now Don Watson discovers Rip Rig & Panic's new attitude. Photo Pennie Smith.

"FOR GOD'S sake, let's not talk about jazz!" Gareth Sager exclaims, pushing a puckered, freckled face across the table.

The tourists in the hill-top café look again at this strange, shabby-suited figure with the windswept, straggled hair who is shouting into a tape recorder.

"We are not *not* jazz musicians!" Gareth continues, ignoring the attention he's attracting. "The only thing that we have in common with jazz is that we aspire to a certain spirit that some early jazz embodies."

That's fine by me, Gareth, let's talk about the content not the form; let's concentrate on the energy of the moment. That moment is after all what matters with Rip Rig & Panic — not in the way of head-in-the-sand hedonism, but in the glowing inspiration of that split-second when everything is suddenly, inexplicably and immaculately *right*.

The search for the spirit of Rip & Panic can take you through the most frustrating failures, but when you strike that scorching *moment* you'll know it's all worthwhile. Daring courts disaster, but it brings the possibility of irridescent brilliance into view.

This band are basically *infuriating*. Certainly the most talented of those playing with the jazz-funk/soul fusion, they've suffered a lack of commercial success mainly, it seems, because of their own damned *awkwardness*. They've stubbornly refused to be packaged, they've been occasionally priggish and frequently downright perverse.

With ventures such as the largely experimental 'I Am Cold', they've seemed to be moving wilfully away from the mainstream, with the result that they've ended up on the breadline wjile others of less ability have ridden the gravy train.

To most they are an anachronism, too formless a phenomenon to be fitted into the scheme of things. To me they are irresistible in their awkwardness, simply because it is an indication of a stubborn humanity in this post-punk era of desperate, soul-hawking success-seeking. When they turn to a more saleable form — as they have with their latest and most accessible album 'Attitude' — it is because, they say, it's just the direction they want to take. And when you've been around them, you've just got to believe them.

TALKING TO Gareth Sager and Neneh Cherry (saxophonist and vocalist respectively) is an experience that is as elating and, ultimately, as exhausting as a blast of Bristol air to a system accustomed to petrol fumes. There's a spark of wild enthusiasm about this band that burns through the conservation of the individuals concerned; a no-holds barred passion for life that drags you in and leaves you drained but pleasantly punch-drunk. In the face of virtual poverty Rip Rig & Panic know how to *live*.

Neneh finishes an account of her horrendous financial situation with a broad grin and a bright defiance. "I don't feel depressed," she says, and adds with a gritty disdain, "materially maybe, but what's *that?*" It's another one of those Rip Rig & Panic moments.

My first encounter with Rip Rig & Panic was in a Northern hive of indifference, where the cool was all the more stifling because it was a result of wholesale media assimilation. This was two years ago, the time of much bleating about the death of rock and roll, when many bands' answer to the ritual was a frigid rigmarole, equally lacking in any vestige of humanity.

In the midst of this morass of second-hand mediocrity, Rig Rig appeared one night, and without making too much fuss (although they caused plenty) simply *blew the wholething apart*.

Neneh was a stupendous exaltation of the physical, her modern dance movements slinging a loose mantle around the jagged exploration of saxist Gareth, bassist Sean Oliver, pianist Mark Springer and drummer Bruce Smith. They tinkled, tooted, laughed and hooted and then...BANG! The bass hit a groove that stuck straight at the base of the stomach, the rhythm began to stick and Neneh's black falcon voice rose above the organised chaos with a wonderful dark vengeance.

In a time of far too many funkin' rancid parodies, it was clear that Rip Rig had a dangerous understanding of the forms with which they were playing.

Since that fiery introduction, there's been bursts of Rip Rig brilliance in 'Bob Hope Takes Risks', 'Storm The Reality Asylum' and 'Climate', but nothing as consistently significant as "Attitude". The new release sees Rip Rig harnessing their exploration to a stronger anchor, still bristling with ideas; but they haven't allowed their experimentation to ramble off too far, realising how powerful a weapon Neneh's voice can be and incorporated more songs to showcase it.

It's a transition to a harder sound that is strikingly natural that brings out a commercial potential in the band without affecting their power. The punch of something like 'Tightrope' firmly ushes one-minute-wonder jazz dance pretenders like Roman Holliday and JoBoxers to the exit, while the beauty of 'Sunken Love' has more cool than either Carmel of Sade could ever manage.

'Attitude' is Rip Rig rising triumphant.

THE FIRST part of the interview is with Neneh, as we travel in a speeding car towards Bristol. Wearing a dog-tooth check suit and soul sister hair tie, Neneh exhudes cool and talks with a sassy streetwise arrogance.

The daughter of a Swedish painter and an African drummer, and step-daughter of trumpet player Don Cherry, she's only 19 but no absolute beginner. She's been through one street-tough and one 'progressive' school in New York, and been one of two black girls in a Swedish school. She lived through London's punk age, and once shared a squat with Ari of The Slits. She attracts trouble but always escapes unharmed.

Neneh talks with urgency, loud and proud, eyes bulging with constant excitement. Every so often she'll halt to fix you with a penetrating stare, just to make sure you've got it all. "Do ya unnerstan' what ah mean?" she'll ask with a trickle of laughter.

"I left school at 14," she tells, "I just thought, This is my chance to see and understand a bit about life. Some people stay at school until they're about 30 or something, and they come out not knowing what life's about, scared to death of themselves, of other people and of how it all works.

"Really, I know nothing. When you talk to people, you realise that there's this endless amount of stuff out there and you're never going to know it all. But that's the way I like it; the worst thing is when you think you know all there is to know. People do that in music all the time, they strive and play and search, and then they get to this point when they're trapped in their own music and they end up imitating themselves. When you start doing that, that's when you're *dead*."

Was racism a problem for you at school?

"Well, no. It could have been a problem for some, but I'm a *survivor*. I just wouldn't take any shit and they would just see that I wasn't vulnerable in the way that they could really tear me apart. That's what they look for, it's just that breakig point. And if you're gonna crack down when they call you a nigger, then they're just gonna keep on callin' ya a nigger. What I did, really, was just keep a shield around a part of myself."

Wasn't that a strain?

"Well, yes, it was in a way. Luckily, we were never in Sweden for long stretches of time. I mean, I did always have lots of friends at the time, but my daddy would say to me, Watch out for those kids, because they're jealous of you, people like this wanna try and get what you have and leave you with nothing. And I used to say, No, they're my friends. But now I've developed this alarm system that goes *off*!" — she hammers a fist into her hand — "when something ain't right. It's just like an instinct, y'know? And because of that I understand what he meant.

"It's partly because you're black, people resent you, but in a way it's a kind of jealousy, because black people have certain things about them that are very strong — and also, because of what I come from, my family, because of the way we are, musicians who have travelled around a lot.

"There's a lot of people around nowadays who are like leeches, they feel dissatisfied with what they are, and they just sit on other people to be somebody. But they resent themselves for being that, so all the time they're looking for something in you that they can turn against you.

"It's like a reflection of themselves: they look for the shit in you and that is really just the shit in them. It's like a self-satisfaction thing. Make other people shitty instead and ride the high horse themselves.

"So there's certain things that I just won't show

iT UP AND START AGAiN

people, because you can get really stabbed, you can end up with wounds that just won't heal. At the same time, I try not to make that my private thing, because then it'll be no good to anybody, or to me."

Has moving around a lot made you more confident in yourself?

"Well, I always feel like I have half my roots with me, wherever I am, I don't have to think, Oh, this is where I'm *from*. I have it with me, I have to have, because I don't think there's any place on earth that I can say is my place.

"Sometimes that can be one of the most frustrating things in the world actually, just feeling, not rootless but sort of, where do I go now?

"I'll tell ya though, I went to Africa once, and felt really at home. I mean *really* at home, just straight away. I don't think I could ever live there mind you, because there are a lot of things there that just ain't in my system, that I just couldn't live up to. Like one man having several wives and women having lots of babies, one after another. People are really happy there though, there's a really strong feeling of community. They can live like that, but I grew up on *concrete*, y'know? I need night clubs and drinks and parties and all that stuff."

How did you come to England?

"I always had this thing about it actually, because we never came here. It was sort of on my mind all the time. When I was about 13-14 and I was in New York and hanging out, I was a real soul girl, tressed hair, slacks, high heeled shoes. All my boyfriends were DJs, the whole trip. I just *checked*, right? We were all getting older, and all those guys, their only choice to get out was to join the army, and the girls were just gonna stay there and get their babies and all that. It was just getting so depressing.

"And then one day, I thought, Shit, I've got another choice and I should take it, because it's like a sin not to if y'got a chance.

"When we came over to London I stayed with these two girls in the Elephant and Castle, and they were into The Clash and punk, and I remember they took me down the King's Road and there was all these kids who were like free in their own way, and I thought this was like brilliant. So I dyed my hair red and that was just how I felt. I was like *on fire*, and I put this fire crazy colour in my hair! People just couldn't take it when I went back to New York like that.

"After that I lived with Ari. She just moved to Jamaica, actually, with her man, like a mass exodus. I think she'll get more music done there."

Won't it be difficult in Jamaica for a female musician?

"I think we have a false impression of what it's really like over there. Like, they'll be into all this heavy roots stuff and they'll also like thing like The Clash. If they think something's good over there, they'll like it.

"And Ari can cope, I've seen her, like really attacked by 12 tribe guys, all comin' down on her at once, slapping Bibles and quoting bits. You could call it ignorance what she's got, or just real determination, but she knows what she thinks and she can definitely reason with those guys. She'll survive, they'll love her."

How do you feel about the position of women in music now?

"It's all got a little pretentious, which is a shame because at one time it was a very positive thing, but now that's all turned back and women are using the fact that they *are* women to get attention, rather than saying, Look, I'm a woman, right, I'm also a *musician*.

"It's so brilliant when y'see a woman and she's just really good and positive and natural about the fact that we're women and we're doing it, y'know? What's great about seeing a woman is just that she is a woman and not that she can be as tough as a man. That's just *bullshit*.

"It's really special just being with Rip Rig on my own. At times I miss Andrea not being there because it's just so strong when we come on stage and we're *there*, and you see other women in the audience going *Yeah!* they're the ladies — let's see what ya got!

"I miss that, but also it's interesting being alone. It's different, but I don' feel weaker."

SO WE arrive in the elegant outskirts of Bristol, where Gareth is slinking around, catching up with friends and being recognised in the street. We land up in the middle of a park, in a tin shed that passes for a café, breezing through a loud, wild and wheeling conversation, with Gareth braying and bragging his way through, his voice audible for a 20 yard radius.

Even here, where he's apparently far more relaxed than in London, there's a tension to his speech that's released in abrasive bursts of laughter, usually at his own (dodgy) jokes.

Gareth is a disciple of Marxism — that's Harpo, Groucho and Chico. I get the feeling if I'd asked him about the contract with Virgin he'd have shouted delightedly, "There ain't no sanity clause!" So I didn't, instead I asked about glamour, something not readily associated with Rip Rig & Panic.

I think that's really important," he replies. "But a lot of things that people think are glamour are just the tinsel. Real glamour is erotic, something that is positive and something that most people are petrified of. So much of today's music is really lacking in sex. Just listen to Don Cherry's trumpet playing — now there's real sex.

"The main thing is that it's not a matter of expressing it in words. A lot of the time when you embody something in words, the feeling is destroyed, whereas music embodies ideas rather than expressing them.

"I go very much with the idea of cut-ups and superimposition, like listening to all the Beethoven symphonies at once, rather than individually. You see, I don't think that is an intellectual process, it's humorous and it's getting new out of the old."

So you don't believe in intellectual processes then?

"No, I think the whole of that intellectual idea is a bit of a pity. I think there is a poetic idea, which people would label 'intellectual', the minute I say it, but I don't feel it is. I don't think there is anything necessarily intellectual in what we do. I think it's really accessible, but people shy away from it because they think there is something much deeper the minute Springer starts playing notes that don't really fit together. But why cut half of his ideas out just because they don't conform to an immediate pattern?"

Do you regard Rip Rig as something that has a right to be successful?

"I think we are successful. I think Rip Rig & Panic are the most successful thing since Elvis shook his leg, and it doesn't matter whether other people recognise that or not. It would be much more appreciable and we could get on and be much more positive if there was a bit more support."

Continues page 38

PAUL HAIG

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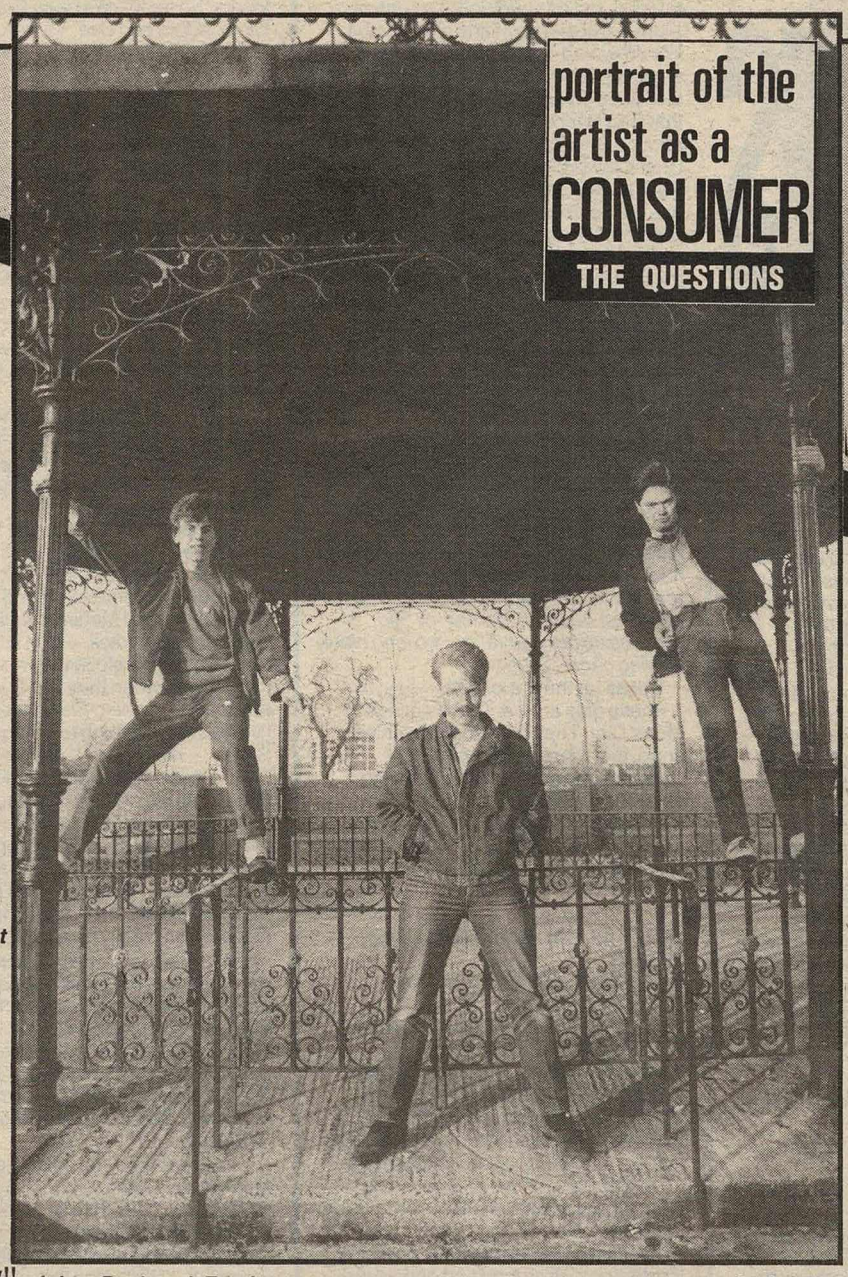
THE QUESTIONS



John, Paul and Frank *Pic Peter Anderson*

JOHN

45s

Brother D — How We Gonna Make The Black Nation Rise.
Staples Singers — Let's Do It Again.
Heatwave — Too Hot To Handle
Supremes — Up The Ladder To The Roof
EW&F — September
Alton Edwards — I Just Wanna Spend Some Time
Dazz Band — Let It Whip
Hamilton Bohannon — Let's Start The Dance Again
George Clinton — Loopzilla!
Bootsy Collins — Body Slam
Aretha Franklin — Jump To It!

PRINT

Absolute beginners — Colin McInnes
Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee George Orwell
Smash Hits

LIKES

Youth
Arrogance (without conceit)
Curtis Mayfield
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter
Italian: Food
Clothes
Milan World Cup Team
Shoes
Journalists??

DISLIKES

Thatcher's pirates
Circumlocution i.e. bullshit!
Spots
Nuclear weapons
Don Howe
Rock 'n' roll rebels
Spanish football
Racism
Star-types
Bigots

FILMS

Uptown Saturday Night
Let's Do It Again
Don't Look Now
Bedazzled
Stepford Wives
E.T.
Kelly's Heroes

MY DREAM

1. To wake up one day and *everyone* will get a fair deal from life.
2. The sun will melt the missiles where they stand.
3. I will score a hat-trick against England at Wembley!! The first two are a must the third I can wait for.

FRANK

RECORDS

Skids — Days In Europa
1980s Chic
Prince — 1999
Gap Band — Burn Rubber On Me
Jackson Five — ABC
Diana Ross — Ain't No Mountain High Enough
Sister Sledge — Got To Love Somebody

BOOKS

Hobgoblin — John Coyne
First Love, Last Rites — Ian McEwan
The Chrysalids — John Wyndham

FILMS

Apocalypse Now
The Damned
Brief Encounter
Man Who Fell To Earth
Blow Up

FAVOURITE COLOURS

Blue, Red, Grey

FOOD

Substantial, Italian

LIKES

None

DISLIKES

Too many

PAUL

RECORDS

Chic Productions
Most Stevie Wonder
Indeep — Last Night A DJ Saved My Life
Willie Hutch — In And Out
Aretha Franklin — I Say A Little Prayer
Chairman Of The Board — Everything's Tuesday
EW&F — Raise LP
Luther Vandross LP
Hamilton Bohannon — Lets Start II Dance (Again)
Yarborough And Peoples — Don't Stop the Music

READING

Catcher In The Rye — J. D. Salinger
The Cement Garden — Ian McEwan
'The Masque Of Anarchy' and 'Ode To Men Of England' by Shelley
Siegfried Sassoon

FILMS

The Boys In Company C
The Savage Messiah
Tell Me That You Love Me Junie Moon
E.T.

FOOD

Dairy products

Likes

Colourful clothes
New ideas

DISLIKES

Tories
Bigots
Racists
Rock!

MAZE

featuring Frankie Beverly

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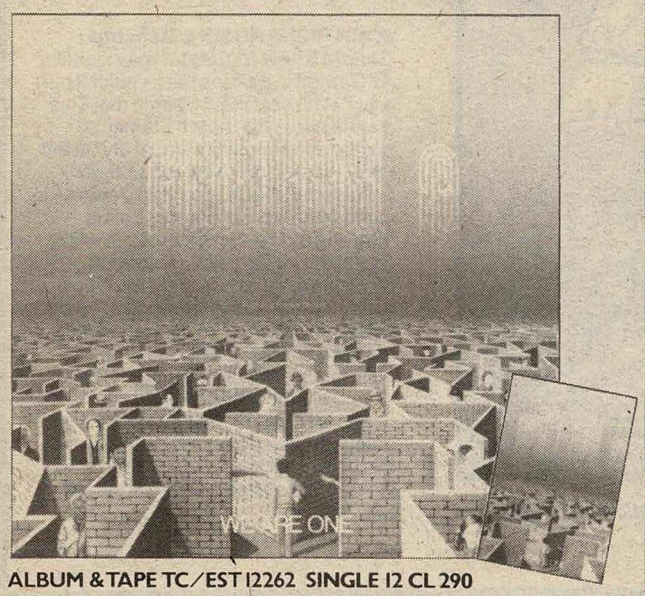

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MAZE

MAZE IN CONCERT

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LONDON HAMMERSMITH ODEON MAY 7
LONDON HAMMERSMITH ODEON MAY 8
MANCHESTER APOLLO MAY 10
NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY MAY 11
BIRMINGHAM ODEON MAY 12
OXFORD APOLLO MAY 16

SOLD OUT

Capitol RECORDS

SINGLES

By JULIE BURCHILL

MORE THAN half the singles I've reviewed this week are reissues, remixes or cover versions. I'm not complaining — I'd rather hear a good old song twice than a bad new song once. It might be nice to occasionally hear a good new song — God, I've said it. I'm sorry. I get this sort of red mist before my eyes, and then I make these mad, bad, dangerous demands. What can I say to show I'm sorry? I know, I'll play you my nice new Mireille et Patrick record — curtain up, clear the tracks, you've got nothing to do but grab a sickbag...

MIREILLE MATHIEU & PATRICK DUFFY: Together We're Strong (*Arabella*) In these days of divorce and general disintegration duets are pathetically popular — in Yankland especially, but one million copies of this relic have been sold on the wrong side of *la Manche* alone. What are our Allies getting up to behind our backs? Mireille Mathieu — still girlishly gamin at 50 plus, still chomping on a fresh pack of chewing gum, her Gallic pins swathed in a new pair of stockings — acts as mouthpiece for the running dog lackey Mitterand as she sings soppily to one of the Batswing brothers from *Dallas: "We're only one when we are two! Together we're strong! And we agree to disagree! Together we're strong! There are so many ways of looking at the world! Yours may not be the same as mine!"*

You're probably right, kids, seeing as how I'd like to see America incinerated! Ha ha, trick or treat indeed! Don't think I begrudge this pair their success, I don't — but if anybody out there is organising an expedition to shave the dastardly duo's heads, tie them to a lamp post and anoint their cravenly collaborating skulls with tar and feathers, then I'll have my name on the guest list plus one.

SPARKS: The Number One Song In Heaven/Beat The Clock/When I'm With You/Young Girls
MAGAZINE: Shot By Both Sides/Goldfinger/Give Me Everything/A Song From Under The Floorboards
SKIDS: Into The Valley/Masquerade/Scared To Dance/Working For The Yankee Dollar
DEVO: Come Back Jonee/Working In A Coalmine/Satisfaction/Jocko Homo
PENETRATION: Don't Dictate/Free Money/Life's A Gamble/Danger Sign (*All Virgins*)
ELVIS PRESLEY: Baby I Don't Care (*RCA*) In the wake of the Beatles retaking of the British charts, record companies are rushing out their back pages quicker than you can say "Cheapskate", not realising that what works for The Beatles never has and never will work for anyone else. Only last week I received some cassettes from EMI of Cliff's 'Summer Holiday' and 'The Young Ones' soundtracks and indeed these are not totally useless and will look admirably kitsch lying around next to the Torremelinos teapot when one's bender friends come to tea.

But what on earth could have persuaded Virgin to re-release the finest — or rather, least mediocre — moments of this gaggle of, to be kind, second string bands who wet-nursed them through the Biggest Mystery — punk — to the safe time when Virgin could once more feel at ease with their stable of slick hippies (there is the unhealthy whiff of the commune coming off The Human League, and their new record reminds me of the lectures we used to get from our trendy Religious Knowledge teacher who thought that Bible-bashing was square and that young people needed to be *related to.)* The motive cannot be money, because these records will not make two roubles each — yet money is perhaps the only motivation that Virgin are capable of feeling. It's all very confusing.

Keep It: Sparks Mental Mael's words are as funny and shocking as ever at first — *"When I'm with you, I never feel like garbage when I'm with you, I'm really very normal when I'm with you"* — but soon become boring as well as bored. Kill It: Howard Devoto, chromedome without a cause, goes through his monotonous, melodramatic paces as repellently as ever, sounding for all the world like Todd Browning circa *Maria Marten And The Red Barn.* Love It: The Skids sound great, all swirling kilts and swashbuckling bagpipes, amongst such effeteness, and if one disregards Richard Jobson's mug on the cover — Portrait of Mr Punch as Young Thinker — you can almost pretend it's a Big Country record. Smash It: Devo are still every bore who ever told you a long rambling joke and forgot the punchline — John Lennon said that "avant garde is French for bullshit", and for once he knew what he was talking about. Back to the allotment, boys. Shove It: it's a punky yesterday once more as Penetration have a good old thrash and Pauline walks that dangerous white rock tightrope between being feisty and being a fishwife. Memories aren't made of this.

That most notorious and noisy of all the second string rock acts, that Elvis Presley, also has another bash this week, and indeed 'Baby I Don't Care' has fashionably anti-rock lyrics, ie. *"You don't like crazy music/You don't like rocking bands!"* If only Mr Presley were alive and kicking and making a video film — dressed up as a Second World War flying ace, riding atop a camel through the Australian bush while a bevy of beauties throw cocktails at him and Antony Price takes his inside leg measurement — he might even have a hit. Alas, I fear it is all a wonderful dream.

ALVIN STARDUST: Walk Away Renee (*Stiff*)
FORREST: Feel The Need In Me (*CBS*)
MAXIMUM JOY: Why Can't We Live Together (*Garage*)
THE BEAT: Can't Get Used To Losing You (*Go-Feet*)
THE SAPPHIRES: My Baby Must Be A Magician (*Stiff*) Noel Coward said that the wrong people travelled while the right people stayed at home, and in exactly the same way the wrong records get reissued while the right records get deleted. There is a demand for the old black classics of the late '60s and early '70s, and whenever some buffoon records one of them he does inordinately well with it while the original lies rotting in a back catalogue. Somebody with a bit of sense should be employed by each record company to comb each back catalogue repeatedly, and the classics should be released at strategic intervals. If my plan were put into action, we would all be spared such atrocities as Alvin Stardust crooning 'Walk Away Renee' — it's akin to Bernie Winters doing 'The Tracks Of My Tears', except it's hard to believe that old buck-toothed Bernie Le Bon would butcher the Smokey-choked song (*"Eeeee, so take a good look at my choochie face..."*) quite as horribly as Mr Stardust mutilates the Tops turn. To a lot of people my age, Tamla Motown songs of a certain vintage are more familiar and ingrained that the National Anthem, and to hear them being invaded and occupied so maliciously makes me feel quite murderous.

Still they can always convert the monstrosity into a toe-tapping, heart-burning jingle to advertise the delights of a certain brand of indigestion tablet. Mr Stardust and mild nausea were made for each other.

The amiable Forrest romps through a numb and frisky reading of the old Detroit Emeralds great; the line *"Your love means more to me than cherry pie"* remains the backhanded compliment of the century and Forrest can bet money that, for millions, this record is going to mean more to them than a used teabag. Just.

I went mad when I heard the Maximum Joy record; 'Why Can't We Live Together' must literally be my favourite record of all time, and what makes it so great is the brilliantly restrained music that Timmy Thomas's wonderful voice twists and turns and pleads over. This is a messy, cluttered plea for peace, all raised voices and clanging metal funky fiddlings. Rather as if your dustman was singing a selection of your favourite songs from Greenham Common while humping out the bins. I don't know about living together; I'd hate to live next door to 'em.

"Whatever happened to The Beat?" said my nearest and dearest — "They made too many bad records, baby!" I taunted, but this certainly isn't one of them. Cool and calm and classy, a bit like drowning in a Norwegian fjord while smoking a mentholated cigarette, 'Can't Get Used To Losing You' is the song that Burt Bacharach should have written about Angie Dickinson but didn't. The Beat's reworking of the Dock Pomus/Mort Shuman demi-classic still has the yearn, baby, yearn shambling grace of their reading back in the days when they had hits and you didn't have the Boy to buy. As for the rest of their recent stuff — well, everybody's allowed to make the odd rotten record and if you're as beloved as The Beat you're allowed to make more odd, rotten records than most. But they really must get back on the ball soon; if their minds have stopped working and they can't write songs at the moment, they can always do a Chairman Of The Board song — I'm sure they'd be gentle with it. 'My Baby Must Be A Magician' is hideous proof that even W. H. Robinson had his off-days and his B-sides. Very reassuring to hear that your baby don't have *"no rabbits in his hat"* or *"no pigeons up his sleeve"* or *"no long black flowing cape"*, Smokey.

But as for the Sapphires — say, Jim! — these girls are the Tom Keatings of Motor City. They have that breathless snap, that mercurial crackle, that optimum pop down pat; Mr Robinson, steer these girls in the direction of 'Reflections' or stick a pin in the back catalogue of The Orlons. Then the world will be a better place and you will clean up.

COATI MUNDI: Como Esta Usted? (*Virgin*)
TOTO COELO: Milk From The Coconut (*Virgin*)
LE SLOW: Tonight I'm In The Mood For Love (*Ze*)
TACO: Singing In The Rain (*RCA*)
MODERN ROMANCE: Don't Stop That Crazy Rhythm (*WEA*) You know that bit in *Some Like It Hot* when Sugar Kane complains that she always gets "the sticky end of the lollipop"? That's what these records are like — they were intended to be delicious frothy concoctions but somewhere along the line they got all grungy and gooey and inedible and unfun.

Write me an essay, class: The Effects Of The Falklands Factor On The Career Of Coati Mundi. One thing that people aren't in the mood for at the mo is someone leaping about muttering oaths in Spanish. Besides, he is hardly a Coati of many colours; his stuff is so — 'ow you say? — samey. Who writes this stuff, Delia Smith? The ingredients rarely vary — Mundi mock-abusing some poor little Conchita who done him wrong, weighing in with a smattering of ham Hispanic patter — if it's Jim Crow when blacks play the grinning minstrel, then this is surely Jose Crow — before bunging in a few references to mythical lovers. So far there's been Popeye and Olive, Adam and Eve, Tarzan and Jane, Mr Kong and Miss Wray — get ready for immortality, Sooty and Soo!

Three minutes of Toto Coelo equals three hours of Benny Hill; they really do flog (and then some) a dead horse and expect one to eat it up. This record came complete with an amazing press release that took half an hour to read and told me that the girls (sorry, "femmes fatales") were basically the best thing since Marshal Stalin. Personally, I've said it before and I'll say it once more; just because you wear garbage bags doesn't mean you are punks — most likely it means you are garbage.

Le Slow, starring Sophy Cherie it says here, suffer from all the symptoms of that modern malaise — hey, gang, we can put on the nightclub act *right here!* Mickey Rooney with a year's subscription to *The Face;* the band have one wheel on their wagon and petite Sophy is so laid back she makes Terry Hall sound hyperactive. Sung in a corny Gitanes-infused Mademoiselle from Marmentieres voice — don't the French realize how ridiculous they make themselves when they just stand there and think that *being French* is enough? I've got just one thing to say to you, Sophy — hinky, pinky, parley-vous!

Ah, Taco — there's a man with an After Eight where his brain should be! Talk about sophisticated! See Taco on the sleeve — putting on his top hat, polishing his tail, slapping on the lip gloss — sorry, Taco, you don't remind me of Joel Grey at a dress rehearsal for *Cabaret* but I really do appreciate the effort you've put in. Hear Taco tap dance across the firmament crooning numbers from a high society that was always a favourite figment of Hollywood's vivid imagination — too bad he's such a clodhopper, closer to Roy Rogers than Ginger. Come out of your shell, Taco! Don't buy this record — hire it from Moss Bros.

There is a grim inevitability about a Modern Romance record; "GOOD MORNING, CAMPERS!" seems to shimmer in the light of their shiny suits, they are the Hi De Hi siren calling from your soul. *"Don't stop that crazy rhythm,"* they urge — but then you just *knew* they were going to. This is the core of their appeal — they make everyone feel plugged into some cosmic force, everyone can tell what the next crazy revelation's going to be. They know they have this awesome power, but it does not bother them — they don't want your name, just your rhumba.

ELTON JOHN: I Guess That's Why They Call It The Blues (*Rocket*)
JON AND VANGELIS: And When The Night Comes (*Polydor*)
PALE FOUNTAINS: Palm Of My Hand (*Virgin*) Elton and Bernie are back together — is *that* why El sings like a Mid Atlantic Man with constipation?

Jon and Vangelis — so soporific they make an ether pad seem like an upper — but will wistful misery every be a recognised sport at the Olympics? Will Demis "Mine's a large kaftan" Roussos ever take the inside story to the tabloids? What really happened on the 'Island In The Sun' sessions?

Pale Fountains — is their tuneless bleating the future of rock and roll? Why did Branson give them such a huge advance? Where did they get those hats? No *MM,* no comment.

CAVA CAVA: Burning Boy (*Regard*)
BOYS DON'T CRY: Heart's Bin Broken (*Legacy*)
THE ADICTS: Bad Boy *(Razor)* This is the age of — Boy Rock! Of course the Boy Himself is in a class of one and above it all — but you really can't turn around these days without tripping over a man who insists he's a boy. The last straw was when I heard the new Hot Chocolate single and old Errol Brown — 40 if he's a day — was singing *"What kind of boy are you looking for?"* Why do so many mature male crooners want to be boys? Is it to sew up the precious pocket money market, pocket money being one of the few incomes not hit by recession? Or is it so that they can more suitably indulge in Boy Rock's nearest neighbour, Whine Rock? Boy, do I think we should be told.

Cava Cava really get their rompers in a twist — the crooner is indeed the male Claire Grogan before she grew up and got good, all shrill tantrums, skipping about happily in frilly finery and refusing to tuck into their rusks. If he ever becomes a parent I pity the poor mite — all those squabbles about who gets first go on the baby bouncer!

Cava Cava — playschool's out forever!

Cava Cava — your Mothercare wouldn't like it!

'Heart's Bin Broken' is a sort of *Last Exit To Walk On The Wild Side* full of weird runaways, ethnic crazies, accidental pregnancies and sailors with shaved legs — if that's your (sic) bag, Alice, you're in for a treat. They take Uncle Lou's line — both disapproving and drooling — and with the infectious wagging fingers of their Greek chorus they might even attract so much atttention that they instigate the long-awaited xylophone revival. It will probably turn out that their song is a pack of lies and they've never been beyond the Penge city limits in reality.

The best show on TV for the under fives is *Rainbow* and *Rainbow* has three stars — Bungle, an ingratiating, whining bear, George, a sweet-natured hippo, pink in hue, and Zippy, an all-round reprobate and creature of indeterminate origins. He looks quite like a rusty soup ladle. A year or so ago, when Zippy was especially objectionable, the rest of the *Rainbow* gang would zip his mouth shut. God has blessed Zippy with a zip fastener for a mouth and when he was out of order he would simply get his mouth zipped up. His eyes would bulge, he would fume and rage but there was nothing he could do.

This shock treatment led to lots of traumas amongst small children and these days on *Rainbow* Zippy no longer gets zipped up. *Never.* A few weeks back he stuffed his stupid face with Bungle and George's chocolates until he was sick and *still* he didn't get zipped up. I felt at the time this liberal treatment was a bad move and, as if to confirm my views, here are The Adicts. To the plodding grandeur of a Mr Glitter beat they boast: *"I've been a bad, bad boy, I've been a bad, bad boy! I've been bad! I'll always be a bad, bad boy!"*

Bring back the zip!

JOHN RICHARDSON: Mahatma Gandhi Knew (*Loose*) "I may look like Alf Garnett in a sauna but I wouldn't hurt a fly." Who said that? Search me! This puerile pap is the most blatantly plagiaristic pondscum since 'My Sweet Lord' — what is it about the spiritually enlightened that makes them feel free to plunder the work of others? This is 'Blowing In The Wind' *exactly* — with a handful of Indian spices for added discomfort. What is it about the hippie mentality that allows it to lionise the stiffs while fighting shy (in a caring, passive manner) of living politicians (oh, politicians, all the same, maaan)? Where are the odes to Neil Kinnock?

Search Dickie Attenborough! He was going to make a guest appearance on this page until I told him coloured vinyl would be reviewed on a separate page. Silly fakir!

Illustration by Serge Clerc

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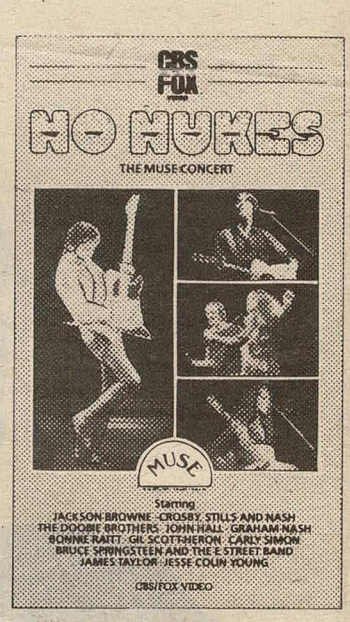
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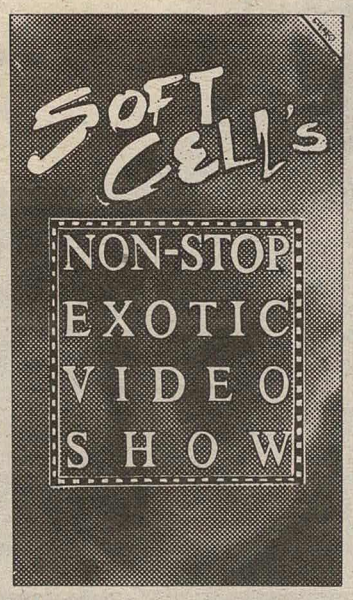

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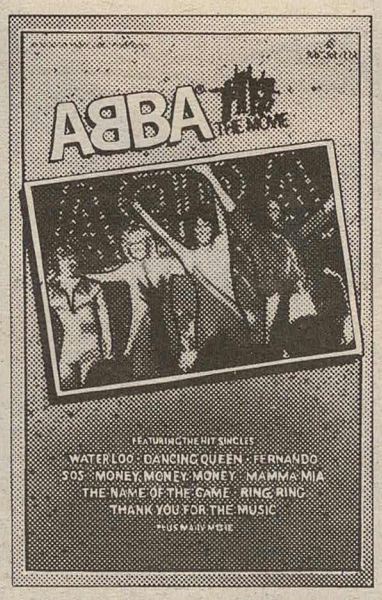
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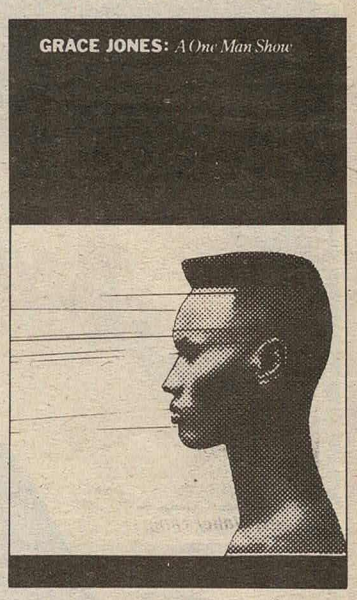

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SILVER SCREEN

"Short back and sides, sir?" Hackman offers Hauer a trim . . .

ALL THAT GLISTERS . . .

Eureka

DIRECTOR: Nicolas Roeg
STARRING: Gene Hackman, Theresa Russell, Rutger Hauer, Jane Lapotaire (UIP)

THE MOON and the skies observe Jack McCann's moment of destiny, his instant of eureka, with the grave, elemental certainty of eternal seers.

Gold was McCann's goal: once he had struck the seam that soaks him in a glittering auric shower early on in *Eureka,* his life was fulfilled. His punishment — for this 'rape of the earth' — is simply to have to live out his remaining years.

Nicolas Roeg has returned, with a film of such intimidating complexity and sophistication as to shame the customary brief of the movie-maker. Renewing his collaboration with screenwriter Paul Mayersberg (who scripted *The Man Who Fell To Earth)* has resulted in a mosaic of human relations and desires as densely simple as an alchemist's table — ciphers like greed and sexual lust and ambition may enbody the surface motivations, but they key open an underground detailed in the richest metaphors of image.

Time and space are familiar preoccupations for Roeg: in *Eureka,* time is a life in golden aspic, space a limitless (and pitiless) vacuum in which the drama is suspended, a mute conspiracy against feeble man.

That same sense of vastness hums through the opening section, which offers an 'historical' perspective on the core of the story. Cameras circle in on McCann (Gene Hackman) tussling in the Canadian snow with another prospector, a startling personification of Stroheim's *Greed.* It is as if we are randomly eavesdropping on an abstract drama, following its progress almost casually.

From there, to a tempo akin to the pulse of a pioneer spirit, Roeg charts Jack's exhausted retreat to a brothel and his subsequent discovery of the gold, as magically predicted by his lover/madam Frieda. For this extended sequence alone the film would be remarkable: the ejaculatory, precious fountain from the earth crisscrosses with Frieda's orgasmic groans and the find appears mystical, hallowed.

But from there we are jack-knifed into 'now', Jack's island on Luna Bay in the wartime Caribbean. And the characters of a darkening melodrama orbit McCann like moons: his wife Helen (Jane Lapotaire), his daughter Tracy (Theresa Russell) and her husband Claude (Rutger Hauer), among intimate family; plus his business friend Perkins, trying to steer the rich old bear into selling the bay to the cod mafioso Mayakofsky and his suave young emissary Aurelio.

The brew is alchemically potent, dangerously fascinating. At a dinner party where the participants gather like a roll-call of *dramatis personae* Jack's principal source of rage — the childish, simpering distaste of his son-in-law, measured with extraordinary finesse by Rutger Hauer — bubbles over, yet it's as if Roeg is teasing us. The real drama has to be fragmented outside such setpieces.

It lies instead partly in the tug between the characters, impelled by forces they cannot grasp — one of the director's most characteristic sleights, here seen at one extreme in Claude's interest in astrology and dabbling in voodoo. Tracy is so like Jack they are almost as one: her physical obsession with Claude, glimpsed in flashes of sex and kisses of cannibalistic hunger, is riven by her consumptive association with her father. Claude finds himself similarly drawn in seeking something intangible. Jack's (other) enemies want his chattels. All move with the certainty and captive direction that seems to speak of occult predestination. The sinister forces of *Don't Look Now* are here harnessed to a drama that aims to partake of a strange universality.

All the same, *Eureka* is (as *Don't Look Now* was) in one way a Murder Mystery (its actual working title). It's a hard film to discuss without giving away too many plot details: there are two terrible deaths and a protracted trial scene that amplify and colour the discourse in Roeg's unearthly world.

Yet, although this is a drama of secrets which are typically never properly explained, there is no quotient of manipulative suspense. The director's habitual juggling with the precepts of film time and narrative disperses all the usual switchbacks of tension and release that such a story — it is based on truth, although all historical documentation has been subsumed by Roeg's wider perspective — might be expected to evoke.

The most probable source of criticism of *Eureka's* achievement will be the now familiar grudge against Roeg's characters. More so than in any of his films, the principals resemble playthings of larger, indeterminate forces — their hearts do not beat to their own accord. The danger of reducing them to mere shells is obvious, but on this occasion both Roeg and Mayersberg have taken exceptional care to grant them individual breath.

The screenplay has been adjusted to reflect the duplicit pull of surface and depth to the characters as it exists for the elements. While we can observe the basest levels of desire — money-lust and sexual favours — at work in their physical manoeuvres, there is a complexity of reaction that resembles not so much the unpredictability as the *unknowability* of the working of the elements. McCann's quirks of nature, running a gamut from loving generosity to furious anger, are the idiosyncrasies of Nature itself. And each of the characters is made as unique as leaves from a tree.

Even more tellingly, this is a superbly acted film. Roeg has coaxed performances of the utmost candour from his cast. Hackman is a colossus of ogresome temperament and fatalistic weakness, stamping his aphoristic speeches — "I see reason, I call it greed" — with a forthright quality undone only by his essentially purposeless life, an afterlife brought on too soon. Hauer's playing of Claude is equally engrossing: all the weaknesses Jack suppresses he submits to. His tantrums are like a clouded looking-glass against McCann's outbursts.

What is *Eureka* about? A rich man and his daughter, the lust for gold, the impotence of achievement, the play of the elements. It would be glib to call it at once Roeg's most simple and complicated work, but there is an openness about it that suggests a resonance that has no recourse to inscrutability. It has the luxurious visual precision of *Bad Timing* without that film's compulsive symmetry; it sheds a shimmering blue and white light on the supernatural gloom of *Don't Look Now* without settling for the rational or the profane.

Perhaps the frosted, parabolic *The Man Who Fell To Earth* is its closest relation, except the steely analytical quality of that movie is never present. Roeg's most impressive feat in *Eureka* is to fuse his unrivalled visual technique with an emotional force that verges on the ecstatic. It is a film with a climate of sorcery.

"Get out of my world," mutters an exhausted Jack to Claude after a violent confrontation. He speaks with rare accuracy. This is a drama on the scale of the planets themselves.

Richard Cook

. . . and Walters snips at Caine.

Educating Rita

DIRECTOR: Lewis Gilbert
STARRING: Julie Walters, Michael Caine (Rank)

CREATING A screen version of a successful West End play is a more tricky project than it sounds. The faithful adaptation usually opted for in these cases can easily translate to a musty cinema format, the necessary concentration on performance and script leading to a sweeping disregard for the big screen's more subtle powers.

From the first, *Educating Rita* is a film of a play more than a film, signiticant events seeming to slice it into phases rather than letting it ebb and flow with life's irregularity, but the conventional criteria are all fulfilled on the highest level.

The screenplay, written by Willy Russell, is a modern day *Pygmalion.* Rita, a perky young hairdresser, feels life has more to offer than the pub crawls and procreation advocated by her electrician husband, so she enrols for an Open University course with Frank Bryant, a learned but disillusioned don at the local university.

Bemused at first, he gradually finds himself drawn to her naivety and zest for life, which strikes a refreshing contrast with the strained academia of his other students. But as he comes to question the standards he's accepted all his life, Rita undiscerningly adopts them all.

Julie Walters, whose ability to tune into a sense of trapped frustration was showcased in her stint in Alan Bleasdale's *Boys From The Blackstuff,* proves here to be adept at combining the same vivid portrayal with the chirpy charm with which she's more commonly associated. Her education, if rather rapidly induced in the course of a summer camp, is lightly and touchingly shown to suffocate her soul, and her tutor's realisation of this is well conveyed by Michael Caine's lapse into bitter recrimination.

A slightly superfluous character arises in Rita's flatmate, a culture gobbling extrovert who ends up ODing as a statement on the emptiness of life. Much more valuable is the touch of quirky humour in the tackily concealed affair between Frank's wife and a fellow don.

Unadventurous though it may be, the film is the best that could be made from an already established play, and is well worth catching for this alone.

Leyla Sanai

ON THE BOX

THURSDAY MAY 5

Top Of The Pops celebrates its 1000th edition with a 50 minute special and a Radio One stereo linkup. Jimmy Saville is the threatened presenter. Archive film is promised alongside this week's hits. The contrast should prove nothing if not that *TOTP*—inadequate though its format is—has only ever been as good as the week's listings **(BBC1)**

Get Smart. Subtitled *All In The Mind*, this episode has Smart posing as an army colonel and Agent 99 as his secretary out to trap a psychiatrist. Chaos reigns. KAOS wish they did. **(C4)**

The Guardian Lecture. Featuring Dirk Bogarde interviewed at the National Film Theatre on the occasion of the publication of the third part of his autobiography. **(BBC2)**

Britain In The Thirties: That Wonderful Ship. Not Britain, but the Queen Mary. Like Britain, she has since been scuppered. **(BBC2)**

The Young Ones. Rick, Vyv, Neil and Mike in swift rerun of the "modern video comedy which attempts to cross sitcom and variety with a surreal story", says Rik Mayall here. **(BBC2)**

Alter Image. And *Dear Heart*. One's an alternative (doncha just love that catchall word) arts programme featuring Zandra Rhodes, Biff and Tommy Roberts, of *Practical Styling*. The other's a spoof yoof programme. See if you can tell which one's which. **(C4 and BBC2 respectively.)**

Moonlighting (Jerzy Skolimowski 1982). Surprisingly good feature from the Polish acid casualty of a director behind *The Shout* and *Deep End*. Jeremy Irons leads a gang of Polish builders to London to illicitly renovate their boss's English home. Though they're wrongfooted by the military takeover, they don't get to hear of it because Irons, the one English speaking member, takes it upon himself to impose a news blackout to ensure the job gets done. Both tender and caustically funny, the film turns on Irons' grim choice: benevolent paternalism or bullying dictatorship. Such are the responsibilities of leadership! **(C4)**

Jeremy Irons and Polish pals **(Moonlighting)**

FRIDAY MAY 6

Switch. Sharing *TOTP*'s *Smash Hits* mentality, *Switch* manages to stay one step ahead, if only because its presenters French and Fletch are younger and can tread water longer. This doesn't mean to say you should mistake their being out of breath with breathless excitement. Whatever, this week's programme features pompous assholes Spandau Ballet, UB40 and Paul Haig live in the studio and Eddy Grant, Echo, Coati Mundi and the Tom Tom Club on video. **(C4)**

Entertainment USA. Jonathan King talks to Julio Iglesias and Hall and Oates somewhere in Texas. **(BBC2)**

Did You See...? John Peel tells Ludovic Kennedy what's wrong with rock on TV. Give 'em hell John. **(BBC2)**

Old Grey Whistle Test. The deadpan/deadly dull (delete as applicable) Funboy Three live from Hitchin. **(BBC2)**

Jazz On 4. The last programme in the series features the Modern Jazz Quartet filmed from last year's Capital Jazz Festival. **(C4)**

The Unsuspected (Michael Curtiz 1947). Or Last Night a DJ Ended My Life. Claude Rains stars as a radio personality who commits the perfect murder. Or so he believes. **(C4)**

SATURDAY MAY 7

To Be Or Not To Be (Ernst Lubitsch 1942). Film of the week. No competition. A very dark comedy set in Nazi bombarded Warsaw where an acting troupe featuring Jack Benny and Carole Lombard get involved in officers. Don't miss it. **(C4)**

Naked City. There are eight million crime stories in this series, each one duller than the last. **(C4)**

My Learned Friend (Will Hay and Basil Dearden 1947) and **Hook, Line and Sinker (George Marshall 1969)** starring Jerry Lewis and Peter Lawford make up a middling to feeble double bill rejoinder to C4's *To Be...* **(BBC2)**

The Boston Strangler (Richard Fleischer 1968). Apart from Tony Curtis's surprisingly strong performance in the lead role, this moves with all the pace of a meticulously detailed police report. The lack of sensation might be laudable, but the failure to hold attention is inexcusable. **(BBC1)**

SUNDAY MAY 8

The South Bank Show. Watch out kids! Bloody middle-aged twat Keith Waterhouse, who launched the bloody dull and bloody condescending bloody kids series in the bloody *Daily Mirror* with a bloody daft front page commentary is interviewed by bloodless Melvyn Bragg. **(LWT)**

My Favourite Brunette (Elliott Nugent 1947). With Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour. **(BBC1)**

The Seduction of Miss Leona (Joe Hardy 1980). Lynn Redgrave as a matronly professor who incurs her peers' wrath when whe picks up a bit of rough stuff. **(BBC1)**

Nothing, of course, so untoward happens in *Brideshead Revisited* **(C4)**

Too Far To go (Fielder Cook 1979) TV movie based on John Updike's New York society stories, starring Michael Moriarty and Blythe Tanners. **(BBC2)**

MONDAY MAY 9

Loose Talk. Featuring the excellent modern cabaret duo Eddie and Sunshine in an otherwise dull young people's—note the non-use of the term 'youth'—chat show. **(C4)**

Arena: It's All True. Everything is permitted and anything goes in Julian Temple's highly imaginative, often hilarious and extraordinarily far-reaching investigation of the power and hold of video. The world he creates begins and ends in a TV studio, in which the bullying TV repair man (played by Steven Berkoff) reigns supreme. An impressive bank of monitors tuned in world wide presents a constant flow of images to middle-aged couple Michael Hordern and Dandy Nichols, who are themselves only pictures on separate Sony TV sets.

Armed with a remote control box each, they torment and tease each other by switching channels and subjects, probing round the globe for the ultimate visual hit.

Within the confines of a 90 minute film they (and we) are treated to a capsule history of cinema, from the moonshot magic of Melies through the avant garde experiments of the Russian Vertov and onto Orson Welles; nostalgic newsreel footage of the war, postwar and the Wilson '60s; future soap opera starring Kinky Ray Davies two-timing his wife Mari Wilson with a video pin-up coming up on his touch sensitive screen. Adding to the information overload is an interview with the head of Sony, who proudly displays his new gadgets, a chat with the inventor of Pacman in a Buddhist garden in Kyoto, and an encounter in a New York urinal with the deviser of Manhattan's latest vidgame craze Herpes! (Spreading like wildfire no doubt) Unbelievable! And *it's all true*, claims Orson Welles before the plugs are pulled.

Though it is aptly subtitled *A Cautionary Tale For The Video Age*, it is as much a wonderfully exuberant celebration of gizmos and gadgetry. Besides, you'll need to tape it if you want to fully absorb all its visual stimuli. **(BBC2)**

Carole Lombard, Jack Benny **(To Be Or Not To Be)**

TUESDAY MAY 10

A Partly Satirical Broadcast: The Others. The fifth of seven episodes, this features presenter Niki Berou's view of some of the more "eccentric" political figures on the fringe of the mainstream political parties as well as more maverick types clustered thereabouts. **(C4)**

Dick Van Dyke Show. Another slice of the classic series which gave Mary Tyler Moore the money to launch MTM (giving us *Lou Grant* and *Hill Street Blues*) and gave Dick Van Dyke a nearly-incurable bout with alcoholism. **(C4)**

The Prince and the Showgirl (Laurence Olivier 1957). The casting scheme which turned out to be more nightmare than dream, as Laurence Olivier and co-star Marilyn Monroe spent more time at each other's throats than all the Hammer horror films combined, yet worth a glimpse purely for the staggering attempts mounted by each to out-style the other. **(BBC2)**

Leave 'Em Laughing. (Jackie Cooper 1981). A made-for-telly flick which stars Mickey Rooney as a circus clown (hmmmmm) whose wife (Anne Jackson) has raised a series of neglected offspring, only to find hubby turning up terminally ill. **(C4)**

WEDNESDAY MAY 11

The Munsters. In which Lily Munster's plan to become a glamorous girl model is thwarted by Herman and granpa's discovery that all the fashion buyers are male. **(C4)**

Visions: Cinema. A special and extended edition of this usually unsuccessful programme examines the work of Jean-Luc Godard previous to his *Vivre Sa Vie* later in the evening. Promised are Godard's own hour-long videotape *The Scenario of Passion*, an account of the making of his new movie *Passion* which premieres in London this month. This feature launches a short season of Godard flicks on telly. **(C4)**

Vivre Sa Vie (Jean-Luc Godard, 1962) Godard's examination of the life of a Parisian prostitute is given its remaining resonance (it seems quite quaint now thanks to successors such as *La Derobade*) due to the fact that the streetwalker in question is played by Anna Karina, then the director's wife. Winner of the Special Jury Prize at the Venice Film Fest in its day. **(C4)**

Chris Bohn & Cynthia Rose

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THE MISFITS 12.40, 4.50, 9.00
+ SOME LIKE IT HOT 2.50, 7.00
Saturday 7th
Andy Warhol's THE CHELSEA GIRLS
12.30, 4.00, 7.30
Saturday 7th All-night
RUSS MEYER
at 11.30 p.m.
Sunday 8th
Jean — Luc Godard double
ALPHAVILLE 3.30, 7.15
+ PIERROT LE FOU 1.30, 5.15, 9.00
Tuesday 10th
Costa Gavros double
STATE OF SEIGE 2.30, 6.50
+ MISSING 4.40, 9.00
Wednesday 11th
THUNDERCRACK 1.00, 4.55, 8.50
+ TURKISH DELIGHT 3.10, 7.05

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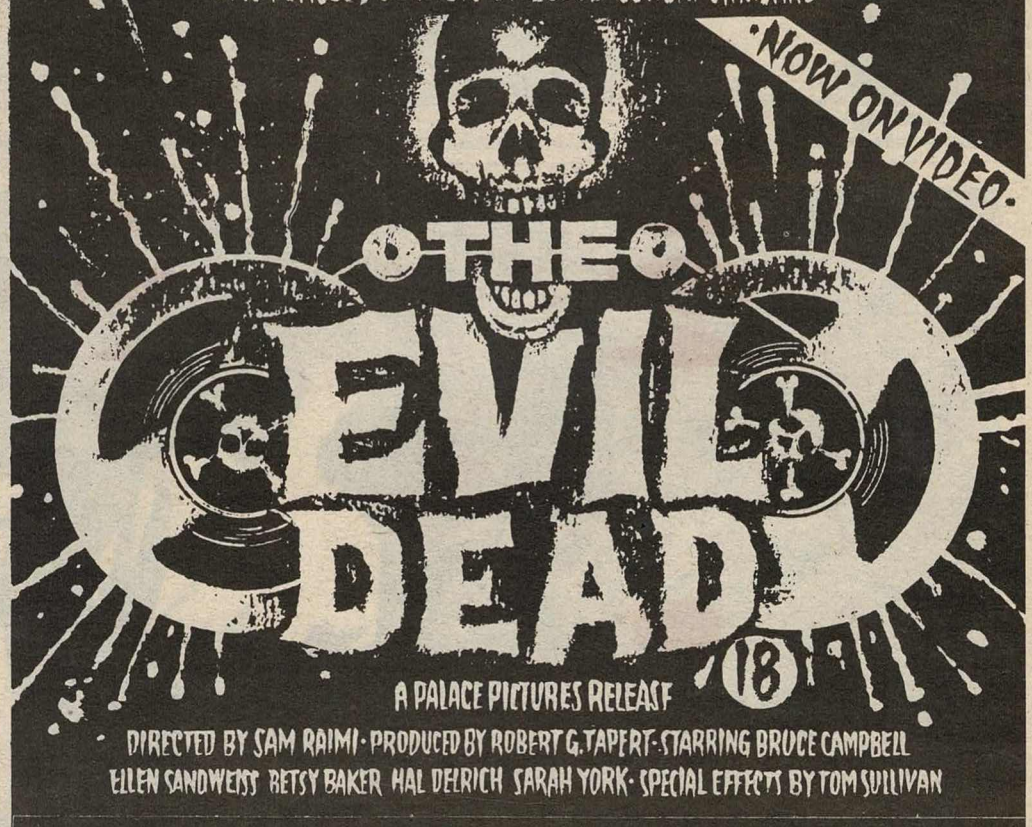
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IN THE CAN

Pixote (Directed by Hector Babenco) Or: *I Was A Teenage Accatone* (a reference for all you Pasolini fans). Will you be able to hold back the tears when Li'l Pixote tweaks your heartstrings as efficiently as he tugs on his whore's teat, draws on a joint or pulls the trigger on some lonely jerko's life? Evidently his kindergarten-come-borstal training prepared him well for Brazilian shanty town survival. Here, morality is a luxury only afforded by the rich. **(Palace)**

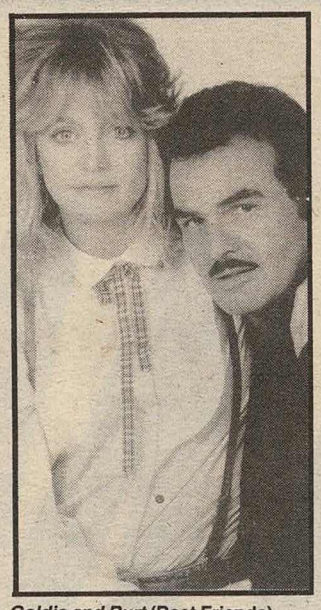
The Missionary (Richard Loncraine) Painstaking period simulation only serves to dull the senses, thereby lulling the viewer gently through a slight, soggy albeit genial pun on the missionary's position in the Edwardian East End. It's only just funny. **(Hand Made)**

Victor Victoria (Blake Edwards) Where the superior *(well it would be wouldn't it? — Ed)* German original *Viktor Und Viktoria* (Reinhold Schunzel 1933) plays it as traditional burlesque, Edwards' version labours its modernity on a few duff gay gags, which even the excellent Robert Preston seems embarrassed mouthing. But it does score on Julie Andrews' androgynous — sexless — charm as the down-at-heel singer whose fortunes look up when she impersonates a female impersonator and becomes the toast of Gay (see what I mean) Paree. **(UIP)**

48 Hours (Walter Hill) The sort of sophisto trash intellectuals indulge themselves with when their minds take time off for a night's slumming. Only joking Andy. **(UIP)**

Sophie's Choice (Alan J. Pakula) Auschwitz as the pornography of the caring classes. What with *The White Hotel, Holocaust* and now this one, death, death and more death are becoming the staples of muddlebrow entertainment. Hans Jurgen Syberberg mordantly remarked on the Germans making good business out of guilt, but it takes a saccharine American picture to make excessive profits out of suffering. As these things go, no one suffers more divinely than Meryl Streep. And, of course, it's all done in the best possible taste. **(ITC)**

Mad Max 1/Mad Max 2 (George Miller) Make sure you see episode one first because — aside from the brutally sick climax — it only serves as the skimpiest of trailers for the excellent sequel, which comes shock full of lurid villains and equally despicable heroes fighting it out in a post-apocalyptic Australia so vividly realised that I can't wait for someone to drop the bomb. Only joking God. **(Warner)**



Goldie and Burt **(Best Friends)**

Bruce Spence, Mel Gibson **(Mad Max 2)**

The Young Ladies Of Wilko (Andrzej Wajda) A Franco-Polish pre-Martial Law production period piece revolving round a nest of old maids into which the melancholy hero Victor strolls. I don't mind this one at all, but it's not one of Wajda's best, so you might want to sit this one out until his *Danton* opens. **(Artificial Eye)**

Gandhi (Richard Attenborough) Eight oscars for *good intent?* Bio pic or epic yawn? *"Gandhi* raises more questions than it comes close to answering . . ." *(Time Out)* **(Columbia)**

Best Friends (Norman Jewison) The bankability factor of Burt Reynolds ought to be wearing perilously thin after *The Best Little Whorehouse In Texas* and as for Goldie Hawn, well, goopy cute grins curdle quick when it's a comedienne's sole device. The sort of soft-focus marital comedy Reynolds does in his sleep. And it shows. **(Warner)**

Chris Bohn

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BANANA'D

A third of Heaven 17 — 5.66 to be praise — stands alone. Pic: Anton Corbijn

ALTHOUGH 'Na Na Hey Hey' was the best selling single of Bananarama's brief career, earning them a number five slot in the charts and a promotional trip to Los Angeles, watching them rehearse it during a *TOTP* run-through isn't exactly a joyful occasion.

True, a cold, empty, harshly lit studio is not the most inspiring of places, but as the girls go through their motions it is something like attending a wake for someone you never really knew.

The group's expressions here, and during previous televised performance of the song, seem to suggest they wish they were somewhere else, doing something interesting; an attitude of despondency also projected in the press interviews that went with the hit.

Quite apart from 'Na Na Hey Hey' being critically acknowledged as the worst record Bananarama have made — it wasn't that good when Steam put it out yonks ago, and they certainly add nothing to it — the single gave the girls cause for serious concern. Following up to 'Cheers Then', it cast doubts on their record company's confidence in the trio's ability to write songs.

'Cheers Then' was the group's first self-penned 'A' side, a go ahead given to them after the previous record to that, 'Shy Boy' got flipped by radio stations in favour of what is probably their most popular song, the Bananarama composed 'Boy Trouble'. But sales figures were far from favourable, and what set out to be a brave attempt to change (or indeed gain some) direction turned into a corporate embarrassment.

Moguls decreed a return to the bright 'n' airy and ultimately empty style with 'Na Na Hey Hey'. And, bearing this in mind, the Banana girls' dispirited attitude towards their best seller becomes much easier to understand — as does their change of mood a little while after that lifeless rehearsal.

"It's not that we don't actually like the record," explains Keren. "We wanted to do the song, but as an album track and not put it out as a single.

"That's not just because it was another cover version (the group's third in five releases), but the whole sound of the record is last summer's, like 'Shy Boy'. After 'Cheers Then', this one was a definite step backwards for the group. Maybe if 'Cheers Then' hadn't flopped, things would've been different."

Siobhan joins in: "We were really upset about 'Cheers Then' not making it. Not only because it gave our confidence as writers a knock, but it could've been a turning point for Bananarama. It had been our best chance so far to do something about the way the group was going.

"When we wrote it we wanted to get away from the bouncy, breezy image that we had, and prove we are capable of a bit more. We knew we had a big support and thought that they'd want a bit of a change. We felt sure we'd be able to race ahead of the public, but they didn't follow us as quickly as we expected.

Back to Keren: "Looking back at it now, maybe we did try to change a bit drastically, but if the radio had accepted it then I'm sure it would've worked. Their attitude was that because it wasn't the Bananarama they've come to know and love, it got left off the playlists.

"They didn't know how to take it, or when to play it, so it was only getting about six plays a week, when unless it gets at least four or five a day, the public thinks there's something wrong with it.

"That was pretty depressing."

Siobahn: "We completely underestimated the amount of new ground a lot of people were prepared to enter. We know now that if we're going to change, we're going to have to do it much more gradually, and make more compromises."

BANANARAMA obviously now feel quite relaxed in the sanctuary of this messy dressing room and chain-smoked Marlboros. As we cluster as far away as possible from a tempestual air conditioning unit, they are not at all what I expected.

Sarah is the furthest away from the popular idea of a Banana gal, apart from joining the many jokes and answering what she is asked directly she remains quiet, looking on pensively or maybe a little shyly. Keren and Siobhan are chatty and quick to reply, but it is not the childish prattle or boorish boasting of so many pop stars. Their conversation is realistic, witty and intelligently conceived, even when discussing disappointments they do it without bitterness. The fact that they are as likely to disagree as they are to finish each other's sentences, is a sure sign they are thinking about what they are saying.

The threesome have been friends for an age, sharing (as they still do) a council flat in Holborn, so the group is their life, rather than something where they just meet up and do it. This has meant they have been able to resist seeing themselves as 'pop stars' for a long time, and what began as fun, still is. However, the success of 'Na Na Hey Hey' has brought it home to them it is also serious business, and forced them to dwell, for the first time, on certain issues.

One such matter is the development of the group as a lasting entity, rather than a short spell of glory as a pubescent fad. The way the girls feel they can do this and still have fun, is through their songwriting.

Sarah: "Material's always been a problem for us, and will be for a little while yet. The stuff we feel best about is the stuff we write ourselves, but no one in the record company has any faith in us as songwriters, and because we weren't even thinking about it, till last year, we know we're not too experienced.

"That all got worse after 'Cheers Then', and we were told that we needed a hit again, and 'Na Na Hey Hey' was the best choice. We bowed to the company's opinions."

Keren: "It's quite hard writing because none of us are musicians, so we just have to sing melodies into tapes, and we don't feel overjoyed about it. We're working on it, but you must remember that although we've been in the charts a lot and everybody's heard of us, we've only been together for two years. Most bands have that amount of time just working things out, before they even get a record contract.

"Up until this release, everything we put out was because we wanted to, and we didn't really think seriously about sales. 'Na Na' was the first song we'd done that had been geared to the public, it was our biggest seller, yet we all prefer the B-side. That showed us that there is a big difference between making the music we want to, and just having hits."

Siobhan: "We're still at the stage when it's vital to have hits and to stay in the public eye in order to go on. We'll have to be content to develop our music on albums and B-sides, because we're not like David Bowie who can bring out what he likes. If we don't want to be just another flash in the pan, we're going to have to play ball for a little while longer."

Sarah joins in: "Not being able to produce puts us at a disadvantage too. So many producers feel it is a risk to their reputation to try out unrecognised songwriters — that their career would be damaged if it wasn't a hit. Also a lot of them write songs and will try to push their own material on to you. So if you're new at it, it's pretty difficult getting the songs you want to write recorded. We had to leave our last two producers because they wouldn't do our stuff."

Don't you feel very irritated when your own work is confined to B-sides, and then frustrated when, as with 'Boy Trouble', it gets flipped?

"A little," continues Sarah. "But mostly just recording them and getting them to sound right is enough, because then we're pleased with them. The songs still get out there, so we figure that people will get round to playing them in time.

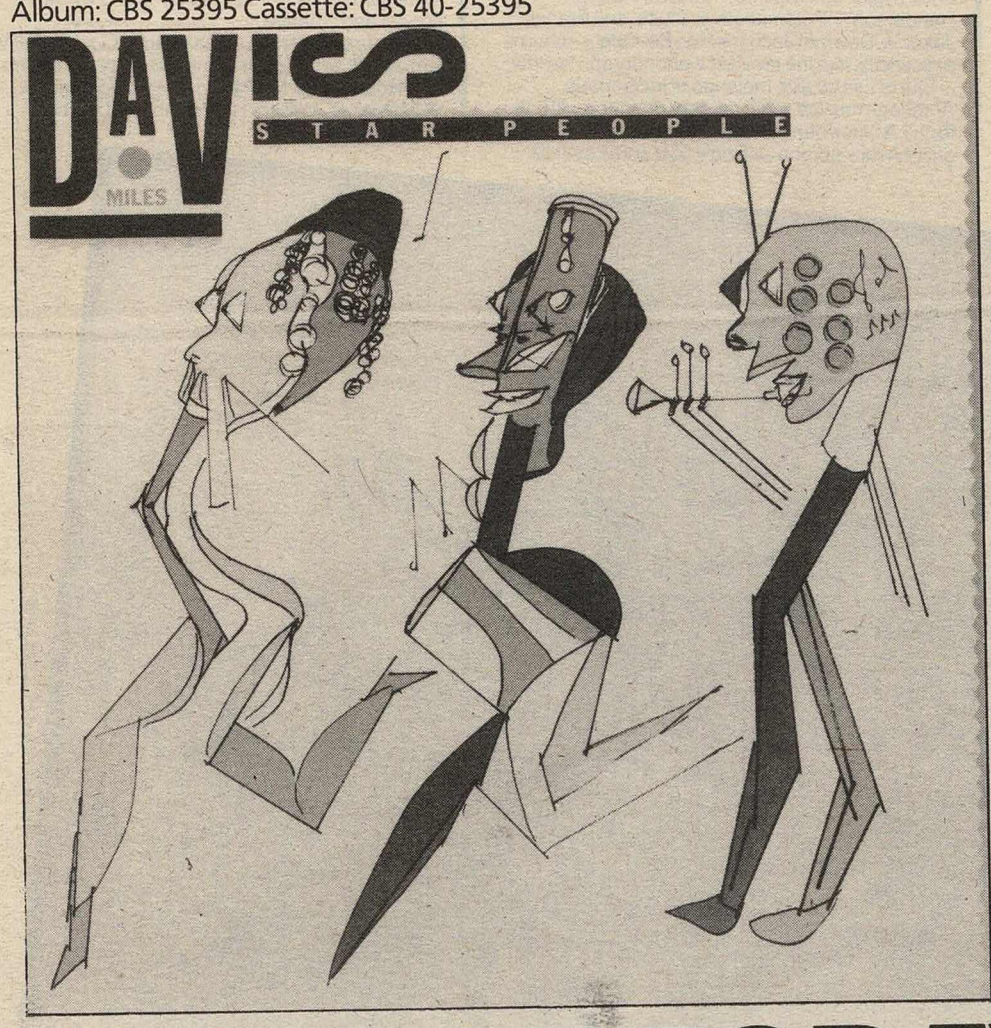
"It's a feeling of delight rather than frustration for us when a record gets flipped or people tell us they prefer our own stuff. I think that's what keeps us going on, as it shows we're both pleasing ourselves and the public. That is what we've come to realise we're here for, not just for us to have fun."

MAYBE BANANARAMA won't have the long wait they seem to have prepared themselves for. As the number of radio plays for 'Na Na Hey Hey' thankfully declines, the B-side 'Tell Tale Signs', a lively Dennis Bovell production of one of their own songs, is getting heard in discos, pubs and shops everywhere.

Hopefully their record company will realise that these girls have both the attitude and aptitude to do something solid, and the brainless clothes-horse presentation that is still being foisted on them will be dropped. Then, Bananarama will be able to prove themselves capable of rescuing the English girl group from becoming a caricature of any of the three clichés in TV's *Rock Follies*.

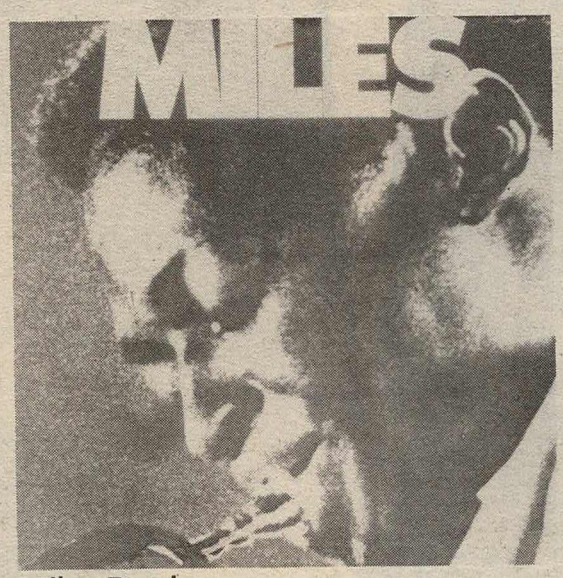
Following last week's concerts, the brand new studio album from Miles Davis–'Star People'.

Album: CBS 25395 Cassette: CBS 40-25395

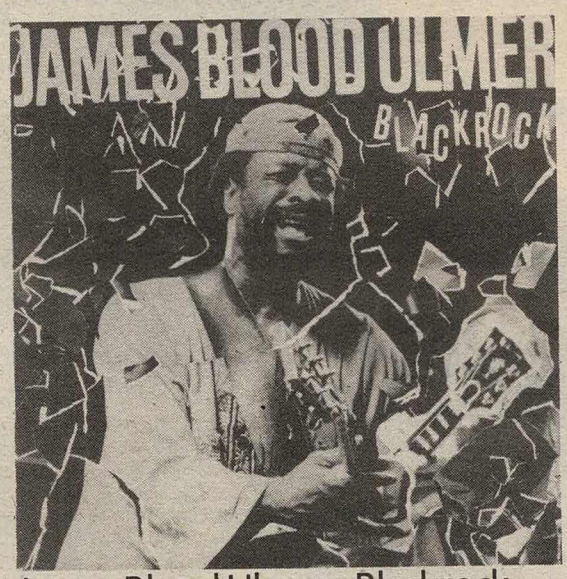


THE BEST OF TODAY'S JAZZ ON CBS RECORDS

CBS

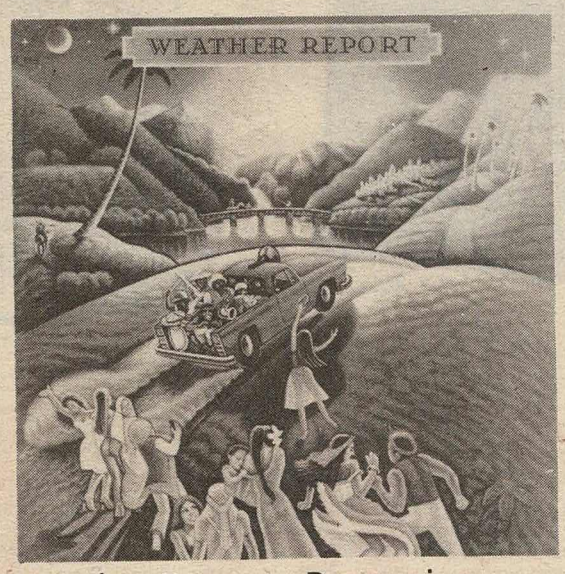


Miles Davis–
Live At The Plugged Nickel
Double Album: CBS 88606

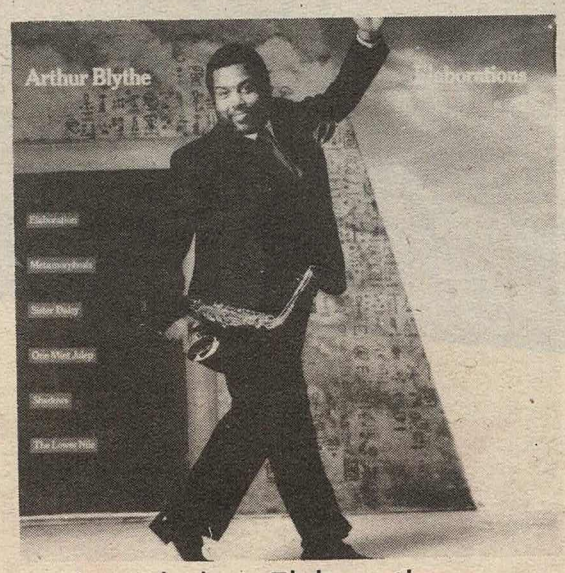


James Blood Ulmer – Blackrock
CBS 25064

Wynton Marsalis – Wynton Marsalis
CBS 85404



Weather Report – Procession
Album: CBS 25241 Cassette: CBS 40-25241



Arthur Blythe – Elaborations
CBS 85980

Herbie Hancock – Quartet
Double Album: CBS 22219

THIS STORY begins a long time ago.

It's hard to say exactly where it starts. Maybe in the ballads of Henry Thomas, the last of the pre-blues songster generation whose folky tunes are the final resting place of the plantation blacks.

Or perhaps, to move forward a little, in the scorched, angry laments of Charley Patton, the grim monarch of the Delta blues: banty roosters, stone ponies and high water everywhere.

It threads down through the lonesome train whistle that screeched across the white trash moans of Jimmie Rodgers, away beside the disembodied hell hound on Robert Johnson's trail, and dallies in the pills'n'booze sea of heartbreak that drowned Hank Williams.

Rockabilly dare not show its clean greaseback features here.

Somewhere off in the distance a peculiar mix of ancient jazz and ragtime — maybe Fletcher Henderson's 'Potomac River Blues' and Frankie Jaxon's 'Down At Jasper's Bar-Be-Que' — churns indistinctly, like the creak of a phonograph handle.

Out of this bizarre melange of indigenous American musics, what modern offspring will come forth? A blues band wrecked by country and western guilt? A rock combo with ugly jazz sores over its skin? Hillbilly curses set to a drunken voodoo stomp? Perhaps these bleak insights exist in the music of The Gun Club.

"That music never sounds old to me because I never grew up with it. It's all new to hear it now. There was so much less of a royalty thing to it at that time. Since Elvis the whole image of the star has grown up, but in everything before that the musician wasn't considered as being much above a bum. So they made all the music for themselves and it was all honest and creative.

"You take the Delta blues people. Occasionally somebody sounds like somebody else but basically Son House, Charley Patton, King Solomon Hill, Willie McTell, William Harris... they all sound *completely different* from one another. Attitudes and keys and picking styles — nobody else did the things Charley Patton did!"

JEFFREY LEE Pierce has an enthusiasm for the forgotten and elusive American musics that goes beyond the dedication of the mere archivist. As the singer, writer and creative nucleus of The Gun Club his input plugs the desolate craziness of the oldest blue roots music into an electric rock unit of terrific aggression.

"You're not going to find a Charley Patton record in mint condition 'cos anyone who bought one went wild with the damn thing, threw parties for a month with it and then tossed it in the yard. Bob Hite was the only one who had them. He had *walls* of records.

"There's a resurgence in everything if it has a potency and honesty about it. It will always come back, even if you have to wait for the datedness to wear off. I'd like to see *ragtime* come back."

Pierce barks out one of his frequent hiccups of laughter. He bams his cowboy boot against the wardrobe of his boarding-house room. A million years and miles away, Charley Patton chokes out the lines of a blues he once snarled into the cheap recording horns of Paramount Records: *"Jackson on a high hill mama, Natchez just below, I ever get back home, I won't be back no more..."*

THE GUN Club's brief tour of England concludes three months of roadwork by the new incarnation of Pierce's group. Gone are guitarist Ward Dotson and drummer Terry Graham the duo who backed JLP's high plains howl on last year's 'Miami' LP; in are ex-Bush Tetras sticksman Dee Pop and guitarist Jim Duckworth, plus bassist Patricia Morrison who was present at the group's Venue one-off last autumn.

It was that torrential, unrelating performance which stuck The Gun Club in my head as an explicit force among the scuzzy tide of flotsam that was trading under a banner of New Amerikan Rock: groups like X, Romeo Void and The Blasters, stuck in an unappealing limbo between new wave pre-eminence and the greying bastions of US hard rock.

With hardcore punk toughening into a fist of superbly honed violence, and the other side of the fence openly admitting its dues to AM melody, it would need exceptional character for any of those groups to stay fit. Bored with the mainstream but too conservative to embrace the guerilla tactics of The Dead Kennedys *et al*, it all resembled an unhealthy fantasy on urban blues-pop. Nowheresville, USA.

Except The Gun Club, or at least Pierce's vision of it, abruptly dispersed with all its partners' allegiances. The misleading punky outburst of their 'Fire Of Love' debut gave way to the insidious spookabilly of 'Miami' and in the process emerged as a chilling requiem for Pierce's R&B loyalties.

For all its burning and wrathful temperature — an impression bolstered by Chris Stein's rackety production job — the record sounded like a ghost-group playing. When you listen to the scrawny, ragged country blues that Pierce claims

GUNS FOR H

Last year Jeffrey Lee Pierce was a chronic depressive and a shithead full of venom. But since then he's sorted out his personal life, and professionally, completely remodelled the spookabilly punk of The Gun Club. Richard Cook ventures into a Norfolk swamp to face up to the Gunman. Photography Anton Corbijn.

inspiration from, it is the sheer eerieness of the music coming across a great gulf of time that freezes the marrow. Put a Tommy Johnson or Skip James record on the deck and it sounds like there's a spectre in the stereo.

The extremely formal, almost courtly quality of so much country blues was acknowledged in the snapshot curtailment of the songs on 'Miami'. With its unruly scrawl of associations — death, sleep, fire, devils, indians and assorted totems of carnage — and bitterly jolting execution, swaying this way and that like a loose caboose on a desert railroad, this spat in the eye of rockabilly, proto-punk or any watery hardcore you could draw a bead on. It seemed at once powered by a traditional rock gearbox and haunted by demons much older than rock'n'roll.

Over it all, Pierce's strangely asexual voice wailed for its lost soul. His high tones were like a white boy's hallucinations of Skip James and Cryin' Sam Collins. And when hooked up to the lethally surly, unsentimental cut of Dotson's guitar at their Venue show the music stomped and hollered like Pierce's enigmatic Watermelon Man come to life. The sight of this corpulent, cheerless figure stalking the London stage around that dark, dark noise was a memorable one indeed.

Close up, Pierce is a much less prepossessing individual. His wry blond strands are headbanded over a face that's big and soft like a baby's. He's tired — we're all tired — at the end of the tour. Holed up in a modest little Norwich hotel, Jeffrey sips his gin and thinks about his group. This seems a far more relaxed and amiable Pierce than the apathetic sorehead we knew from last time.

How come?

"I GUESS I let it slip a while back there," he shrugs. "I'm more encouraged by things now. The last time I was here I didn't even want to play with my band. It was like an invention I didn't like being in the same room with — I hated playing live, touring and doing business.

"What happened was I fired everyone I didn't like and got together with people I respected. Jim's reservoir of knowledge is fantastic, ideas I have no concept of at all. The old Gun Club, I'd just write a song and teach it to them and they'd play it. This band elaborates on the songs all the time. It's much more exciting all round.

"We sorted out all the record company mess too. I haven't talked to anyone at Animal for months — I guess we sort of exceeded the expectations of Animal acts. We deal with the parent company for nearly everything."

But he's still friends with Chris Stein?

"Oh yeah! I love Chris and Debbie. I count them among five of my last true friends after this last winter, where I evaluated the relationships of everyone I worked with. But Animal only started existing again about a month ago when they were re-funded."

Does this mean he's shaking off his renowned terminal depression?

"Uh? Sure!" he says, bewildered. "I guess I was just miserable before. I had a totally absurd family — I can't *believe* they're my family — a totally ridiculous girlfriend, guitar player, drummer, management... everything was a mess. So I just got it together and reorganised everything. Now I'm excited!

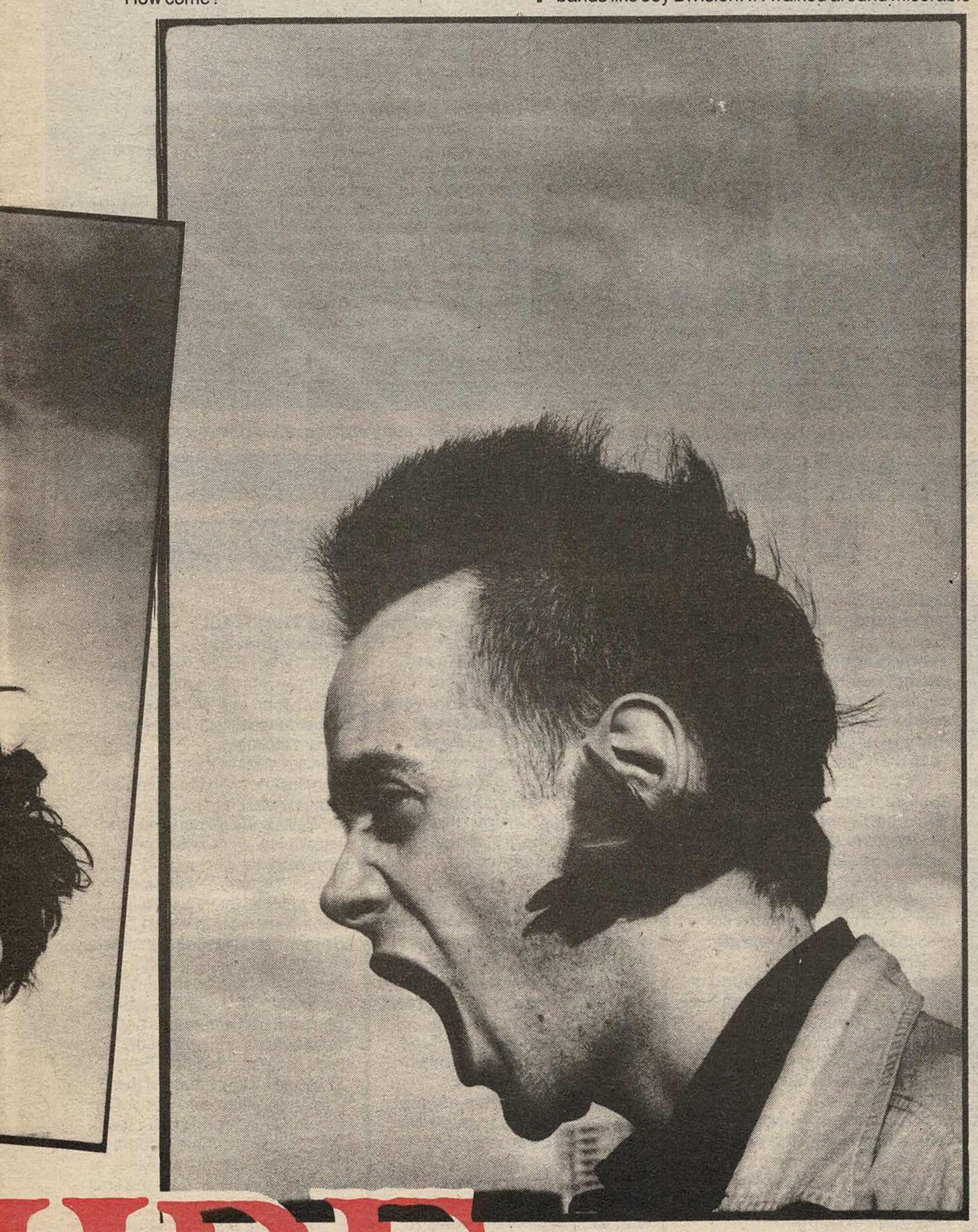
"Depression chic? All that stuff emanated from bands like Joy Division. If I walked around miserable all the fuckin' time I'd just off myself. Everything's work, y'know? I've always believed in the work aesthetic. I've always believed I don't really deserve anything. I think anything you're unhappy with in life can be solved by a lot of work.

"I was really convinced for a long time that I was dying from alcoholism And a long time after that I came to the understanding that I was dying from the people around me, and that I enjoyed drinking and didn't suffer any great pains from it anyway. My doctor says I'm healthy, so fuck it!

"Friends is such a vague word that I don't understand anymore. A lot of people I knew in Los Angeles really resent that fact that the band is popular and gets to tour and make records — resent it with great *zeal*. People that I'd go out and drink with! It makes LA a place I'm uncomfortable to be in, so now I just don't go there."

Pierce sulks a little over the elitist jealousy that soaks through the American hierarchy. Manhattan to LA, there'll always be somebody with a bad word for The Gun Club. Except maybe that sting of animosity is what they need to keep them tough.

"I choose not to live anywhere. I used to be unhappy about it but now I realise I like that. I like to be in a place that looks nice... cities like Amsterdam and Paris. I like to get off tour and pick a city to live in. I have no real possessions apart from my records."



IRE

'MIAMI' CLOSED on a note of auspicious surprise. 'Mother Of Earth' resembles a dirge for the last rites of country music, a skeleton under a stetson, with Pierce's shot-up vocal drifting through the winsome branches of a guitar whistled down from a Texan wasteland. It was a freak score.

"When I brought that to Chris and Debbie we'd finished the record. I suggested throwing it out as the B-side of something, but they said it's fantastic, we'll put it on the album! I guess it was kind of a daring thing to do cos we were expected to just make noise. The trash quotient follows us around. But Chris has suggested doing a whole album in that vein from the things like that I've written.

"It's a much more South-Western type thing. Country music out there is different — you don't get too many crooning love ballads, just things about the desert and the highway. No Nashville syrup. West Texas music was really good too — people like Willie and Waylon were like The Sex Pistols to country in 1969. No strings or production, just scroungy looking pigs doing a honky-tonk style.

"And the country stretched right down — to New Mexico and Arizona. *Really* weird things come outta there. I think almost all the best American music came out of the South. Doowop came out of the North, that's about the only good thing they contributed. I never could really figure out why because living conditions aren't too different from the North — except that it's always hot, and people are always drunk and there's a greater distance between two points. Maybe the isolation causes creativity.

"That dedication to Willie Nelson (on the current 'Death Party' EP) was like a joke, really. The only person who's really helped us and doesn't expect anything for it is Debbie. I wrote something for them that Chris said they were gonna use, but I think they're still trying to figure out what to do now Blondie's over. I would sure like to work with her. She's really underrated because of her image cos she knows lots about jazz and understands all kinds of things about the studio. They turned 'Watermelon Man' into Dr John The Night Tripper!"

Pierce glugs at his drink. I wonder if this cuddly youth is the same ball of shithead venom I saw last year. Does he enjoy performing on stage?

"Nah," he groans. "What I really enjoy is just *singing*. Just to do it here in a room. When we're playing I try to shut my eyes and close it all out and just concentrate on singing. I'd love to be a really great singer like Winston Rodney or Billie Holiday, voices filled with overwhelming emotion. It takes a lot of selfishness to go out and perform and be creative. I still haven't figured out the bridge between entertainment and self-satisfaction.

"I remember we did a show in Toulouse when we were so tired we just dragged our way through it. And we listened to a tape of it later and it sounded... the intensity was so *high* in relation to the songs. But I hate to be an entertainer. I'm terrible at being an imposter. A lot of our early songs seem like redundant garbage now."

And what of the multifarious other projects Pierce supposedly had primed outside Gun Club range?

"Yeah, I quit 'em all. Except Led Zeppelin, A Tribute To The Doors. Jim and I'll do that one with Keith Morris from Circle Jerks and Big Jay McNeely on sax. We'll all wear blond wings and play no Doors songs at all, just very sleazy Little Richard rip-offs and Esquerita covers. Everything else is over.

"Tex And The Horse Head still plays without me — we successfully covered 'Ain't That Peculiar' and 'Big Boss Man' in a way that would prevent those songs being covered ever again. Those songs are *over* now. There's people out there who hate me for it!"

An interesting paradox, Jeffrey — your sacrilegious bent and simultaneous affection for The Source?

"It's like you have a great blues song and you love it and you want to do it — but you have to arrange it for yourself. Arranging is the key to everything. You have to fashion it to your own ends and throw your two cents in. I love to do covers."

Pierce bemoans his unavoidably slapdash recordings, budgeted only to a handful of sessions and one mix. The new 12" EP 'Death Party' is five songs blurted onto tape by the current group minus Morrison. It's a scrappy and unsatisfactory affair, with only the turgid melodrama of 'Death Party' itself and the macabre 'Come Back Jim' coming good.

I suggest to Pierce that the best way to vinylise The Gun Club would be a bone-crunching live-in-the-studio job, but he's dismayed at the lack of finesse.

"I just picked five suitable songs from the files that could be learned quickly and recorded at short notice. Just a few solid rock songs. I backed off the country things. What I'm really looking forward to is doing a version of Gershwin's 'My Man's Gone Now', one of my favourite songs. It's a sin the way you can't get the material realised properly."

Pierce pulls at his hair in frustration. He peers at me and wonders if I like his group. What would he be doing if it weren't for The Gun Club?

"Just be... standing around somewhere drinking whisky. Probably be working for X or some shit like that, working for a band I like. I could certainly never go back to school again. Never really go home again."

He looks sad, a big, puppyish melancholy.

"I guess I was just waiting around for all this to happen. When Kid Congo and I started the group the whole concept was to play two or three times and then break up, so we could bum drinks off *LA Weekly* writers. Then we got popular so fast! You do two shows there and then you're popular and then after six shows the backlash starts almost immediately and you have to start all over again. The writers there aren't really critics, just people who hang out with the bands. Nobody takes their articles seriously.

"I just carried things along, all the managing and everything, and I came to the state of mind that it was basically my business and I shouldn't be taking a beating for something that was supposed to be working for me. Now it feels like a strong band. I no longer feel the drive to be involved in some local scene where you know *everyone*. Nobody gets anywhere then. We're like an *old* group to LA now, popular by historical respect."

THE REST of this old group take the part of veterans by proxy. Norwich's Gala Club is a dank, featureless spot akin to the bottom line circuit the group are used to in America. A modest audience, a nucleus of which have apparently been following the Club around, drift listlessly in anticipation.

Pierce's companions are fatigued but amicable. Dee Pop has a huge fund of stories from his days with The Bush Tetras and other journeymen groups. Maybe one day he'll write the memoirs of a middleweight new wave rocker. Jim Duckworth, a freak for Lester Young and Eric Dolphy (sensible man), has the craziest eyes: they bulge frighteningly when he fingers the guitar. Patricia Morrison is a deeply attractive woman, lips painted almost black to match a towering swathe of hair. But where is Jeffrey?

I persuade him out of the hotel bar, where the proprietor is regaling us with stories of American wartime airmen and trying to get him to sing *West Side Story*. We walk the peaceful provincial streets to the club. Jeffrey pieces his philosophies together.

"Playing and writing is like everything. Everything else is just garbage. You can see how guys like Coltrane would just want to *play* and not meet anybody. I mean, Ornette doesn't go *out!*"

The Gun Club's set staggers and shakes obscenely. Duckworth is a superb player, slicing bloody jags out of the songs and thrusting ruthlessly sharp counterpoint to the vocals. The bass-drums underlay is blunt, a wound-up punch to the midriff. There seems to be no gauge of fast and slow, just a destructured wail that acid little melodies puncture like steel spikes.

It's not a happy night for the group, missing most of the temperamental tension that had impressed me before, and they do look to be veering dangerously close to the deceitful mainstream that X and their ilke have already worthlessly soiled. But a raw rock sound is still laced with a unique, vigorous desolation that lies somewhere in the group.

At its centre is Jeffrey Lee Pierce. His voice is a quirky thing, too impure for the true blue falsetto, too clean for the authentic Delta growl — a countryman lost in bad blues territory, a fan possessed. A middleclass bum musician, his father a union organiser, his mother a manicurist — a man dedicated to musics he can only know and perhaps never really be a true part of.

Jeffrey searches for the peace to perform. He sings, and he closes his eyes.

LPs
LONG PLAYERS

FACTORY LORE AND IN ORDER

NEW ORDER

Power Corruption And Lies *(Factory)*

THE FACT about Fact 75, New Order's second LP, is that it's everything we hoped for — which was an awful lot at times. It will sell well and long, of course, and it deserves to, because I suspect it'll prove one of the best records made in England this year.

More than anything, I think, this album is final proof that New Order have arrived at an identity. It seals the exciting period of development which became most evident with the release of 'Temptation', the 1982 single that showed them annexing electronic formulae with more intelligence and tact than almost anyone else within the commercial mainstream of rock.

That was a process they continued through the following 45 'Blue Monday', and it's to those two singles you should look for an idea of what this new album is like. Of the eight songs it contains, in fact, at least two sound like minimal variations on 'Temptation itself (though I'm not complaining), while the whole of it captures that striking *simplicity* which was the essence of 'Blue Monday' (at the same time improving on that song's slightly banal melody).

Looking back to the previous LP 'Movement' — I'm excluding the odds'n'sods compilation 'Mini-Album' — you can see how far they've come. Maybe in those days they were still, in a sense, three quarters of an old group. Certainly there was an over-reliance on ponderous drum and bass patterns from the Morris/Hook axis, with a general uncertainty as to what to add in the way of embellishment, while the Albrecht vocals were often awkwardly muted and unsure.

The old sound made occasional stabs at brilliance, such as that on the magically sombre early B-side 'In A Lonely Place'. But somewhere between then and now, New Order's evolution has made a crucial leap — clear of all the difficulties that separated them from more consistent achievement. And 'Power Corruption And Lies' is where they've landed.

The new sound is vigorous and exhilarating, brisk and stripped of undue preciousness. The synthesised lines that provide its major characteristic keep a disciplined electric rhythm but they still pulsate with life and colour, especially given the one-note counterpointing of guitar; what you don't get is the robo-drone or babble and squeak, overlaid with syrupy sub-symphonic washes that disfigure so many contemporary attempts at the appliance of science in music.

The singing shares the same sense of liberation. Albrecht's voice is still a fragile instrument at the best of times, but it now goes places it never used to. Instead of lunging towards the rock/blues school in a quest to express 'commitment' — a move it's patently unsuited to make — the vocal plays a gracefully discreet role, projecting the same unstrained confidence as the music.

Take the first track, 'Age Of Consent': a lively start, though it somehow preserves a kind of inner stillness — he even throws in a couple of whoops. That's right, *whoops* — on a New Order record! Clearly, one or two preconceptions are going to take a shaking here.

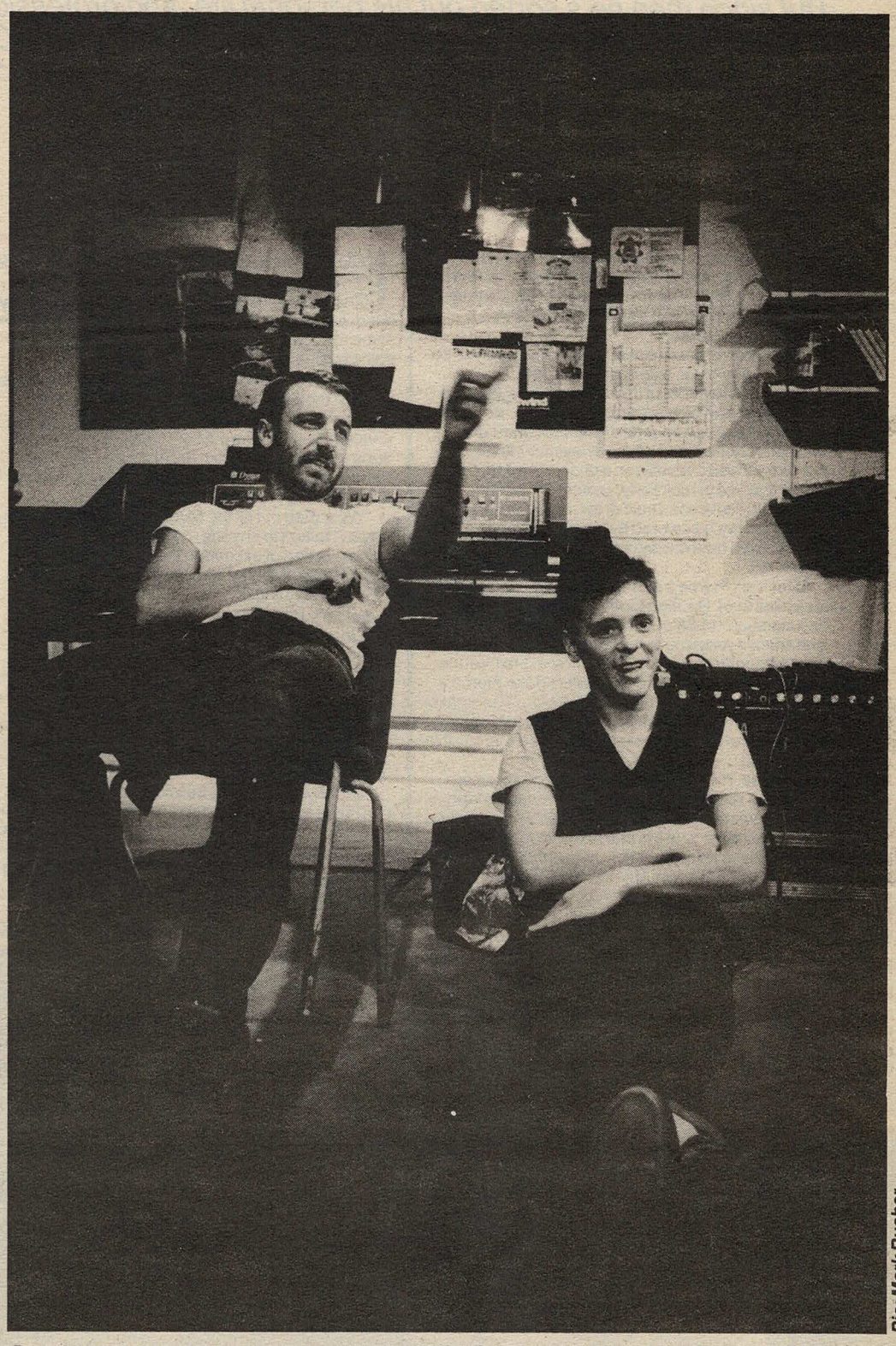
The album's two sides proceed in a level fashion, without any extreme variety of mood, tempo or intensity. Happily, each successive number can draw from a quietly fertile supply of fresh ideas, and monotony is kept at bay. Where the second track, 'We All Stand' moves in a more subdued way than the opener, 'The Village' which follows, returns to a note of upful contentment: *"Oh our love is like the earth, the sun and the trees and the birds . . . Our love is like the flowers, the rain and the sea and the hours."*

Of the other tracks, 'Your Silent Face' is maybe the strongest; a song with a persuasive emotional tug, enlivened by one curious line which goes (unless my hearing aid malfunctions): *"You've caught me at a bad time/So why don't you . . . piss off."* I might have made a fine single. There again, it's worth pointing out that New Order have stuck by their praiseworthy policy of *not* filling an LP up with old 45's.

Now for the really *useful* information: Fact 75 comes without any external marks of identity. That is to say, in the familiar Factory way, there's nothing on the sleeve to say what it is, or who it's by, or what the tracks are, or anything else. Instead there's just a smugly elegant package, of some beauty but zero utility, with a painting of flowers on one side and a technical design on the other. So that's what to look for in the racks.

As it happens, I'm a little irritated by all this twee cultivation of mystique: the more so because this music, more than any New Order music before it, goes a long way in the *opposite* dirction. The music on 'Power Corruption And Lies' (and I *hope* that's what the record's called; it's rather hard to tell) makes no pretentious claims for itself, nor does it labour after an impression of profundity. New Order are just getting on with it: simply, efficiently and enjoyably.

Paul Du Noyer



Pic: Mark Rusher

Bernard Albrecht and Peter Hook place new orders: beef chop suey and egg fried rice respectively.

MUNDI BLOODY MUNDI

COATIMUNDI

The Former 12 Year Old Genius *(Virgin)*

OVERSHADOWED MOST of his musical life by the dapper August Darnell, it's been obvious for sometime now that Coati Mundi has exerted, in his role as Major Sidekick, a largely unpraised musical influence.

Last year's exuberant Creole shows, where Mundi grabbed the spotlight and effectively stole the show from right under Darnell's nose with his clowning antics and irrepressible showmanship, coupled with the potency of his brilliant debut single 'Que Pasa', were proof enough of the man's capabilities.

Only thing is: what happens when the fool leaves the king and strikes out on his own? The answer, it would seem, is that he walks down cul de sacs. 'The Former 12 Year Old Genius' is an entertaining, lightweight LP that eventually stretches the jokes and the creator too far.

Although at first hearing it appears as a set of brash, heady music put to witty lyrics, the veneer unfortunately wears thin, with only a couple of the tunes emerging with depth and substance.

That Mundi has a wicked wit and the ability to write concisely is proved as he turns his attention from rappers — 'Everybody's On An Ego Trip', a witty putdown of macho strutters with the rapping stutters — to life's moral concerns, 'Prisoner Of My Principles' and 'Pharoah (Can't Take It To The Grave)'.

Clever, funny lines abound such as, from 'I'm Corrupt': *"In '80 I made a bet that an actor would never be a president, what an accident"*, but like all humour it's not enough to sustain a whole LP and Mundi's little vocal asides and tricks eventually become wearing.

Strangely enough, considering the vivid sound on 'Que Pasa', the production here is muted, with Mundi's unexceptional voice fighting vainly against the restrained sound that half kills the music's vitality and life.

A musical mix of salsa, funk, soul and pop with the odd synthesisers thrown in, Mundi's own production only comes to life properly with his treatment of Captain Beefheart's 'Tropical Hot Dog Night'. Based around a catchy melody, everything finally falls into place here, the wild horns and musical mayhem counterpointing against Mundi's vocal growling.

Similarly, his own 'Oh! That Love Decision!' displays The Little One's penchant for a fair tune and entertaining story line, providing an invigorating, smart piece of pop music.

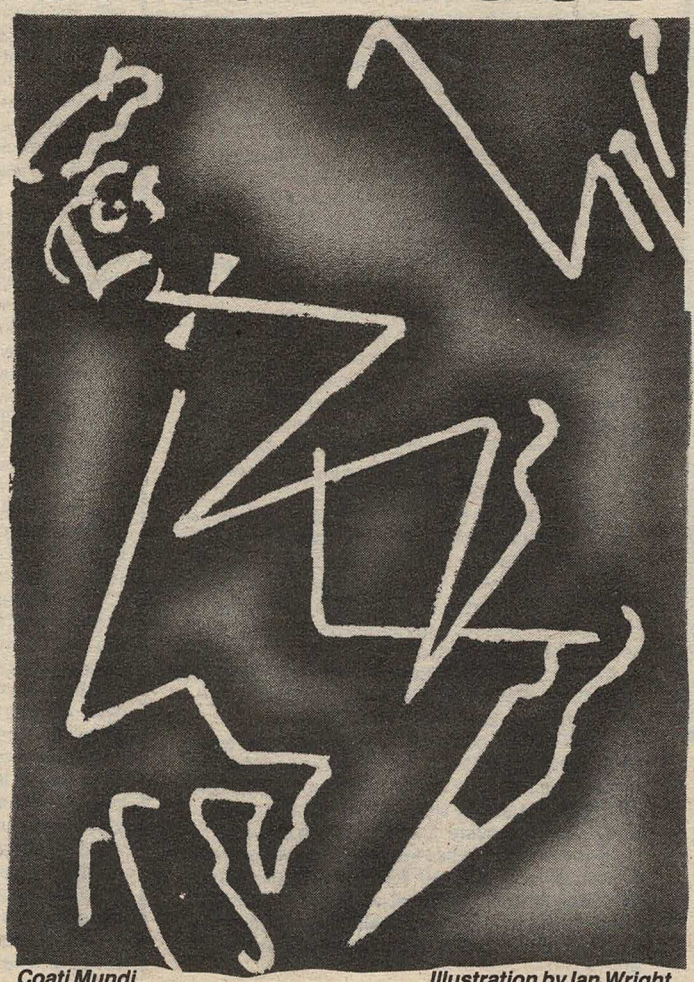
Sadly, such standards are barely reached elsewhere. 'Como Esta Usted', the current single, is merely a watered down version of 'Que Pasa' (indeed many Creole musical references pop up from 'Maladie' to 'I Am') whilst songs such as 'I'm Corrupt' (the song Darnell reportedly ruined on 'Tropical Gangsters' by removing the lyrics), 'Beat Back The Bullies' and 'Hold On To That Lovely Lady' end up as cute and pithy excursions, lacking strength and ruined by an overwrought approach.

By producing, arranging and writing the LP, Mundi has evidently pushed himself too far here, let himself become blinded. This LP needs, ironically enough, the elegant touch of a Darnell to push its promise into some kind of classy realisation.

Which is a shame. Potentially a great LP (and bear in mind, with the success of Creole in Britain, that The Coconuts have their own LP ready for release) this could have been a welcome stop gap before the next Creole epic and a timely elevation of Coati Mundi's talents into a wider arena.

So *que pasa* Mundi?

Paolo Hewitt



Coati Mundi *Illustration by Ian Wright*

CLINT EASTWOOD AND GENERAL SAINT

Stop That Train *(Greensleeves)*

ELECTION FEVER is in the air and that irrepressible deejay duo of Eastwood and Saint are back on the front line with their own lyrical manifesto.

Unlike most of their counterparts, with the exception of Laurel and Hardy, Eastwood and Saint have relinquished the obligation to work within the current deejay genres and do-over rhythms of Jamaica in order to blaze their own trail.

With their roots in West London as much as West Kingston these days, Eastwood and Saint's ghetto-ology has been translated into UK conditions and fused with anti-racist and anti-nukes politics. The result is a critical yet comic vision of life on Maggie's Farm.

They extol the virtues of the 'True Vegetarian' and warn of a nuclear catastrophe in 'Nuclear Crisis', an appropriately doom laden follow up to 'Can't Take Another World War' from the first 'Two Bad DJ' album:

"Them launching a nuclear base a England/The women them put on a demonstration/If it takes all me strength and all me energy/I will even die for this country/But building nuclear is not the policy/Beware cos we want no nuclear."

The Dillingeresque pat 'Stop Jack' homes in on police harrassment of the average sand

A Luxury You Can't Afford

HEAVEN 17

The Luxury Gap (Virgin)

IN THE YUKKY Gucci world chronicled by 'The Luxury Gap' the extremes of poverty and wealth don't really exist; but for the sake of an easy life let's go along with Heaven 17's contention that the gap is bridged by credit card spending.

The credit card culture described — if not condoned — here is defined by Pearl and Dean advertising, and populated by aspiring young businessmen, insurance executives and bankers. It revolves round nightclubs like The Venue or Talk Of The Town where status is gauged by the quality of act ignored and talked over. Imagine for a moment that in such a place you might find holding company British Electric Foundation discussing contract details with Richard Branson while a popular group Heaven 17 are struggling to make their words heard above the din:

"While under the cities the shuffle of money is speaking/The power of choice is the power of reason/The power of voice is the key to the world/So now just count the times that the chill in their words/Leaves you freezing."

The audience noisily cheers agreement, but the businessmen at the back aren't listening. They're probably haggling over who should pick up the tab. Now once you recall that B.E.F. are Heaven 17 are B.E.F. you'll begin to grasp the cunning of their forked tongue strategy. Irony or double talk? Is there any more mileage to be made out of three young turks masquerading as slick city gents, pony tails dangling insolently above white collars, juggling business jargon with the giddy noise of the latest pop gadgets?

In light of the path Heaven 17 have taken from their debut LP 'Penthouse And Pavement' to 'The Luxury Gap', these questions are academic. Their stance is consistent, the shift of focus from the first's playful protest to the real concerns of middle age is logical, but the corresponding slide into musical conservatism is both negating and disappointing. From the opening grind of the corny 'Crushed By The Wheels Of Industry' you just know the record won't contain any surprises such as the hilarious locked groove that closed 'Penthouse...' on an infinite chant of *"We're gonna live for a very long time."*.

Their early whizzkidry has matured into a sophisticated yet pointless intelligence that has been applied to a particularly useless project. It's a neat joke matching the spend and debt scenarios of songs like 'Key To The World' and 'We Live So Fast' to an MOR-ish soundtrack appropriate to Habitat stores and nightclubs, but it's just not funny if you can't see the join.

If this were a B.E.F. project, which placed such lyrics as the lines quoted earlier into the mouths of others, the whole thing might have had some surprise value. For instance, one could picture The Temptations having a ball with the confusion of movie titles and cliches of 'Who'll Stop The Rain', while the upmarket kerbcrawling persona of a Robert Palmer might have wrested some extra pathos from the collection's most touching song 'Come Live With Me', an unappetising invitation extended by a 37 year old to a 17 year old girl, which sounds a bit daft coming from Glenn Gregory's bluff young tenor — a blunt instrument at the best of times.

Given the right song, though, such as 'The Best Kept Secret', his voice is the perfect bludgeoning tool. I suggest he applies it to Brecht's 'Hollywood', which seems aptly descriptive of the Heaven 17 forked tongue dilemma: *"Every day to earn my daily bread/I go to the market where lies are bought/Hopefully/I take up my place among the sellers"*.

To a greater or lesser degree we all sell our souls in order to make a living. Not all of us, however, make soul selling our business.

Chris Bohn

WELCOME TO THE MOODIST CAMP

MOODISTS

Engine Shudder *(Red Flame)*

"THREE IAN McCullochs with the rhythm section of The Birthday Party": — thus spake Barney Hoskyns a year ago in his ecstatic review of The Moodists' single 'Gone Dead/Chad's Car', and last week Don Watson bowed to the mean Moodist magnificence:— "deranged discordant brilliance from an Australian band with a rare grasp of anger in noise," was the seal of good housekeeping he bestowed on their new 45 'The Disciples Know'.

All three songs can be found on 'Engine Shudder', which takes its place alongside 'The Bad Seed' EP by fellow Melbourne cabalists The Birthday Party as some of the most violently macabre music you're ever likely to hear.

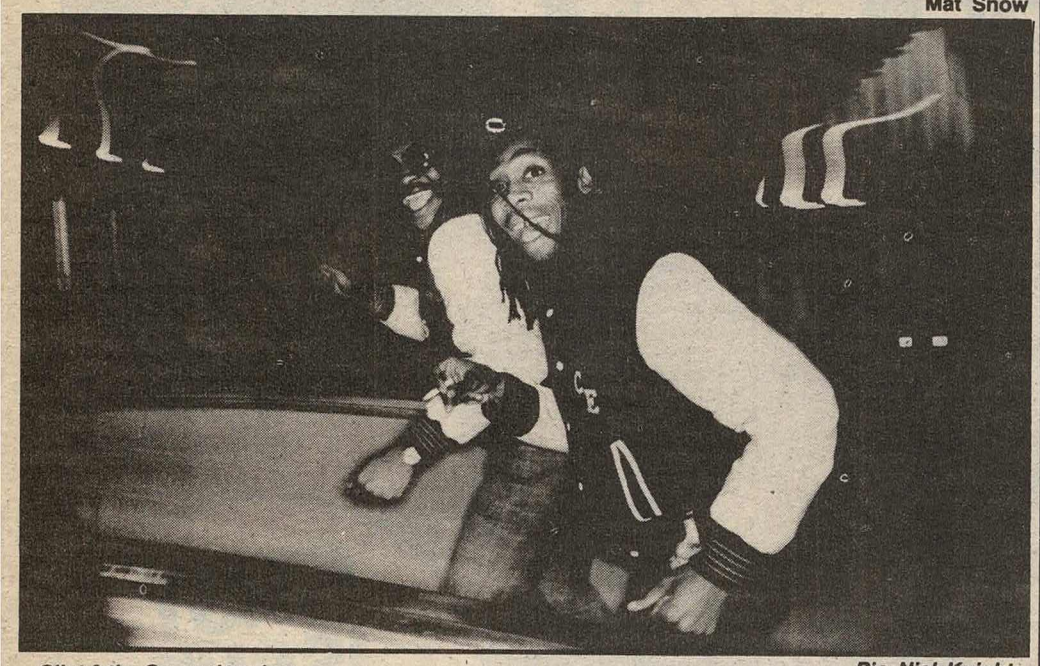
"Garage jazz-punk" is as glib a term as I can manage for The Moodists' music. Chris Walsh's simple but darkly menacing bass patterns dictate the action. Clare Moore's flashing, erupting drums and Steve Miller's (no relation) spidery, angular rhythm guitar interweave into a sinuous but explosive lurch. And over the top, in more ways than one, is the voice of David Graney.

Like Ian Mac, he is a melodramatic singer. He will take flight in sustained light operatics, then plunge bathetically to intone a grim chorus. He takes exquisite delight in his own voice — excitingly multi-tracked, a roomful of Graneys cut, thrust and intertwine in a languidly opeated crowd scene.

"I saw her lying there/I saw what I could do," he chants in 'Woken Strength', a song but one remove from Iggy's 'The Passenger'. In fact it's the majestic spectre of the world's forgotten boy which haunts the proceedings. Iggy was the first to strike a bargain with the Devil; the Dorian Gray of Rock, wounded iconic brilliance alternated with self-destructive delight in horror and slow degradation.

In his tradition, The Moodists' witching hour visions are the stuff of creepy-crawly cliche to the point of black humour. Nonetheless, they project snake-like sensuality, exert hypnotic fascination and finally strike with electrifying violence.

Mat Snow



Clint & the General trod on. *Pic: Nick Knight*

MASH UPPA MAGGIE

box carrying herbalist while their rendition of The Ethiopians' 'Everything Crash', with its King Stitt intro and early '70s reggae beat, deals with that ever increasing dole queue.

Eastwood and Saint possess a canny sense of commercialism. They've reshaped the Mighty Sparrow's incestuous tale of 'Shame And Scandal' and readily plundered the reggae vaults for inspiration. Toots' 'Monkey Man' theme is given a new lease of life and their adaptation of The Slickers' 'Stop That Train' allows them to indulge in the current singalong deejay style, fusing 'Mek We Jam' with a chorus plagiarised from a Bobby Bare Country and Western song and popularised recently in Welton Irie's 'Army Life.

It's evident that reggae's influence during and post 2-Tone, along with the pop sounds of Musical Youth, have not fallen on deaf ears. 'Stop That Train' is lighter and more uptempo than the muscular first album and in stepping outside the reggae mainstream it won't endear Eastwood and Saint to the purists or help their sales in black record shops. However, if you flash this album in combination with the dynamic duo's onstage antics and their extensive touring, then 'Stop That Train' can only boost an already enthusiastic following.

Paul Bradshaw

Rip Rig + Panic

Do The Tightrope

7" & 3 track extended 12" vs582(-12)

Taken from the album ATTITUDE

V2268

Bluenote, Derby (May 10)
University, Bradford (11)
Dingwalls, Hull (12)
Dingwalls, Newcastle (13)
Top Rank, Brighton (15)
Palais, London (16)
Leadmill, Sheffield (19)
Commonwealth Institute, London (June 4)

Blip these gigs they're shamanic

PROWLING SOUL'S FRONTIERS

NONA HENDRYX

Nona Hendryx *(RCA)*

MEET NONA. She has a problem. It's all to do with jaw control see; on every photo we find her with mouth spectacularly ajar. Nona used to be in a group called Labelle; and along with Sarah Dash and Patti La Belle brought us possibly the first and last futurist soul music, making several remarkable albums during the mid '70s worthy of anyone's reinvestigation.

The front cover shows Nona burning a photograph of herself as a cute 'n' afro cocktail dress doll, while the 1983 model sports an afro-punk affair and wears a rather unpleasant leather object...like, uh, I think she's trying to tell us something here. Like Nona has progressed — which is where the biggest disappointment lies.

As the main songwriter in LaBelle, Hendryx has broken very little new ground. This new album sounds approximately how you'd expect it to sound; a modern LaBelle. It's been nine years since 'Lady Marmalade' (imagine!) yet Hendryx merely manages to update the sound without really progressing. My dream would be an album of material which actually takes risks and utilises that wonderful voice to its fullest. Ah! but even so...

Nona Hendryx is prowling roughly the same territory as Grace Jones; an unholy alliance of soul/rock/disco/reggae and pop. Unlike Jones, Nona has one hell of a voice, which makes it all the more unforgivable when she comes up with garbage like the drab 'Dummy Up'. In comparison, the album kicks to a start with the vital 'B-Boys', contender for the single mayhap and a dead ringer for Chic's 'Good Times'. The choice of the inferior 'Keep It Confidential' for US single release is bewildering.

Standout of standouts must be the sublime 'Design For Living' which features (wait for it...), Tina Weymouth, Nancy Wilson, Laurie Anderson and old chum Patti LaBelle. Anderson's positively transcendental violin (didn't you always know she was a hippy) slides into a stark piano figure with Nona huskily intoning: *"I was barely breathing/You were barely living, until now-oh now..."*. 'Design For Living' crawls up your spine and settles in the core of your nervous system, Simply beautiful. It refuses to budge from my turntable.

Frustrating listening, this album would have made a terrific 12". It features more 'names' than I could even begin to list. Watch out in particular for Nile Roger's precise guitar on 'Living On The Border' — Rogers' playing exactly as he dresses — a track which also features Clinton side-boy Bernie Worrell on keyboards.

Nona Hendryx has not made the perfect album which she is undoubtedly capable of producing, yet even with its many flaws this album has moments of sheer brilliance. Hendryx possesses one of the finest, most distinguished contemporary soul voices; I can think of very few black artists able to match her expressive, languid sensuality. An essential purchase if only for the highlights.

Liz Neer

JAZZ

SOME VERY mean and dark action is to be encountered on **Odean Pope**'s 'Almost Like Me' (Moers Music import). The leader is Max Roach's regular tenorman and his trio pits him against Cornell Rochester on drums and the lethally sharp Gerald Veasley on electric bass in a programme that shrugs off the implications of a constricted format.

Take 'Kyle's Theme' as your opener — a swinging line with a peachy harmonic tang that wouldn't be amiss in the Messengers' book. Progress through the neu African funk of 'Mwalima' to the amazing showcase of individual chops on the title track, everything a-simmer with excitable bravado, and the dedication in Pope's attack comes clear. But it's 'Multiphonics' which really stops the show, a duet where the tenor and bass tones summon a richness of texture that resembles choral writing. The leader has an enviable hold on the low register and milks resonance like a master. He runs a nine-strong Saxophone Choir too — maybe we can get to hear that soon.

The six-piece group **John Stevens** assembled for 'Freebop' (Affinity) take a roughly similar jazz aesthetic — the spreading out of a hard bop vocabulary into open suits — and in comparison seem to struggle for air.

Gordon Beck's florid piano variations on 'Blue Line' spread awkwardly over a shifting sands construction and the long 'OKKO/KOOK' suite suffers from stylistic contradictions which jinx the resolution the music seeks. Some of the horn playing is strong — Pete King's fulsomely agile alto on 'Take Care' is coldy impressive — but this is in the main one of Stevens' less successful entries.

Something over-cool lingers around **Bobby Hutcherson's** 'Solo Quartet' (Contemporary import) too, although at its best this welcome kindling of attention for a great and neglected vibes

Pic: Jak Kilby

John Stevens: so why do drummers...

player melts the impassive clink of that problem instrument. The solo tracks miss the steel in Hutcherson's method, multitracked vamps that ring as emptily pretty gardens of chime, but the group tunes are another matter.

Getting McCoy Tyner to take the piano part is quite a coup and the rapport calls to mind their old Blue Note work: the unexpectedly langurous treatment of 'Old Devil Moon' disguises a potent transformation, the melody taken down long avenues of reflection, and the artful seduction of 'My Foolish Heart' has an irresistible sonority. 'Messina' is a fine original where the initiative flickers between the players without ducking the inner momentum — for this side, an excellent record.

Warne Marsh used to be neglected too but these days his records are frequent enough to maintain a giant reputation. Of all the Tristanoites Marsh has been the most dedicated to a peculiarly selfless music — talent used to express art rather than personality. Warne says that gets closest to the essence of expression, and the music on 'Star Highs' (Criss Cross import) is an irrefutable case for the claim.

Cased by a very strong trio — Hank Jones, George Mraz and Mel Lewis — Marsh's tenor inveigles and probes its way into themes knotted into abstraction; reluctantly, they unbind before a touch that bows only to a hard musicality. The grainy tone which is exclusively Marsh's,

Pic: Jean Marc Birraux

Art Blakey: always play with their mouths open?

deliberately slaked of needless colour and sentimental vibrato, is the speech; the long shadowy lines are the syntax. Without the take-off points of a released holler or simple caress it's difficult, but it's uniquely enervating too.

The language captivates by its very adventure — a blues theme sounds enticingly new, a ballad has its charms tweaked. Parker's 'Moose The Mooche' shakes to the motion of a queer fever. After 30 years there's still few tenors as far out as Warne.

In comparison, **Scott Hamilton** seems all personality — the hushed and husky exaggeration of the sax's vibrato, the whispered nostalgia, the faith in heartbreaking rapture. 'Close Up' (Concord import) is the latest in a long series of supple and clean sessions, and while I can be spasmodically suckered by his taste of honey smooch (the coda to 'Portrait Of Jennie', one of the many obscure ballads he dusts off, prickles like a dolorous kiss) his fingernails are far too clean. You long for a little degrading wit, which Scott hasn't caught on to yet.

Concord offer something far more spirited in 'Keystone Three' from the last edition of **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers** to feature the Marsalis brothers. To coast in on the splitting breakers of Monk's 'In Walked Bud' is to experience the touch that should make this version of the band a solid legend: Wynton's solo has a debonair brilliance allied to a pummelling of the midriff that has the Keystone kats on their feet, although Branford's alto and Bill Pierce's tenor are only a single stride behind. Blakey's drums, superbly recorded, pump all the pressure into an atmosphere brimming with flair so you never miss the three-course muscle under the virtuosity.

'Fuller Love' and 'A La Mode' are heavyweight Messengers preaching, the dancing themes set as airlocks on each end of gloves-off blowing, beautifully dynamic. I like Pierce's sober, unsentimental 'In A Sentimental Mood', and 'Waterfalls' is a canny Marsalis original, glitttering with the trumpeter's precise inspiration as it hovers in and out of time. Pick this and Pope's record as the strongest currency of this moment.

Richard Cook

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Oh lucky Gymns: l. to r. Kathy, Paula, Suzanne, Karen. *Pic: Justin Thomas.*

MERE SLYPS

GYMSLIPS

Rocking With The Renees *(Abstract)*

HEY HEY we're X-Ray Spex revisited! The Gymslips admit that they are "slightly rotund", consume "excessive alcohol", and are into "most disgusting things". Ladylike they ain't. And that is their strength.

Instead they have created an identity of horrendous hen-party sleaze, a uniform cartoon style where the archetype is more Buster Bloodvessel than Barbie Doll. The Gymslips — Karen Yarnell, Suzanne Scott and Paula Richards — are the polar opposites of all the girl groups from The Ponytails to Bananarama:— *"We're the Renees/Here we come/One two three and up yer bum," they* chant in 'Renees', their naughty rewrite of 'The Monkees Theme'. Yet the point is not to reject their being girls, but rather the expectation that by being girls they should have to be unassertive, dainty and 'feminine'.

That's how Poly Styrene started with 'Oh Bondage Up Yours', and The Gymslips remember well the class of '77. Their sound is '60s pop and '70s glam bubblegum, filtered through garage punk. The result is an early Buzzcocks instrumental charge allied to Blondie's rinky-dink anthems, underpinning the siren vocal styles of Poly and Suzi Quatro.

The Gymslips have good tunes, rude energy and bludgeoning wit. They're best when lampooning the trappings of the woman's world, even though their targets are soft and familiar:— agony aunts ('Dear Marje'), 'Barbara Cartland', teenybop heroes ('Wandering Stars') and cosmetic surgery ('Face Lifts'). They also sing love-songs, but the lyrics are clichéd and clumsy, necessary evils spoilingly appended to affecting tunes. The Gymslips are more at home with brash, belting versions of 'Robot Man' and the Chinnichap stomper '48 Crash'.

The whole enterprise is kept light-hearted, but where do they go from here? Two obvious examples *not* to follow are Sham 69 and Bad Manners. A Renees cult would merely replace one orthodoxy with another. On the other hand they could continue to elaborate a world of pie 'n' mash, getting pissed and fat and cheerfully rude, and wind up as a boring party-piece.

That's for the future. Right now, in the absence of the late-lamented Poly Styrene and The Slits, The Gymslips offer a refreshing antidote to the conventional belles of the ball.

Mat Snow

STEVE HACKETT

Highly Strung (*Charisma*)

"AND IT makes me sad/Thinking about the past feeling bad/I know I've been clind/All I need is a space to unwind . . ."

In Roman drama or fiction a character grows in relation to others, and we can therefore appreciate his actions, his judgement, observations, the mood he adopts. In the same way, certain musicians need the others in the band to develop. It is this light and shade, the juxtaposition of contrasting personae that allows this. Mr. Hackett, for example, relied on the rock-solid penmanship of a collective Genesis as a spring-board, therefore gearing his playing towards the pieces rather than vice-versa. On 'Highly Strung' (his sixth post-Genesis LP) he allows the material to be dictated by style, and the album suffers heavily for it.

The symphonic opener 'Camino Royale' might have been the album's saviour were it not for the *treated* vocals which somehow undermine its effect. The reprise (appallingly titled 'Hackett to Pieces'), an instrumental, is far more successful. 'Cell 151' works to an extent with its rhythmic backdrop of cello ovrlaid with crisp guitar chording. But it's the instrumental pieces that pack what punch there is.

'Always Somewhere Else' begins with the skeletal interplay of piano and guitar and ends up an orgiastic swirl of jazz-rock. Then there's the improvised swagger of 'Group Therapy' where at last Hackett's (groan!) axe-work has a chance to shine through, sliding glibly into over-drive.

Although his skill as a guitarist is undeniable, it is the shallowness of the compositions (the songs) that ultimate throws the balance. And so we are left feeling it's about time Hackett brought the curtain down on his 'monologue', and thought seriously about his so-called *change of direction.*

Craig Adams

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III

Fame And Wealth *(Demon)*

IF ALBUMS could walk, Loudon Wainwright's would stumble. If you hung them in a wardrobe, they'd always come out crumpled. And if you bought this one, you might feel slightly disappointed.

For those who don't know Loudon Wainwright, he's a singer/songwriter, American, whiney-voiced, sort of scruffy. On the positive side, however, he's occasionally very funny, very sad, very haunting, very clever and much more entertaining than the average bar-room bum that he frequently impersonates.

This is his first studio work in several years — a silence broken only by one mediocre live recording — and the pity is that it rarely matches the peculiar magic of albums he was making a decade or so ago. Played mostly solo, just one man and his long-suffering guitar, the songs are generally those of a humorous loser, wobbling between poignancy and bile.

With one or two exceptions, notably the beautiful study in futility called 'April Fool's Day Morn', the contents of 'Fame And Wealth' tend to lack intensity in any direction, and the charm wears thin, as if rubbed too long against a worldly cynicism that's ossified into apathy.

Paul Du Noyer

MARTHA AND THE MUFFINS

Danse Parc *(Unknown)*

FROM THE pastries who gave us the haunting 'Echo Beach' comes this largely uninspired offering. Plenty of nervous new-wave-ish guitar together with frequent stabs at psuedo-enigmatic lyrics — *"Your future stolen from behind closed doors"* — litter the tenuous melodies which Martha Johnson interprets with little imagination and even less enthusiasm.

Any promise hinted at in opening bars, such as on 'Several Styles Of Blond Girls Dancing' is soon betrayed by repetition and a fundamental lack of ideas. There are fleeting moments of rhythmic invention but these breaks are, at best, akin to a geriatric Rip, Rig And Panic.

Nothing much offensive here, apart from a misguided soprano sax, but nothing to move you either, no echoes of the famous beach and in the not too dim and distant future methinks this offering will occupy bargain racks everywhere by the dozen.

Ceri Evans

URBAN DOGS

Urban Dogs (*Fallout*)

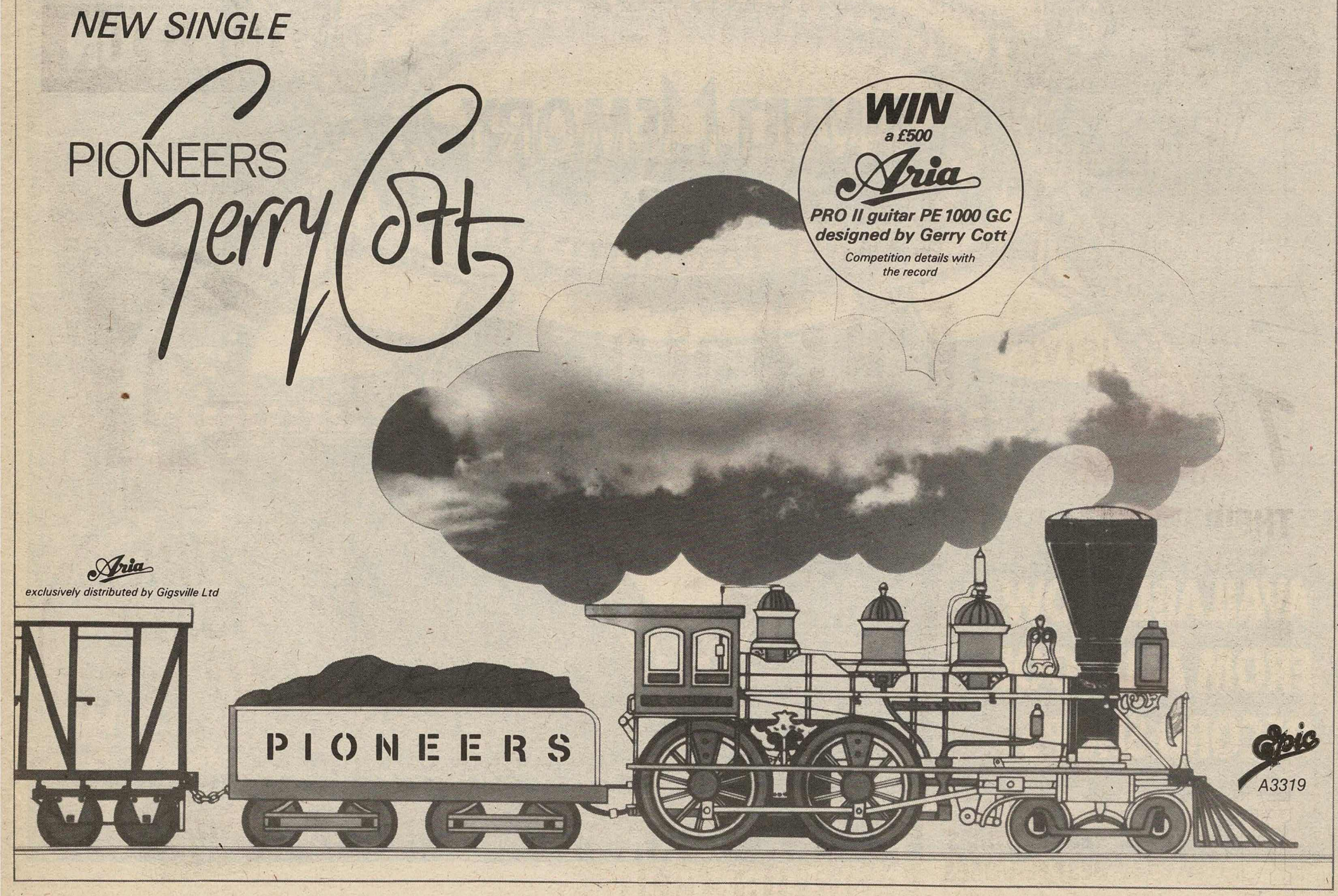
NO MONTH is complete without a new band from Charlie Harper, and April sees the debut album from Charlie's latest, Urban Dogs.

Innovatively moving on from the full-speed rant of the UK Subs, the Dogs have made the slowest punk LP of all time. In fact, the whole thing is positively schizophrenic. Tracks like 'War Babies' and 'Be Friends' display the Dogs' sensitive side but the guys aren't afraid to rock out a little.

Leaping out of the grooves like a rabbit with rigor mortis is 'I Need A Slave'. *"Sexy magazines are getting me frustrated,"* Charlie tells us, *"Come on girl, I wanna see you naked."* This Jekyll-and-Hyde mentality probably explains why 'War Babies' is present, you can tell it's anti-war, it's got drum-rolls on it and yet the inner sleeve is decorated with guns, a Confederate flag, and several hunky soldiers.

One can only presume that The Urban Dogs had a fun time making this album. The fact that this album's relation to any idea of punk is minimal doesn't matter to The Urban Dogs; all they want for Christmas is a Life In Rock 'n' Roll.

David Quantick



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NEW FICTION

BRICKBATS FOR BIC BRATS

GRANTA 7: BEST OF YOUNG BRITISH NOVELISTS
(Penguin, £3.95)

NOT NOT WHILE THE GIRO AND OTHER STORIES
by James Kelman *(Polygon, £3.95)*

NEW FICTION is as much a part of the Spring schedule as BBC sitcoms and greyly indecisive weather, but this year has the *Best Of Young British Novelists* wave to carry besides the new D. M. Thomas and le Carre.

Although it's almost a shock to realise how much attention has been focused on new fiction, in an age of sitting and watching, it seems the hype over young writing will be exhausted before it gathers any genuine momentum. Because there is no *immediacy* over books, the entire campaign sells like a slow-motion punch.

And now that the first wave of enthusiasm/scepticism has receded, it's clear that *Granta 7: Best Of Young British Novelists* is not the potent appetiser it needed to be. All 20 of the writers who merit a place in this newsagents' pantheon are represented by various extracts or stories that occasionally impress, frequently dishearten and finally trivialise the whole enterprise.

Bleeding chunks from longer works sit beside modest short stories that resemble out-takes instead of highlights. In one crucial case — Ian McEwan — we're given a dourly factual account of the composition of a libretto; in another, Gordon Swift's 'About The Eel', a novel extract throws a meaningless light on a style that requires full book length to enlighten.

Perhaps that's the principal failing here. These are all short pieces from novelists who aren't necessarily interested in that form. Kazuo Ishiguro's 'The Summer After The War' has nothing of the cumulative strength of his *A Pale View Of The Hills*; Adam Mars-Jones contributes a footling piece of whimsy that his *Lantern Lecture* story collection far surpasses; and some of the other writing is so lacking in tautness and discipline it sinks into self-conscious academia, creepily postured prose.

Pat Barker's 'Blow Your House Down' is a telescoped glimpse of prostitution's Northern badlands that authentically chills, and Martin Amis' superfast extract from the forthcoming *Money* is a rancid highball of life from a glittering NYC gutter. These at least make you hungry; most of the rest revel in a kind of dessicated wit, as if the joke was on us for settling for scraps from the jotters.

If this is our best young writing (a dubious euphemism to be sure — a high proportion of these youngsters are the wrong side of 35) we are championing a style that strips off energy and bravado as if they were superfluous qualities.

But, of course, this *isn't* necessarily the best, as the numerous critics of the scheme have complained. I don't see it as a bad thing that 20 youngish writers of slight to modest reputation are being pushed into wider access — in an era when grammar is no longer taught in schools, any promulgation of book-buying *has* to be welcome — but if it means that authors of the calibre of James Kelman, Timothy Mo, John Sladek and Richard Thornley, to name just a few, are somehow devalued by their exclusion from the list, some compensatory attention is in order.

James Kelman's collection, for example, is extraordinary. A Glaswegian, he writes of brief episodes — there are 26 stories in 200-odd pages — in lives of no direction or bright colour. Sometimes he uses dialect (the eight pages of 'Nice To Be Nice' are an exhausting read); always he writes in the most terse, uncomplicated language.

These lean commentaries have a toughness and diversity that is utterly compulsive. 'Away In Airdrie', a child's trip to a soccer game; 'Remember Young Cecil', a snooker champion's rise and fall told through public bar folklore; 'Jim Dandy', the breathless temptations of an expectant father. All are minutely detailed and yet bereft of descriptive flesh; they enshrine the sheer dullness of the working man's grind in a manner that speaks out for the right to spend time as one chooses. Sometimes, as in the brilliant paranoia of 'The House Of An Old Woman', Kelman unlocks the wheels and cogs of a mind in a way that is actually frightening.

This collection has the spark that *Granta's* team only sporadically musters, the grip of writing in search of a singular power. Fiction *is* alive here, and the message must be to look at *BOYBN* by all means — just don't stop there.

RICHARD COOK

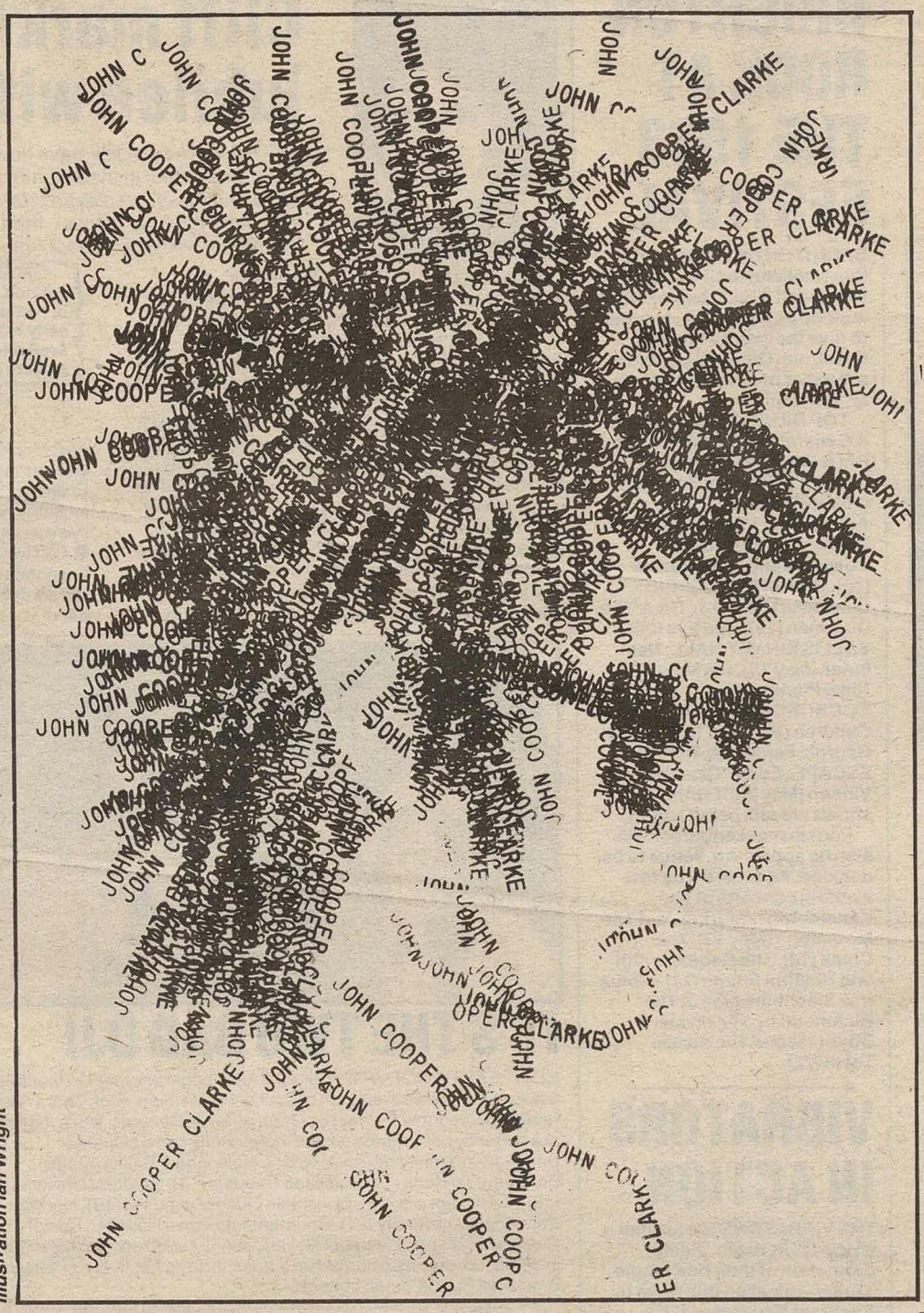


Illustration Ian Wright

JCC EMPTIES HIS OEUVRE

SHIRT TALES

TEN YEARS IN AN OPEN NECKED SHIRT
by John Cooper Clarke *(Arena, £2.50)*

SUCH A neat and tidy, polite and presentable little book. I wouldn't fault its contents — 48 JCC poems and three pages of hilariously unreliable autobiography — but, but, but...

Words on pages don't hit you like words in your ear. John Cooper Clarke's words, especially, look strangely restrained here, like toughs in the witness stand who tug at their too-tight collars. Words on pages sit in lines and fidget, stripped of rhythm, accent and speed. At best, a book of JCC in black and white can *remind* you of the real thing, the real thing being what you hear and see and experience. For all its certain charm, this book is a substitute.

Still it's an acceptable substitute, for all that. The verses include all the bard's best and best-known (the two don't always overlap). 'Beezley Street', 'I Travel In Biscuits' and 'You Never See A Nipple In The *Daily Express*' stand out for me in a generally outstanding collection. Together, all the pieces construct a kaleidoscopic vision of Albion, post-pop, post-affluence, post-damn near everything. It's a good laugh as well.

John Cooper Clarke surveys the state of the nation with all the fascinated distaste of a drinker studying the flakey things that float at the bottom of his pint. You've got to laugh, to keep from throwing up. The targets he chooses are often easy — perverts and package holidays, joggers and everyday arseholes — but the aim is truer than true and the bullets are beautifully inscribed.

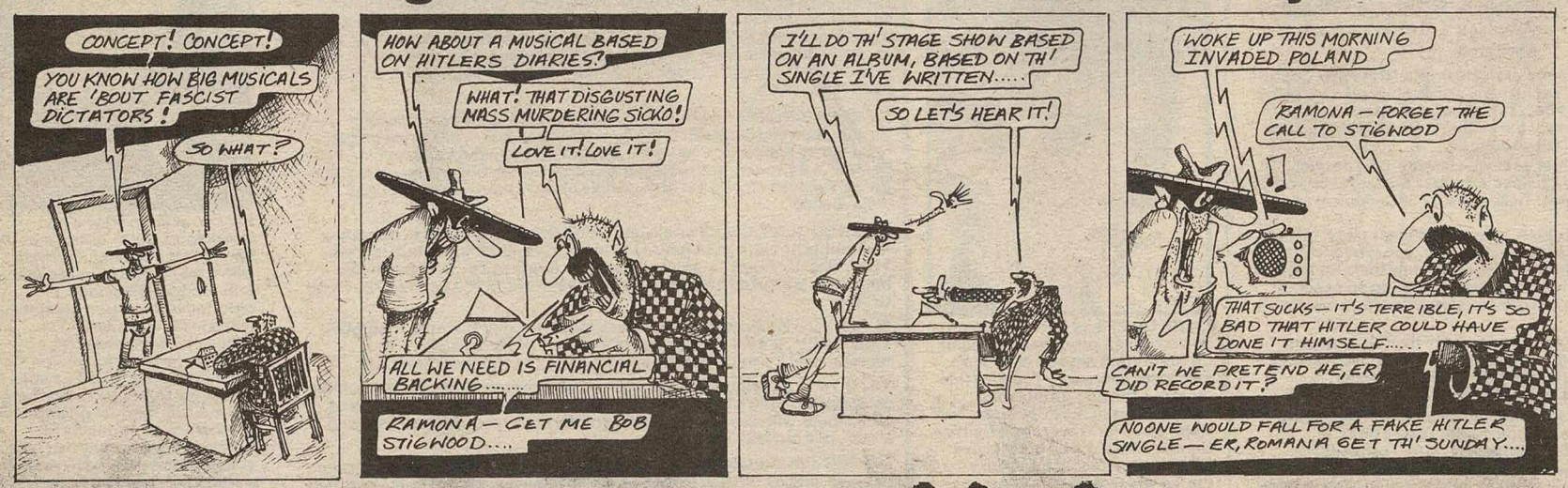
He's a man with an ear for babble and cliche, with a mind to turn them all in on themselves and reverse them to deadly effect. He's *"got that certain nothing/No one can do without/The Spanish call it nada/I call it nowt"* ('Nothing'). And yet, in a funny sort of way, I'd guess that he loves his words — for all their throwaway quality the pieces are crumpled with the greatest of care beforehand. Catch as many as your arms can hold.

PAUL DU NOYER

note oilskin base — lowry

CHARLES AND DIANA ARE ENJOYING A WELL-EARNED HOLIDAY IN THE BAHAMAS FOLLOWING THEIR GRUELLING HOLIDAY IN AUSTRALIA. MEANWHILE, THE DUST BLOWS FORWARD AND THE DUST BLOWS BACK...
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! JERRY LEE LEWIS IS IN TOWN!
HITLER'S DAIRIES LTD.
MONTY IS STILL TRYING TO CREATE ALTERNATIVES TO THE TRADITIONAL 'ROCK' GIG...
WHAT? YOU'RE MONTY MONTGOMERY AND YOU'RE GOING TO SING A SONG JUST FOR ME?.. FAR FREAKIN' OUT..
I DREAMED I SAW JOE HILL, LAST NIGHT, ALIVE AS YOU OR ME..
ZZZ...
AND OUT IN THE STREETS THE KIDS' ARE RIOTING AGAIN..
NO! WE DON'T WANT ANOTHER BLOODY TEEN-ORIENTATED T.V. PROGRAMME
GOOD COP
BAD COP
KID
OLD FOGEY
PAUL GAUGIN
FINGER.
WHILE DERANGED STRUCTURALISTS STALK THE SCENE
HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE STRUCTURALIST WHO COULDN'T GET HIS HEADS TOGETHER?..
I DON'T GET IT..
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO. IT'S A STRUCTURALIST JOKE.
BE GENTLE WITH ME DARLING. I'M STILL A VEGAN.
INDIANS SCATTERED ON DAWNS HIGHWAY GHOSTS CROWD THE YOUNG CHILD'S FRAGILE EGGSHELL MIND & CHIPS 75p
NEXT WEEK LEN AND McCARTNEY CONTRAPUNTAL CAPERS
A MAN OUT OF JOINT WITH HIS TIMES, MONTY DESPAIRS OF EVER FEATURING IN PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A CONSUMER..
NOBODY WANTS TO KNOW WHAT I HAVE FOR BREAKFAST!
UP YOURS HIPPY
NEXT-SPANDAU BARRY & BOBBY ELMS, THE BOLLOCKS WE NEVER MIND...

the lone groover — benyon


CONCEPT! CONCEPT!
YOU KNOW HOW BIG MUSICALS ARE 'BOUT FASCIST DICTATORS!
SO WHAT?
HOW ABOUT A MUSICAL BASED ON HITLERS DIARIES?
WHAT! THAT DISGUSTING MASS MURDERING SICKO!
LOVE IT! LOVE IT!
ALL WE NEED IS FINANCIAL BACKING.....
RAMONA — GET ME BOB STIGWOOD....
I'LL DO TH' STAGE SHOW BASED ON AN ALBUM, BASED ON TH' SINGLE I'VE WRITTEN.....
SO LET'S HEAR IT!
WOKE UP THIS MORNING INVADED POLAND
RAMONA — FORGET THE CALL TO STIGWOOD
THAT SUCKS — IT'S TERRIBLE, IT'S SO BAD THAT HITLER COULD HAVE DONE IT HIMSELF.....
CAN'T WE PRETEND HE, ER DID RECORD IT?
NOONE WOULD FALL FOR A FAKE HITLER SINGLE — ER, ROMANA GET TH' SUNDAY....

NME tour NEWS

A new group picture by DAVID BAILEY (Who? — Ed.)

MOTORHEAD: SCHEDULE UPDATED, NEW ALBUM

MOTORHEAD, whose massive UK tour starts on May 27, have added another date to their schedule — at Hanley Victoria Hall on July 4. And their previously announced show at Edinburgh Playhouse has been switched from June 19 to July 5, although tickets already purchased will remain valid for the revised date.

On the very day the tour opens, the group have their new album released by Bronze — titled 'Another Perfect Day', it's their first to feature newly recruited guitarist Brian Robertson. It features ten brand new tracks, including a new single 'I Got Mine', which is scheduled for rush release on May 13 — the B-side is a song not on the LP called 'Turn Your Head Around', and the 12-inch format features a third bonus track 'Tales Of Glory'.

Guitar supremos at play

STEFAN GROSSMAN & JOHN RENBOURN, the two virtuoso guitarists, are playing a short series of UK dates this month. They'll each be playing a solo set — Grossman is the leading exponent of ragtime and fingerstyle blues, and Renbourn is a master of contemporary folk — then team up for a duet sequence.

They visit Lancaster University (tonight, Thursday), Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (Friday), Glasgow Mitchell Theatre (Sunday), Newcastle Festival Theatre (May 9), Manchester Band On The Wall (10), Bridgwater Arts Centre (11), Mansfield Leisure Centre (12), Rushcliffe Leisure Centre (13), London Arts Theatre (14) and Sheffield Leadmill (15).

● The London date is one of a three-night season at the Arts Theatre, near Leicester Square, devoted to guitar specialists — the others feature Dave Kelly, Tony McPhee and Sam Mitchell (May 12) and Gordon Giltrap (13). Tickets are £3 (May 12), £3.50 (13) and £4 (14), and the promoters of both the tour and the Arts season are Marand Music Productions.

Another three Palmer shows

ROBERT PALMER has added three more shows to his major British tour, reported two weeks ago, including a new opening date at Newcastle Mayfair on May 19. The other two are at Oxford Apollo (June 1) and Poole Arts Centre (2), the Oxford gig marking a poignant return to the first venue he ever played as a solo artist in the UK. There's also an alteration to his itinerary, in that two dates have been interchanged and are now Leeds University (May 24) and Birmingham Odeon (25). Afer completing his UK tour, he travels on to Ireland to play two nights at Dublin SFX Concert Hall on June 7 and 8.

DIVINYLS ABOUT TO HIT LONDON

DIVINYLS, considered by many to be Australia's most exciting live band, fly into London later this month to play four live dates in the capital — two are supporting Men At Work at the Lyceum Ballroom on May 24 and 25, and the other two are headliners at the Marquee Club on May 23 and 26. The band's album 'Desperate' was recently released here by Chrysalis, and now a single is being lifted from the LP to coincide with their visit — titled 'Science Fiction', it was written by lead vocalist Christina Amphlett and guitarist Mark McEntee.

BAUHAUS have had to cancel their show at Northampton Derngate Centre on June 19 — part of their UK tour, exclusively announced by *NME* three weeks ago — due to "circumstances beyond the band's control", which apparently involves a double booking at the venue. Instead, they'll now be appearing at Leicester De Montfort Hall on June 21.

UK SUBS, now featuring Charlie Harper's revised line-up, play a major London show at Brixton Ace on May 12. Special guests are the rasta-punk band from Washington DC, Bad Brains. Tickets are £2.50 (advance) and £3 (on the door).

MAGNUM have called off their two Irish dates in Belgast (May 12) and Dublin (13), which were to have prefaced their UK tour, due to over-running recording sessions — but they say they'll try to re-arrange them for the end of the tour. And for the duration of the outing, they are taking on a second guitarist — he is Robin George, who has previously written for, played with and co-produced David Byron.

MISTY IN ROOTS are playing three dates in support of their third album 'Earth' on their People Unite label, before leaving for a long European tour — at Peterborough Cressett Centre (tomorrow, Friday), Leicester University (Saturday) and Sheffield University (May 14).

CHAS & DAVE will be undertaking a summer tour of Southern towns and resorts, supported by the Yellowstone Picnic Band. They'll be in Weymouth (August 14), Brighton (15), Southend (17-19), Torquay (21), Poole (22-23), Eastbourne (28), St. Austell (30-31), Torquay (September 4), Swindon (8) and Portsmouth (9), with more to be confirmed. The venues haven't yet been announced but, in many cases, they're fairly obvious — for instance, Weymouth Pavilion, Poole Arts Centre, Torquay Princess and St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum.

BRIGHTON ROCK AT THE 1983 FESTIVAL

BRIGHTON FESTIVAL runs this weekend until May 22, and this year it's been expanded to include pop and rock, in order to give the event a broader spectrum. Gigs will be held in a number of different venues, as follows:

TOP RANK: Clint Eastwood & General Saint (May 11), Rip Rig & Panic (15), Prince Charles & The City Beat Band (16). NEW REGENT: The Adicts (May 12), Long John Baldry (15), The London Cowboys and Gun Control (19). RICHMOND HOTEL: Blackheart (May 13), Diz & The Doormen (19), Red Eye (20). SALLIS BINNEY HALL: Neil Innes (May 15), Rik Mayall & Nigel Planer (22). COCKCROFT HALL: Sex Gang Children (May 14). THE DOME: Georgie Fame (19). ROYAL ESCAPE: Eddie 'Cleanhead' Vinson (May 20). Further shows are still being added.

Pookiesnackenburger will also be appearing, venue to be decided. And there'll be free evening concerts at The Kensington featuring Jo & The Moondogs (May 13), The Come (14), The Roosters (20) and Rhythm Fringe (21) — plus free lunchtime gigs at The Richmond by The Mystery Boys (15) and The Sleaze Team (22).

VIBRATORS IN ACTION

THE VIBRATORS are playing a string of UK dates, aiding promotion of their new single 'Guilty', released this week by Anagram Records — it's a re-recorded version of the title track of their January album, and the follow-up single to 'Baby, Baby' which heralded the band's re-formation.

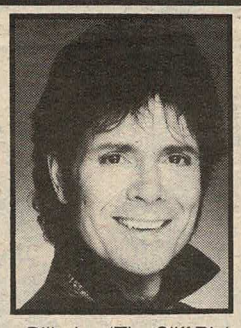
Confirmed dates are at London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (May 14), Newcastle Dingwalls (16), Liverpool Warehouse (17), Leeds Brannigans (18), Bradford Palm Cove Club (19), Dudley J. B.'s (20), Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall (21), London Marquee (22) and Coventry Polytechnic (27). One or two more may be slotted in before they leave for tours of Holland and America.

Klub Footing

KLUB FOOT is re-opening on a weekly basis at London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel, though it now moves to Wednesday nights. First show is on May 11 with The Alarm headlining, supported by Under Two Flags. Admission is £2.50.

KAJAGOOGOO have added an extra matinee show at London Hammersmith Odeon to their upcoming tour — it's on May 30 at 2.30pm, and tickets are on sale now... and RIP RIG & PANIC have added Liverpool Pickwicks on May 23 to their date sheet, listed last week.

ZAINE GRIFF has put together an all-star seven-piece backing band for his current season at London Marquee Club, every Tuesday this month — the line-up includes ex-members of the Kate Bush, Tom Robinson, Pat Travers and Osibisa Bands. These will be his first live UK dates for almost four years, during which time he's been wearing his other hats as actor and painter, as well as working on various recording projects.



Cliff marks his silver jubilee with 43 dates

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for Cliff Richard's major British tour in the autumn, marking his 25th anniversary in the music business. He plays a total of 16 concerts in five key cities around the country during October, then — as forecast by *NME* as long ago as December — headlines a 27-night season at London Victoria Apollo.

Cliff Richard is to headline a five-week London season at the Apollo Theatre, Victoria, in mid-autumn 1983 — probably opening in early November. Obviously, tickets are not yet available — in fact, the precise period is still subject to confirmation.

NME dated December 11, 1982 — 21 weeks ago!

Billed as 'The Cliff Richard Silver Tour', the schedule comprises Oxford Apollo (October 5-8), Glasgow Apollo (11 and 12), Edinburgh Playhouse (14 and 15), Manchester Apollo (19-22) and Birmingham Odeon (26-29). The London season at the Victoria Apollo runs from Thursday, November 3, to Saturday, December 3, excluding Sundays.

Tickets for all venues are priced £8, £7, £6 and £5, and they are currently available by postal application only from the theatre box-offices, enclosing SAE. For the London shows, cheques and POs should be made payable to "Apollo Leisure UK Ltd." and sent to Cliff Richard, Apollo Victoria Theatre, 17 Wilton Road, London S.W.1. The London Apollo box-office will open to personal applicants from June 15.

As previously reported, Cliff's new album 'Dresssed For The Occasion' is released by EMI next Monday (9). It was recorded in November last year during a charity concert with the London Philharmonic Orchestra at the Royal Albert Hall, and includes his current single 'True Love Ways', plus live versions of many former hits.

● Cliff will also be topping the bill in this year's Greenbelt Festival at Knebworth Park in Hertfordshire from August 26 to 29, backed by a full band. Full details of the event next week.

IT'S THE TWO BAD DJ!

CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT begin another UK tour this weekend, this time in support of their second album 'Stop That Train', released tomorrow (Friday) by Greensleeves Records. More dates are currently being finalised, but those confirmed so far are at Birmingham University (this Friday), Nottingham Palais (May 9), Brighton Top Rank (11), Basildon Raquels (12), Bradford University (17), Hull Dingwalls (18), Dunstable Queensway Hall (19), Norwich East Anglia University (21), Bournemouth Town Hall (24), Bristol Dingwalls (26) and Liverpool Royal Court (27). As reported elsewhere in this issue, they also perform in this Saturday's Festival Of Peace at Brockwell Park in South London.

Rochdale Cowboy hits trail

MIKE HARDING, now level pegging with Jasper Carrott as Britain's top folk hero, has bceome the first artist to announce his autumn tour — a massive 78-night schedule, starting in mid-September and running almost to Christmas. Currently being featured in a new BBC-2 series, and with his latest album 'Flat Dogs And Shaky Pudden' now on release, Harding's autumn trek takes him to:

Hull New Theatre (September 13-14), Middlesbrough Town Hall (15), Newcastle New Tyne Theatre (16-17), Scarborough Futurist (18), Derby Assembly Rooms (21-23), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (24), Leicester De Montfort Hall (25), Birmingham Odeon (26-27), Coventry Apollo (28-29), Northampton Derngate Centre (30), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (October 1), Sheffield City Hall (4-6), Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre (7), Southport Theatre (8), Stockport Davenport (9-10), Oxford Apollo (13), Hatfield Forum (14), London Dominion (15), Croydon Fairfield Hall (16-17), Brighton Dome (18), Reading Hexagon (19-20), Poole Wessex Hall (21-22), Portsmouth Guildhall (23), Bradford Alhambra (25-29), Leeds Grand (30-31), Halifax Civic (November 1), Doncaster Gaumont (3-4), Skegness Embassy (5), Basildon Festival Hall (6), Ipswich Gaumont (7-8), Chatham Central Hall (9), Southampton Gaumont (10), Hanley Odeon (12), Preston Guildhall (13), Inverness Eden Court (15), Aberdeen Capitol (16), Dundee Caird Hall (17), Glasgow Pavilion (18), Edinburgh Playhouse (19), Blackpool Opera House (20), Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall (22), Barrow Civic Hall (23), Kendal Leisure Centre (24), Liverpool Empire (26), Bristol Hippodrome (27), Gloucester Leisure Centre (December 1), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (2), Malvern Winter Gardens (3), Cardiff New Theatre (4-5), Barnsley Civic Hall (8), Harrogate Royal Hall (9-10), York Theatre Royal (11-13), Buxton Opera House (15) and Manchester Apollo (16-17).

Shannon flows strongly again

DEL SHANNON — still going strong two decades after his string of chart successes, including the No. 1 hit 'Runaway' — returns to the UK this month for another of his regular tours here. Demon Records will be releasing his new single 'Cheap Love'/'Distant Ghost' to coincide with his visit, as well as his latest album 'Drop Down And Get Me' which was produced by Tom Petty. Dates so far confirmed are:

Newmarket Cabaret Club (May 20), Burton-on-Kendal Crowthorpe Hall (21), Frodsham Merseyview (22), Minehead Butlins (25), London Strand Lyceum (26), Portsmouth Cowplain Club (27), Yeovil The Gardens (28), London Deptford Albany Empire (29), Coventry Walsgrove Club (30), Corby Stardust Leisure Centre (June 2), Stanley Castles Ballroom (3 and 4), Birmingham Weoley Castle Club (5), London Putney Half Moon (6), London Camden Dingwalls (7), Chesterfield Aquarius (8), Norwich Tudor Halls (9) and Eastbourne Kings Club (11).

Marquee 25th — more names

BUDGIE have been confirmed for a couple of nights in London Marquee Club's 25th anniversary season, playing there on June 7 and 8. Music For Pleasure are set for June 4 — and Solstice, already booked for June 10, return there on July 14 and 15. A more imminent confirmation is for this Sunday (May 8), when Eddie Clarke's band Fastway appear, and the gig will be recorded for future release. Fastway replace the previously announced show by Rock Goddess, but they have now cancelled this gig — as well as projected dates on May 20 and 21 — due to rehearsals for their European tour with Iron Maiden.

RECORD NEWS EXTRA

BRIGHT LIGHTS FROM ILLUMINATED

ILLUMINATED Records have signed a long-term worldwide deal with *Poison Girls*, whose first release on the label will be the single 'One Good Reason' at the end of May, produced by Bernie Clarke who recently completed the new Aztec Camera album — and the band will be appearing in the 'Cabaret For Fools' tour next month, including a London date at the Brixton Ace on June 15. Illuminated have also signed three-piece unit *Dormannu*, whose name was inspired by the Dr. Strange comic series, and release their single 'Powdered Love'/'Until The Fear' in mid-May. And following the indie chart success of the *Sex Gang Children* album 'Song And Legend', the label issues a new four-track EP by that group on May 12, titled 'Sebastiane'.

GEORGE BENSON — who, as previously reported, plays concerts in Birmingham and Brighton at the beginnning of July — has a new single released by Warners on May 13, 'Lady Love Me (One More Time)'/'In Search Of A Dream', both songs taken from his upcoming album 'In Your Eyes'. The 12-inch version of the single also contains his previous hit 'Love Ballad'.

NILE RODGERS, Chic linchpin and David Bowie co-prodcuer, releases a new single through WEA on May 13 in both 7" and 12" formats. It is 'Yum Yum'/'Get Her Crazy' — written, sung and produced by Rodgers — and both titles are culled from his album 'Adventures In The Land Of The Good Groove'.

BLACKFOOT release a new ten-track album on May 13 on the Atco label, titled 'Sjogo'. It's the first to feature their new keyboards player Ken Hensley, and it's the follow-up to last year's live 'Highway Song' set.

YAZOO are releasing their fourth single on Mute Records next Monday (9), coupling 'Nobody's Diary' and 'State Farm', and available in both 7" and 12" formats. Alison and Vince are currently busy recording their second album, due out later in the year.

TAPPER ZUKIE's latest release 'One More Chance'/'Sensimelia' is one of two new singles out this week on his own Mobiliser Music label. The other is 'Deja Vu'/'Someone To Love' by RUDDY THOMAS, extracted from his album 'The Very Best Of Ruddy Thomas'. Distribution is by Jet Star, Rough Trade, Body Music and Ruff Lion.

Shades of John Wayne and Randolph Scott — but, in fact, it's none other than BILL WYMAN who's riding the range like the proverbial rolling stone. We reported last week on his screen debut in his own film *Digital Dreams*, in which one of the fantasy sequences involves Wyman appearing as a cowboy in a Wild West shoot-out — and here you see him ready to go into action. So how does this qualify for *Record News*? Simply that he's about to start work on a new solo album to be released by A&M at the same time as the film, and is likely to make some personal appearances to coincide.

record NEWS

Golden nostalgia

OLD GOLD is a label specialising in the reissue of original hit singles, and their catalogue now runs to over 600 titles, including 106 chart-toppers. Spearheading their latest supplement is a batch of eight double-sided hits by *The Four Seasons*, unavailable anywhere since the late '60s. And there are also re-releases by such acts as *Dionne Warwick, Neil Diamond, Status Quo, Dr. Hook, Del Shannon* and *Buddy Holly*, each featuring two hits on one single. The range is generally carried by most W. H. Smith and Woolworths record departments, and various other multiples and leading record shops.

● **Corinne Hermes,** who won the recent Eurovision song Contest for Luxembourg, has her winning entry rush released by Polydor. The title is 'Si La Vie Est Cadeau'.

● Six-piece group **Hotline**, one of South Africa's leading bands, have signed with Red Bus Records for the UK. Their first release this weekend is the single 'Feels So Strong', which has already been a No.1 in their home territory. It's also available in extended 12-inch form, described as a "sensual mix".

● Up-and-coming Luton band **Pressure** have their second single issued by Anagram this week. It's a three-track 12-inch called 'Pressure' — which, in fact, is the title of the A-side.

● **The Smiths** are a new band from Manchester, and May 13 sees the release of their debut single on Rough Trade, 'Hand In Glove'/'Handsome Devil'. They're playing some London dates this month to promote it.

● This year is the 20th anniversay of **Edith Piaf's** death, and *Edith Et Marcel* is a new French film which relates her story, with the aid of 22 original Piaf recordings and several new songs. The double soundtrack album is released by EMI next Monday (9).

● Four-piece Slough funk outfit **Push**, who have recently supported Forrest and Shalamar on tour, release their second single on the Red Bus subsidiary label Excaliber on May 13 (7" and extended 12"). It couples 'Midnight' and 'Who's Gonna'.

● To coincide with the current ITV re-run of the series *The Flame Trees Of Thika*, EMI this week reissues the single of the soundtrack theme tune by **Video Symphonic.**

● **The Milkshakes** release their third album this week, though it's their first for Upright Records. Titled 'After School Session', it's already selling well in Europe, where they've been touring.

● **Felt** have a new single titled 'Penelope Tree' released shortly by Cherry Red in both 7" and 12" formats. It features the return to the band of their original guitarist Maurice Deebank.

● Cambridge indie label Wimp Records, with distribution by Pinnacle, release two singles this month. Out this weekend is a re-working of the old Equals hit 'Baby come Back' (penned by Eddy Grant) by **The Virtuals**. And it's followed on May 20 by the third single from **Sindy & The Action Men,** 'Steven Phones Home'/'The Media (Who?)'.

● Phoenix Records of Edinburgh introduce a new type of release this weekend, what they describe as a "single album". Titled 'Drowning Pool', it's by **Persian Rugs**, and the A-side features the title track playing at 45 rpm. The flip side has five tracks playing at 33rpm, and the retail price should be around £2.99.

● **Ellie Warren** is a young singer from Scotland, who's been faring very well in the States recently, supporting Gloria Gaynor over there. Now PRT Records release her new single, 'Shattered Glass' coupled with 'Killer Touch'.

● After a two-year lay-off, No Choice Records are back with the debut single by Ayrshire band **Victorian Picture Show**, the double A-sider 'Travels Of One'/'Love With No Words'. Available at £1.25 from the label at 85 Queens Road, Southall, Middlesex UB2 5AZ.

● Hotly-tipped Sheffield four-piece **Ipso Facto** release their debut single this week, titled 'Mannequin' — it's on their own self-named label, distributed by Red Rhino and The Cartel. Another Sheffield outfit **Ace Lane** have thier first album 'See You In Heaven' issued this week by Expulsion Records, available through Stage One.

● Next week, The Compact Organization is making available its 'Young Person's Guide To Compact' compilation as a single LP with 14 tracks, at a retail price of £2.99. Previously available only as a boxed set, the album features new unissued tracks by **Virna Lindt** and **Fontana Mix**, plus tracks by **Mari Wilson, The Beautiful Americans** and **The Popheads.** Also out is the first single by **Fontana Mix**, a four-piece from Wigan, coupling 'Catwalk' and 'Cherry Lips'.

NICK LOWE

MIKE OLDFIELD

MIKE OLDFIELD has his eighth album issued on May 23, the tenth anniversary of the release of his hugely successful 'Tubular Bells'. The new set is called 'Crises', and the first side is devoted entirely to the title track, which features rarely heard Oldfield vocals. The five tracks on the other side include guest appearances by Maggie Reilly, Jon Anderson and Roger Chapman. It's on Virgin, who are also reissuing 'Tubular Bells' (which has now sold over six million) on the same date—and, for a limited period, at its 1973 price.

MANCHESTER UNITED hope to emulate Tottenham's chart success last year by releasing a single to coincide with their upcoming Cup Final appearance. Titled 'Glory, Glory Man. United', it's issued by EMI next Monday, and is also available as a picture disc.

NICK LOWE has a new single out on F-Beat this weekend titled 'The Abominable Showman', which he co-produced with Roger Bechirian. He's featured on vocals, bass and guitar, backed by the likes of James Eller (bass), Bobby Irwin (drums), Paul Carrack (keyboards) and Martin Belmont (guitar).

● **Natural Ites,** the Nottingham band comprising three vocalists and eight musicians, issue their second single this week. It is 'Picture On The Wall'/'Jah Works Mamma', it comes in 12-inch form and it's on the Realistics label (through Ruff Lion).

● Survival Records this week release the debut single by **Jeanette**, an artiste for whom they have the highest hopes. It couples 'In The Morning' with 'Dawn Arises', and distribution is by Pinnacle. An album follows in the summer.

● **The Four Brothers** are well known in Zimbabwe for their militant dance music, and one of their singles is now being released in the UK by Earth Works (through Rough Trade). Performed in the Shona language, it's called 'Makorokoto (Congratulations)'. The label is planning to release a compilation album of various artists from Zimbabwe in the near future.

● Y Records are releasing what they call "one of the hottests slices of New York funk" — a rap track titled 'Rocking It' by **The Fearless Four.** Out on May 13, it's been licensed from Bobby Robinson's Enjoy Records, which was the first rap label ever established.

● Swiss trio **Yello** release their new album 'You Gotta Say Yes To Another Excess' on Stiff this weekend, and are planning to make their London debut in the near future. From the same label comes a new **Maximum Joy** single, 'Why Can't We Live Together'.

● **The Pink Umbrellas** have their single, rejoicing in the title of 'Raspberry Rainbow', released this week by Ready Steady Go! Records (distributed by IDS).

● From tomorrow (Friday), WEA are issuing picture discs of two of their current singles — 'Don't Stop That Crazy Rhythm' by **Modern Romance** and 'Young Americans Talking' by **David Van Day.** Already available in this form are 'No Time For Talk' by **Christopher Croiss** and 'The Shape You're In' by **Eric Clapton.** All are limited editions.

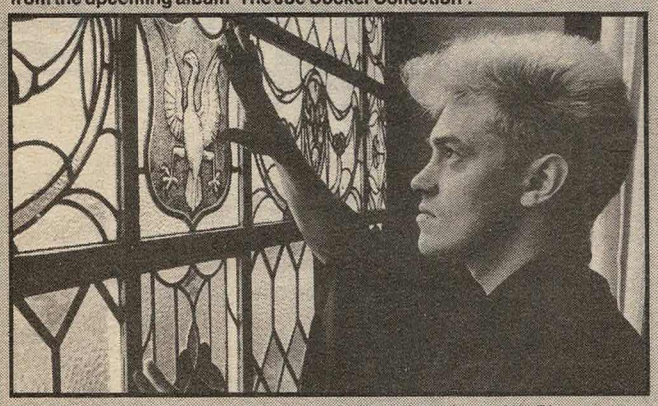
● **The Electric Guitars**, newly returned from supporting Peter Gabriel in America, have a new single titled 'Wolfman Tap' issued by Naive Records tomorrow (Friday) — with a 12-incher to follow two weeks later. On the same day and label there's 'Intimacy', the second single from ex-Cowboys International member **Evan Charles**, who's currently working with a band in readiness for upcoming live dates.

● **Paul Barrere** is the former Little Feat guitarist and writer, and he releases his debut solo album 'On My Own Two Feet' on WEA International this weekend. He's featured on guitar and vocals throughout the eight-track set, backed by Atlanta's The Dregs.

● **The Jazz Butcher,** hailed in some quarters as "the king of garage beat", has his debut album issued by Glass Records this week. It's called 'The Jazz Butcher in Bath Of Bacon'.

THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS follow their recent 'Reason Why?' album with a new single, released by Anagram this week. Titled 'Solidarity', it's in support of the Polish trade union movement, a stance which led to their eight-day tour of Poland being cancelled at short notice. Also available in extended 12-inch form.

JOE COCKER has his 1975 hit 'You Are So Beautiful' reissued this weekend on the Cube label, through Dakota Records. It's coupled with another of his classics 'Marjorine', which dates from 1968. Both tracks are from the upcoming album 'The Joe Cocker Collection'.



BILL NELSON's six-track mini-album 'Chimera' is released by Phonogram this weekend, selling at under £3. Much of it came about as the result of his previous work with Yellow Magic Orchestra's perucssionist Yukihiro Takahashi, who recorded four drum tracks in Tokyo and sent them to Nelson, for him to write new material around them — and Nelson himself drums on the other two tracks. He's currently busy producing Gary Numan's new album.

THE ADVERTS' celebrated song 'Gary Gilmore's Eyes' re-appears in the shops this week, though it's a slightly different version from the one which was a Top Twenty hit in 1977, having been recorded a few weeks after the original — it's on Bright Records, who've now concluded a distribution deal with IDS...And ex-Advert T. V. SMITH this week releases his first single in over a year on Expulsion Records — titled 'Warfever', it's a track from his upcoming album 'Channel 5', though the B-side 'Lies' isn't on the LP.

TONY BANKS, the Genesis keyboards man, gives his interpretation of the music from the new Michael Winner film *The Wicked Lady* on a soundtrack album issued by Atlantic this weekend — he's featured on one side, while the coupling comprises original music from the film played by the National Philharmonic Orchestra...At the same time, Warners issue the soundtrack LP from the new Dustin Hoffman movie *Tootsie* — written, arranged and produced by Dave Grusin, it includes three songs performed by Stephen Bishop.

ELVIS PRESLEY's new single on RCA, and the follow-up to the recently resissued 'Jailhouse Rock', is 'Baby, I Don't Care'. It was originally featured on the soundtrack album of the film *Jailhouse Rock*, but has never before been released as a single. It comes with the original RCA black and silver label, and the B-side is 'True Love'. There's also a limited edition picture disc, featuring 'One Sided Love Affair' and 'Tutti Frutti' as the B-side.

VAN MORRISON comes up with an unusual (for him) single on Mercury this weekend, an instrumental track from his hit album 'Inarticulate Speech Of The Heart' — titled 'Celtic Swing' and coupled with 'Mr Thomas'. There's also a 12-inch format with a bonus track called 'Rave On, John Donne'.

JUDIE TZUKE has an edited version of her speciality number 'Black Furs' released as a single tomorrow (Friday) by Rocket Records. And it's coupled with her classic hit 'Stay With Me Till Dawn'.

THE SUGARHILL GANG have a new single out this weekend in both 7" and 12" formats, titled 'Be A Winner', and it's reckoned to be their strongest track since 'Rappers Delight'. It's released by PRT on the licensed Sugarhill label.

TOTO COELO release their first single of 1983 this week on Radialchoice, titled 'Milk From The Coconut', written and produced by Barry Blue — also available in 12-inch format. It's a track from their upcoming album 'Man O' War', due out shortly. We're told that for the new single the girls are shipshape, Bristol fashion and sporting a naval look!

SYREETA's new single, issued by Motown on May 13, is 'Forever Is Not Enough' coupled with her version of the Lennon & McCartney song 'She's Leaving Home'. Both songs feature Stevie Wonder on voice synthesiser, and guest musicians include the three brothers Porcaro from Toto. The tracks are taken from her new album 'The Spell', which follows on May 16.

ANY TROUBLE re-appear on vinyl this month with a new label and re-shaped line-up. Their single 'Touch And Go'/'Man Of The Moment' is issued on the EMI America label next Monday (9), and there's also a 12-inch format with the bonus of an instrumental version of the A-side. Their self-named album follows early next month, and the band will be headlining a UK tour during the period June 6-20 to promote it, details to follow. Founder members Clive Gregson and Phil Barnes are now joined in the group by newcomers Steve Gurl and Andy Ebsworth.

WEAPON OF PEACE, currently engaged in an extensive UK tour, have a new single out on the Safari label this week. It's a double A-sider coupling 'Standing On The Edge' and 'Nature's Course', both titles culled from their current album 'Rainbow Rhythm', and it's available in 12-inch form only.

PATTI AUSTIN & JAMES INGRAM follow their recent 'Baby Come To Me' with a new single issued on May 13 by Qwest Records (through WEA). It's the theme song from the new Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn film *Best Friends*, titled 'How Do You Keep The Music Playing'. The A-side features an edited version, and the flip carries the uncut version. Quincy Jones produced.

RED CRAYOLA now have a new album called 'Black Snakes' available in the UK through Recommended Distribution. It consists of 11 songs written with Art & Language, and described as "a study of some of the faces and masks of our manipulative and hysterical society".

IRON MAIDEN'S new album 'Piece Of Mind' is now confirmed for May 16 release by EMI. It contains nine self-penned tracks, including a remixed version of their current single 'Flight Of Icarus'. The LP comes in a deluxe gatefold sleeve, and there will also be a deluxe cassette package featuring all the lyrics.

CABARET VOLTAIRE re-surface, after a lengthy period in obscurity, with the news that they've signed to Some Bizzare. Although there's no news yet of upcoming releases, the label's enigmatic Stevo commented: "The band who have remained in the shadows have now signed to the label, and now Some Bizzare can hopefully give them the recognition they deserve".

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RICHER THAN GETTY. STRANGER THAN HUGHES. THE BIZARRE TALE OF JACK McCANN.

Murder, Mystery, Magic And The Multi-Millionaire

By G. B. Harrow
Special To The New York Times.

LUNA BAY, Monday April 9 – The incredible life story of one of the world's rich men is about to unfold in the most explosive scandal the Caribbean has ever seen. Jack McCann, enigmatic multi-millionaire gold baron is stepping into the spot-

Over the next few weeks, in a small, stuffy courtroom on the south side of this usually sedate tropical town we shall see the protective layers he has built up to mu- time and money building fall away in what- most notor-

McCann, the [illegible] Million[illegible] [illegible]or who became a Multi- another man's sweat

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THE BOX
Friday 13th May
PRINCE CHARLES & THE CITY BEAT BAND
Wednesday 18th May
SECRET SEVEN
Friday 20th and Saturday 21st May
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thursday 5th

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Birmingham Snobs: **Philip Jap**
Bournemouth The Academy: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse**
Bradford Caesars: **The Enid**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Bad Brains/The Skeletal Family**
Braintree Essex Barn: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Bristol Dingwalls: **The Ivory Coasters**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Urban Dogs/Paralysis/Final Scream**
Chesterfield Star Club: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coleraine Ulster University: **John Martyn**
Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar: **Wrathchild**
Coventry Warwick University: **Hanoi Rocks**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Richard Digance**
Deal The Swan: **Ghost**
Dundee Dance Factory: **A.P.B.**
Easington King's Head: **Lone Wolf**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Spider/Raven**
Ferryhill 101 Club: **The Adicts**
Glasgow Mitchell Theatre: **14 Karat Soul (until Sunday)**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Fat Alice**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Saracen**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **Fair Exchange**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Mainsqueeze/The Hurricanes**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **No Sweat**
Hull Dingwalls: **The Flash Cats**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Kajagoogoo**
Kirkcaldy Abbotshall Hotel: **The Actives**
Lincoln Silvergate Ballroom: **Louisiana Red**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Legendary Luton Kippers**
London Brixton The Ace: **The Chi-Lites**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Lowdown Hoedown Band/Luke The Duke**
London Camden Carnarvon Castle: **Vendi & De Vippets**
London Camden Dingwalls: **20-20 Vision/Down All The Days**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Biting Tongues**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Crouch End King's Head (Culture Bunker): **Sad Lovers & Giants**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Roots Tradition/The Div**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Framed/Still Life**
London Fulham King's Head: **Vin Ordinaire**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Ben Elton/The Joeys**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Maze/Second Image**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Milkshakes**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington Tropics: **Stiletto**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Eddie Thompson & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Marquee Club: **Long John Baldry Band**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Here & Now**
London Parsons Green White Horse: **David Tipton**
London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **Ian Kelly/Lotte Literiati/Controlled Attack/Poison Girls**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Fredericks Quintet/Keith Nichols**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Neapolitans**
London Strand Dixiestrand Cafe: **Max Collie Rhythm Aces**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Spear Of Destiny/Kowalski/Gene Loves Jezebel**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Footwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Twelfth Night/Trilogy**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London W.1 (Gt Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **J.J. & The Flyers**
Manchester Belle Vue Ballroom: **Alvin Stardust**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Vicious Pink Phenomena**
Manchester University Union: **Mike Waite Quintet**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Talisman**
Norwich The Premises: **Hannibal Marvin Peterson Quintet**
Nottingham Basford College (lunchtime): **The Chimneys**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tokyo Olympics**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Pete Marshall & White Lightning**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Export**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Pallas**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Zaine Griff**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Sheffield City Hall: **Steve Hackett**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **African Star**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Weapon Of Peace**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Dancette**
Southend Queens Hotel: **Roman Holiday**
Southsea South Parade Pier: **Mission Impossible**
Watlington Carriers Arms: **The Directors**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**
Worcester Waterside Club: **Pendragon**

friday 6th

Belfast Queen's University: **John Martyn**
Birmingham Aston University: **The Monochrome Set**
Birmingham University: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Blackburn YMCA: **Yes Sir**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **The Apollinaires**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Verukas/Blitzkrieg**
Braintree Consolidated Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Brighton Top Rank: **Spear Of Destiny**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Long John Baldry Band**
Bury St. Edmunds Theatre Royal: **Neil Innes**
Camberley Lakeside Club: **Clarence 'Frogman' Henry**
Colchester Essex University: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Enid**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Cilla Black**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Sacrilege**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Ruby Turner Band**
Feltham Football Club: **The Adicts**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Energy**
Hanley The Place: **Stories**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Arc**
Herne Bay Pier Hotel: **Reflections**
High Wycombe (Downley) Bricklayers Arms: **Fair Exchange**
Hull City Hall: **Spider/Raven**
Hull Dingwalls: **King**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Stefan Grossman & John Renbourn**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Lincoln Silvergate Ballroom: **The Nightingales/The Gist**
Liverpool Lincolns Inn: **A Different Motion**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **The Swinging Laurels**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Ex Post Facto**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Brentford Red Lion: **G.B. Blues Company with Root Jackson**
London Brixton Garage club (Frontline Theatre): **The Cannibals/Smokestack**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Ian Kelly/Lotte Literiati/Controlled Attack/Poison Girls**
London Brixton The Ace: **The Republic/The Corporation**
London Camden Carnarvon Castle: **Limehouse**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Supercharge/False Idols**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Syncopation**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Zoot Money & His Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Dolly Mixture/The Liquorice Allsorts**
London Fulham King's head: **The 45's**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Flying Pigs/Sinner**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Milkshakes/The Downbeats**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Maze/Second Image**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Shadow Boys/Acme Demolition Company**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Marquee Club: **The Truth**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **Dekka Danse**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Nico/Dor Mannu/Sudeten Creche**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Louisiana Red**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Ken Colyer Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kathy Stobart Quintet**
London Stockwell Halls of Residence: **The Directors**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand King's College: **Scarlet Party**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **The Reactors**
London University Union: **Sisters Of Mercy/The Laughing Clowns/Babaluma**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Crown Of Thorns**
Manchester University Union: **Glass Ties**
Newcastle City hall: **The Thompson Twins**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Little Steven & The Disciples Of Soul**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **John Mizarolli**
Northampton Lings Forum: **Agripop/Dentists Chair**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Roman Holiday**
Nottingham The Asylum: **Carmel**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Steve Hackett**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Philip Jap**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Terraplane**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Peterborough Cressett Bretton Centre: **Misty In roots**
Portsmouth Crystal Rooms: **Flux Of Pink Indians/Omega Tribe**
Reading Caribbean Club: **Warm Snorkel**
Redditch Valley Club: **Wrathchild**
Rugby Benn Hall: **Ekome**
Salford University: **Weapon Of Peace**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Hanoi Rocks**
Southampton College: **I.Q.**
Southsea Kings Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
St. Ives Manchester Arms: **Trux**
Stockport County Cabaret Club: **Room 101**
Stourbridge College: **From Eden**
Warrington Spectrum Marina: **The Houghton Weavers**
Weymouth Dorset Institute: **Pallas**
Workington Carnegie Theatre: **Alvin Stardust**

saturday 7th

Ashford Wye College: **Agent Orange**
Aylesbury Friars: **Kajagoogoo**
Barrow Civic Hall: **Alvin Stardust**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **UK Subs/Bad Brains**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **King Kurt**
Birmingham Mermaid Hotel: **Psikix**
Boston New Theatre: **Spider/Raven**
Bradford University: **Weapon Of Peace**
Bridgewater Arts Centre: **Saracen**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Philip Jap**
Bristol Granary: **The Mr. Rons**
Camberley Lakeside Club: **Clarence 'Frogman' Henry**
Cheriton White Lion Hotel: **Sacrilege**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colne Francs: **The Dancing Did**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Ruby Turner Band**
Durham Fowlers Yard Youth Project: **Napalm Hearts/XYZ**
Edinburgh Annabels: **A.P.B.**
Gateshead The Ravenshill: **Freak Electric/Mannequin/The Jaywalkers**
Glasgow Mitchell Theatre: **Hannibal Marvin Peterson Quintet**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Little Steven & The Disciples Of Soul**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Ground Zero**
Guildford Surrey University: **Longpig/Freedom Dance/Maison de Chante**
Hanley The Place: **Cody**
Hatfield The Forum: **Neil Innes**
Hereford Market Tavern: **The Banque**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The London Cowboys/Jacuuzi**
Hull Dingwalls: **Long John Baldry Band**
Leeds University: **The Thompson Twins**
Leicester University: **Misty In Roots**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Hanoi Rocks**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Cherry Boys**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Larry Miller Band**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **No Witnesses/Innerpropriates**
London Brixton The Ace: **The Marine Girls/Amazulu/Roman Holliday**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Savage Progress**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Combo Passe/Malchix**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Mickey Jupp Band with Diz Watson**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's: **The Legendary Luton Kippers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Zoot Money & His Band**
London Finsbury Park The Other Club: **Dance On A Telephone**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Hollywood Killers/The Eternal Triangle**
London Fulham King's Head: **Sam Mitchell Blues Band**
Loondon Greenwich The Mitre: **T.34/Radio Radio/Killer Koala**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **D'Rango Slang/Dogs D'Amour**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Maze/Second Image**
London Harlesden Coliseum Suite: **Creation Rebel**
London Herne Hill Brockwell Park CND Rally: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint/The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse/Madness/Hazel O'Connor etc.**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **A Bigger Splash/Tek Morek**
London Kings Cross Union Tavern: **Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Pete Nu Trio**
London Marquee Club: **The Truth**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Ian Kelly/Lotte Literiati/Controlled Attack/Poison Girls**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Avon Cities Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Moondance**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Peter Bellamy**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny M & The Midnite Express**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Emotional Spies**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Nick Toczek/Little Dave/To Be Continued/Jay Ramsay**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Juice On The Loose**
London W.C.2 School of Economics: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse**
Loughborough University: **The Swinging Laurels**
Luton Technical College: **Cothique**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Private Sector**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Trial**
Manchester University Union: **Seething Wells/Attila The Stockbroker/Little Brother**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Steve Hackett**
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: **Dead Mans Shadow/The Mau Mau's/The Fits**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Bow Wow/Tora Tora**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Jam Ja**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Pallas**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Flying Pickets**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Vicious Pink Phenomena**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Jim Lloyd/Gary & Vera Aspey/Proper Little Madams/Cyril Tawney**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **King**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Swamp Children**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Leo Sayer**
Southend Railway Hotel: **Kronstadt Uprising/Autumn Poison**
Southport Scarsbrick Hall: **The Houghton Weavers**
South Shields Barnwell Club: **Pleasure & The Beast**
Stockport County Cabaret Club: **Room 101**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton The Arches: **The Sears**

sunday 8th

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **China White**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chesterfield Pomegranate Theatre: **Neil Innes**
Colne Francs: **Hanoi Rocks**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Leo Sayer**
Derby (Normanton) The Greyhound: **Duo Nova**
Edinburgh Claremont Hotel: **Spudelt-Dive/Raiding Party**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Little Steven & The Disciples Of Soul**
Exeter University: **Pendragon**
Gateshead The Ravenshill: **Lone Wolf**
Glasgow Pavilion: **Alvin Stardust**
Hanley Theatre Royal: **The Houghton Weavers**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Alligators**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Dancing Did**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Friends**
Lancaster University: **The Thompson Twins**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Brixton The Ace: **The Box/Urban Shakedown**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Chiswick Flyovers**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rhythmic Itch/Picture Of Dance**
London Finchley Torrington: **Zoot Money Band**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Juvessance**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dirty Strangers/Downbeat**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Legendary Luton Kippers**
London Hackney Chat's Palace (lunchtime): **Rae James Quintet**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Clockhouse/Cagun Leather**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Maze/Second Image**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Littlejohn's Jazzers**

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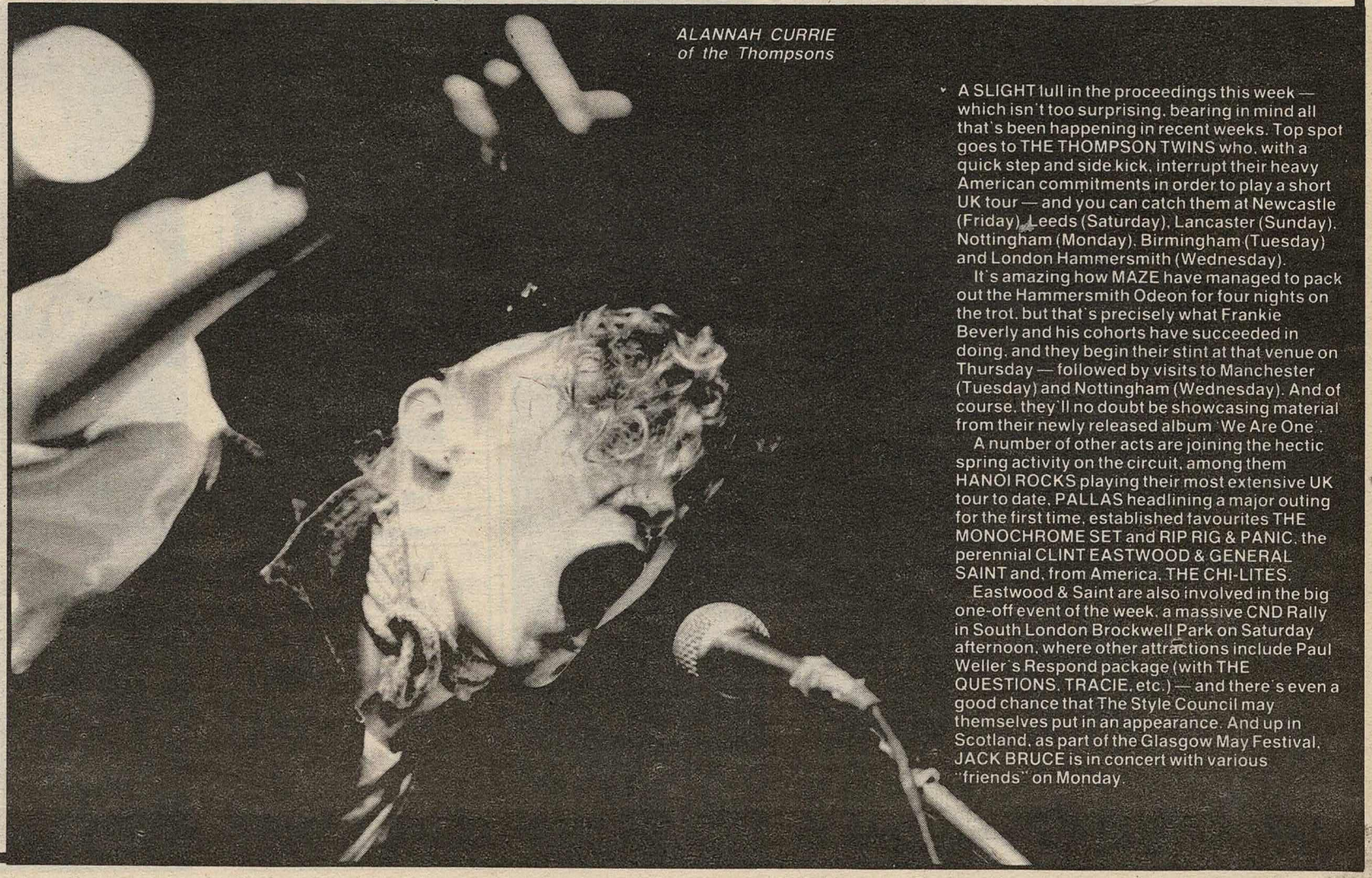

ALANNAH CURRIE of the Thompsons

• A SLIGHT lull in the proceedings this week — which isn't too surprising, bearing in mind all that's been happening in recent weeks. Top spot goes to THE THOMPSON TWINS who, with a quick step and side kick, interrupt their heavy American commitments in order to play a short UK tour — and you can catch them at Newcastle (Friday), Leeds (Saturday), Lancaster (Sunday), Nottingham (Monday), Birmingham (Tuesday) and London Hammersmith (Wednesday).

It's amazing how MAZE have managed to pack out the Hammersmith Odeon for four nights on the trot, but that's precisely what Frankie Beverly and his cohorts have succeeded in doing, and they begin their stint at that venue on Thursday — followed by visits to Manchester (Tuesday) and Nottingham (Wednesday). And of course, they'll no doubt be showcasing material from their newly released album 'We Are One'.

A number of other acts are joining the hectic spring activity on the circuit, among them HANOI ROCKS playing their most extensive UK tour to date, PALLAS headlining a major outing for the first time, established favourites THE MONOCHROME SET and RIP RIG & PANIC, the perennial CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT and, from America, THE CHI-LITES.

Eastwood & Saint are also involved in the big one-off event of the week, a massive CND Rally in South London Brockwell Park on Saturday afternoon, where other attractions include Paul Weller's Respond package (with THE QUESTIONS, TRACIE, etc.) — and there's even a good chance that The Style Council may themselves put in an appearance. And up in Scotland, as part of the Glasgow May Festival, JACK BRUCE is in concert with various "friends" on Monday.

London Putney Half Moon: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Brass Impact Big Band (lunchtime)/Pete Strange-Roy Williams Quintet (evening)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Denny Wright/John Van Derrick**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **Radio Radio/Crime Of Passion/Tax Dodge**
London Walthamstow The Chestnut Tree: **Tim Wood**
London Wimbledon Nelson's: **Flux of Pink Indians/Antisect/Kronstadt Uprising**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Ian Kelly/Lotte Literiati/Controlled Attack/Poison Girls**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dance Hall Style**
Manchester (Ashton) Metro Theatre: **Spider/Raven**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Brown's Wine Bar: **Long John Baldry Band**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Frank Fish & His Fins**
Peterlee New Town Football Club: **Placebo Effect/State Of Emergency**
Poole Arts Centre: **Steve Hackett**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Robin Dransfield**
Ringwood The Red Shoot: **Unicorn**
Sheffield The Leadmill (lunchtime): **John Rowland**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Kajagoogoo**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Bad Brains**
Stoke Wagon & Horses: **Pallas**
Treforest Wales Polytechnic: **John Mizarolli**

monday 9th

Bedford Fives Bar: **Precious Little Idols**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Long John Baldry Band**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Adicts/Panorama In Black**
Glasgow Mitchell Theatre: **Jack Bruce & Friends**
Hull Dingwalls: **Quelle Domage/The Gargoyles**
Hull Tiffany's: **Gypsy**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **Alvin Stardust**
Leicester Horsefair: **Hanoi Rocks**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Brixton The Ace: **Aquizim/Ras Bombo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Le Change/Forty Rifles**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross heaven: **Philip Jap/King**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Spain/Primary**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny M & The Midnite Express**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Stylee**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Legendary Luton Kippers/Masque**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Missing Airmen**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Kissed Air/Nervous Days**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **John Burch & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Marquee Club: **Bow Wow**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Peter King/Ray Warleigh/Bill Le Sage Trio**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Frog Island Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Reactors**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Infamous Slag Sisters**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester The Gallery: **Bad Brains**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Tiffany's: **Terraplane**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Steve Hackett**
Nottingham New Palais: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **The Thompson Twins**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Deadbeat**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Kajagoogoo**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Vicious Pink Phenomena**
Scarbrough Futurist Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
Southend Railway Hotel: **The Shakers**
Southend Zero Six: **Pallas**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **The Drifters (for a week)**

tuesday 10th

Birmingham Odeon: **The Thompson Twins**
Derby Blue Note: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Derby Stitchers Folk Club: **The Houghton Weavers**
High Wycombe Nag's head: **Long John Baldry Band/The London Apaches**
Hull Dingwalls: **Attic Art/Neo Classix/Les Yeux**
Kingston The Dolphin: **The Nashville Teens**
Leeds Brannigans: **The Adicts/Panorama In Black**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Kajagoogoo**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Fugitives**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Dirty Strangers/The Legendary Luton Kippers**
London Camden The Palace: **Cover Versions**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Heartbeats**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Combo Passe**

London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Sister**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Small World/The Czechs**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Dirty Work/Challenger**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Barney Rubble Band/A Scanner Darkly/the People Upstairs/This/Wig City (upstairs); The Amazing Aunt May Dance Band/Room 13 (downstairs)**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Danny & The Nogoodniks**
London Leicester-Square The Tribe: **Dor Mannu/Soldiers Of Portune**
London Marquee Club: **Zaine Griff**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **G.B.H.**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Pete Allen Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Bromley Blues Band/5 Card Trick**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **The Mystery Girls**
London W.1 (Jermyn Street) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Pocket Rocket**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Maze/Second Image**
Manchester The Gallery: **Hanoi Rocks**
Morecambe Ashton Hall: **Alvin Stardust**
Newcatle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne Quintet**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Bad Brains**
Newport Tiffany's: **Acme Jazz Band/Dave Evans**
Nottingham Lyrics: **Red Go Red**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Reading University: **Vicious Pink Phenomena**
Richmond (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: **King Bees**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Bilpin's Inheritance**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**

wednesday 11th

Aberdeen Valhallas: **Twisted Nerve**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Blackmore The Leather Bottle: **Foggy**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Bradford University: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Roman Holliday**
Brighton Top Rank: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse**
Glasgow Henry Afrikas: **The Very Thing**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Jim Blaisdon**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Pallas**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Soldier**
Hull Dingwalls: **Weapon Of Peace**
Hull New York Hotel: **Jelly Fish Kiss**
Ipswich Albion Mills: **Belinda Blanchard/Transaction 2**
Kettering The Rising Sun: **Neat Neat Neat**
Leeds Brannigans: **The Subhumans/Anti-System/Underdogs**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Kero**
Leeds University Hall: **Kajagoogoo**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Spider/Raven**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Brixton Ritzy Cinema: **Freddie White**
London Brixton The Ace: **The Enid/Pendragon/Solstice**
London Brockley The Brockley Jack: **Valuable Time**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Fourteen Karat Soul**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Elctric Bluebirds**
London Camden The Palace: **The Jumpin' Belafontes**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Serious Drinking**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Tim Haines Heartwave**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Brigandage/Outboys**
London Fulham King's Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Southern Comfort/Flamenco Sketches**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Fear Of Falling/Ghost**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Thompson Twins**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Hilary McCutcheon & Paul Kerr**
London Kilburn Phoenix Club: **Limehouse**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **Baby Lotion**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Richshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Leicester-Square The Batcave: **Seventh Seance**
London Marquee Club: **Mamas Boys**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **John Hegley/Podomoffski/Roy Hutchins**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Reactors**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Kid Dawson's Onward New Orleans Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Putney Star & Gartner: **Wizz & Simeon Jones**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Alan Elsdon Quartet**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Gay/Stan Greig Trio**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Neapolitans**
London Strand Dixiestrand Cafe: **Max Collie Rhythm Aces**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Johnny Mathis (until Sunday)**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Steve Miller/Phil Miller/Lol Coxhill**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **The Box**
Manchester The Gallery: **Hanoi Rocks**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **East Side Torpedoes**
Nottingham Rock City: **Maze**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Alvin Stardust**
Nottingham The Asylum: **Farm Life**
Nottingham University: **Neil Innes**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Kelvin Henderson**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Bad Brains**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Hannibal Marvin Peterson Quintet**
Southampton Concorde Club: **Long John Baldry Band**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swindon Solitaire: **Orders Of Obedience**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **The Adicts**

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

MAY
5 Spear of Destiny
5 The Chi-Lites
9 Philip Jap
9 OMD
11, 12, 13, 14, 15 Johnny Mathis
12 Prince Charles & The City Beat Band
12 Thompson Twins
13, 14 Dionne Warwick
14 The Higsons
15 Sex Gang Children
16 Rip, Rig & Panic
16-29 Liza Minelli
17, 18 Rush
18 Spider
21 The Fall
21 Rush
21, 22 London Blues Festival
23 Kissing the Pink
23 Uli Roth
26, 27, 28 Iron Maiden
28 Aswad
29 Little River Band
29 Gary Glitter
29 The Undertones
30 Clock DVA
30, 31 Kajagoogoo
30, 31 Robert Palmer

JUNE
2, 3 Weather Report
4 Rip, Rig & Panic
4, 5 Motorhead
5, 6 King Sunny Ade
7 China Crisis
7 Magnum
11 Jah Wobble, Shriekback
19 Elvis Costello
24, 25 Curtis Mayfield
26 Rod Stewart
30 Mezzaforte

JULY
4, 5 Bauhaus
18 Echo & The Bunnymen

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RiPPiNG

From page 13

Do you think you put people off simply by the extent of your own self-importance?

"I'm sure we do, but that's the only way to do it. There's no point in getting up onstage or making a record and apologising for what we do. We might do — or people might say we do — a million things wrong. It's just what happens."

Don't you flaunt your failures in people's faces, though?

"Well, that's the way life is — there's successes and failures. I don't see any distinction between Art and Life. We don't want to kid people on that everything is just hunky dory — the minute we get on stage we're gonna be there and you're gonna hear just snap, snap, snap, because that is just a complete fallacy. It's completely artificial and really it's no presentation at all because it shows no guts, it shows no leaving yourself open to the minute. It's just a really passé way of looking at things, and very dead.

"I think everybody should be completely flexible, which is what we're trying to introduce, and that includes the audience. But what's happening now is that we're flexible but the audience isn't."

So all the fault lies in the audience?

"No, not all. The only thing is, if they come to see us they've got to realise that we're gonna be ourselves, and that should apply to any artist. Quite often we've taken the wrong path, but that's fine."

When you spoke to Richard Cook, you said the manner of presenting bands as a fashion was all dead, haven't subsequent events proved you wrong?

"Well, you would hope it was dead, it doesn't seem to be. I don't feel we're ahead, but I feel in a lot of ways the public are behind. We're moving with the times, but a lot of people are stuck in the same old place."

"It's not our job to attempt to break down people's expectations, though," Gareth continues, "because that is just another level of pose. It is our job just to cut out the plastic as much as possible."

Are you secure in your own talent?

"Security is incredibly dangerous," Gareth begins.

"I just hope we'll always get that feeling," Neneh continues, "and I'd rather call it insecurity, because security is the worst stage you can get to. You get these guys that at one point really had something and they begin to think, Hey, I'm pretty good now, I ain't gonna get no better, what else is there to it? And then all that's left is just a complete imitation of y'self. That's the *trap!*"

"Anyone who thinks they're safe is in trouble," Gareth adds, "because they're not letting enough of the unstable into their existence."

What's your reply to the people who regard your interest in African music as pretension?

"Well, what can you say? Neneh's father's a bloody African drummer, it's bound to get passed on, isn't it? It's not like these cats who think, Right, we're gonna get into African imagery this week. That's pathetic, you might as well forget it, unless you know the essence of the thing, forget it."

You have been quoted in the past as disassociating yourselves from the younger generation, which seems strange.

"*Disassociating??*" Gareth wails incredulously. "We're *still* one of the youngest groups around. What that journalist (Marek Kohn of *The Face*) obviously couldn't see was that we don't see youth necessarily as a matter of age; some of the oldest people I know are the youngest people I know."

Some of the lines in 'Storm The Reality Asylum' seem to be an encouragement basically to drop out of the realities of life. Do you think that's a plausible solution?

"Well, it's not plausable, but it's a lot more feasible than pursuing a straight line from the birth to the grave. You can get away with a million times more than people ever dare. Dress as a way of shocking people is over now, *finito*. The only way of shocking people is through your life style, through who you are. Someone like Don Cherry is a hundred times more shocking to society than any punk, because he's basically a wanderer, a gypsy and people are always petrified of gypsies."

Why are Rip Rig not commercially successful?

"Basically, because we always keep an essence in our music that is very gutsy and very hard and basically very difficult to put on the radio. Right from the very tone of Neneh's voice, that voice just sounds like it's *crying out* a lot more than what you hear coming out of your radio. The way some people categorise some things as difficult music is just pathetic."

Is that depressing?

"No, there's nothing depressing in the way we present ourselves," Gareth states. "There is a lot that is very tired about the way that other people present themselves."

"And that's why we're gonna keep on doing what we're doing," Neneh adds, "and keep the life in it y'know?"

"People are tired of all that shit that's been pumped into them," Gareth claims, "They really are. Basically, everything is open to people, there's nothing to be bored about at all. Even in the most oppressed circumstances, there's no reason that people should have to suffer the sort of rubbish that they're given by Radio One. There is so much more fun to be had than is ever imagined."

IF ALL THIS sounds like a collection of fragments, it's because that's greatly what it is: fragments of the feeling; fragments of the energy. If there is a unifying factor, though, it is the *life* that pulses through the words; the life that Rip Rig & Panic are struggling constantly to reflect.

When they succeed they can be one of the most powerful forces there is. Disaffected rants are of limited disruptive potential, but the screaming of a spirit is more than the start, it is the essence.

Which is where this all began.

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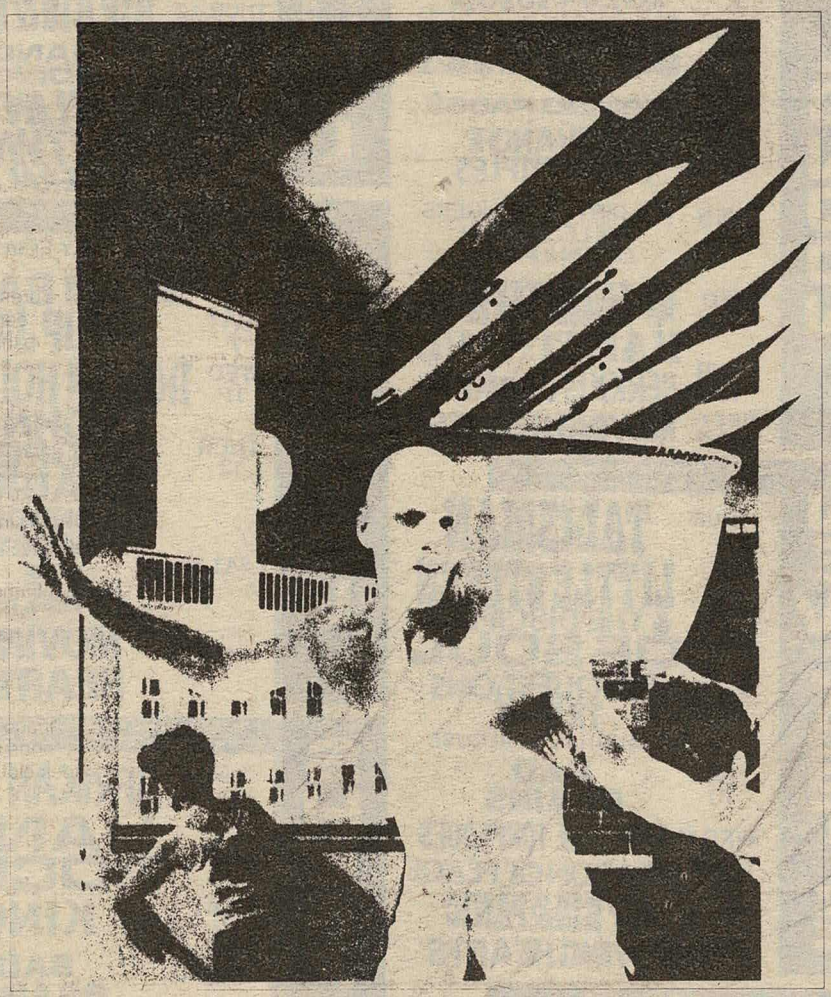
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LIVE

SPK
UT
Brixton Ace

HIPPY DAYS are here again, as doubtless you are aware. The beatnik end of the student spectrum gathered cosily to cheer on this year's musical vanguard, but through accident and design, we all had to save our applause for next time.

Gremlins bedevilled the circuitry for Ut's set. Persistent feedback and amps conking out every few minutes fragmented the impact of their wall of angst. New York daughters of 'Sister Ray', Jacqui Ham, Nina Canal and Sally Young all sing and take turns on the instruments. The result is an overwhelming cry of pain, borne aloft on Mo Tucker-style drumming, obsessive bass-lines and swarming, stinging guitar. The stage-lights cast their dramatically elongated shadows onto the back wall, evoking the dark neurosis of German expressionist cinema. But Ut avoid the dourness of such Teutonic outfits as Malaria or X-Mal Deutschland. They possess a stark, glacial beauty, alas only intermittently glimpsed during tonight's long technical hitch.

Welcome to the crazy world of SPK. Graeme, Sinan and A.N. Other appear clad as Hell's blacksmiths, sweaty musculature gleaming in the flames of two guttering torches. The acrid smell of fire and brimstone assailed our nostrils, and the evening looked quite promising.

But 'twas not to be. After fifteen minutes it was clear that SPK do nothing that Collapsing New Building don't do much better. Blixa and his Berlin wrecking crew have an intensity, drama, humour and variety which SPK conspicuously lack. Indeed, they are single-mindedly narrow in their scope of operations. A Gristle-style throb runs as a spine around which Sinan chants and our two mediaeval torturers beat out a violent tatto on steel sheets, oil drums, iron bars, housebricks, gas cylinders, chains, an electric drill and so on.

Once started they look set to go on forever. No highs or lows, they coast along on an even keel. Maybe they're aiming for a mantra of cacophony, but the exercise grows increasingly tedious and pompous. A fan assures me that their recorded works are much more interesting; that wouldn't be difficult. "The energy needed to break out of this claustrophobia" is what we wanted, but ersatz Einsturzende Neubaten is what we got.

Mat Snow

MILES ADRIFT

Pic Leon Morris

MILES DAVIS
Hammersmith Odeon

MILES RUNS the voodoo down down down down...and here I am, somewhere way up in the high heights of the Odeon (gee, I *hate* it up here), and just at the moment when the percussionist of the Miles Davis band has wound up a particularly pointless and blob-fingered routine of thrumthrum panel-beating and the audience is going *apeshit* around me, I think and grieve on — is it the lost greatness of Davis or my misunderstanding of a giant, unmistakenly firing on some cylinders but still so hopelessly adrift in the shallows of what he and us expect 'Miles' to be now?

Lester Bangs' confession that the pain of Davis' music would expose him to himself has a dreadful mirror image in the weeping lather of the current Davis band. What the trumpeter has created is a jazz-derived sound that operates as a shell for Miles-type music, Miles-type fluting solos, Miles-type modal riffs and Miles-type centrifugal, swirling noise, a big no-fun of musicianly torpor and teemingly busy hollows of intensity.

Last year I was disappointed that the Davis group didn't seem to be about anything, but this time the music played was more like less than nothing. A couple of the be-ba-boop tags which served as the life-sustaining force of whole sections of the set (pedal points, nothing!) sounded so stupidly trivial that it actively insulted the pared-down genius of, say, Wayne Shorter's legacy to the Davis mode. An hour and forty minutes of this mask of rippled surfaces gets to be shadowboxing towards exhaustion.

Some notes of commentary. Davis strode on with the familiar thrill of anticipation hanging heavy on a crowd a whisker under capacity, although plenty of personal hopes must've nosedived immediately on clocking the return of that terrible guitar behemoth Mike Stern. Rumours that the leader had regrouped a completely fresh team were unfounded, for this was the 'We Want Miles' band plus a *second* guitarist in John Scofield. They drilled into the grain of a patented Milesian rhythm, a mogadon creation set to the cold industrial drone of post-jazzrock climes, and levered the beast up and down for the duration.

Any pretence at a blow-by-blow account can't be countenanced. This Miles-type assemblage permitted no renaissance spirit. It doesn't finally matter that Bill Evans managed a few pleasant variations on the Shorter blueprint, that Scofield pricked Stern's obese bubble of ego with a calmer intelligence, that the haze would occasionally disperse and something worthwhile begin to take shape. The brittle, organised *competence* of the Davis band sucked the sweetness from music already down to its last honeycomb.

I think, perhaps, that Davis has secured his ideal exit-point here. He has *himself* become the incarnation of post-Miles. His entertainer's garb was firmly shouldered this evening, frequently waving his instrument above his behatted head, stepping lithely if gingerly all over the stage, posing with Machiavellian cunning for the photographers.

He played long sequences of Miles-type trumpet. It was wrought in the accents of the pinchy, mewling tone that he adopted after 'In A Silent Way', trilling up to the cracked beauty of a very high note or stabbing unctuously at a difficult phrase. In the mawkishly isolated space at the front of the stage, bowed like one of those toy birds that dips its beak down into water, Davis would tweak at a lickerish concerto for his ballad style. The group ebbed away and we held our breath for the ascendant genius, the choked melancholy of that frail candle in the darkness...

Once I thought I heard it. Otherwise I heard an empty bouquet of rhetoric. This isn't the impenetrable hoodoo jungle of 'On The Corner', the timeless space of 'Live/Evil', not even the chrome spurt and dagger of 'Man With The Horn'. Davis has made himself the distillation of Miles, and it is a house of wax to which there is no key. Like Bangs, I know good jazz from bad when I hear it. Tonight, I heard nothing at all.

Richard Cook

OVER THE TOP

RICHARD STRANGE
THE EVENT GROUP
Birmingham Duma Express

CALM, CHARMED, fresh and still fanciful, Richard Strange's stage show is a curious mish-mash of arts, incorporating dancers and masks, stage sets, video slots and Event Group performance. Solemn, studious and quite striking in effect, but as contrived as it is compulsive, it's dark, dramatic set — confident, conventional and impeccably inconclusive. Always almost grand.

Mannered, marvellous, smug and deluxe, Richard Strange is a law unto himself, a legend in his own mind. Fine proposition or easy confrontation, an artist of undeniable invention and intriguing intention. Dignity intact, ideals exact, he plays at pop with the eye of the academic, the style of the artist, trading faded futurism and Invisible Girls' ephermerality against pop, pomp, disco and rock. He sif fuses everything he touches with a vague vogue of style, a cold curtain of grandeur. Genial, but no genius, he rarely makes these things Great, but always comes close to bringing the whole scheme off.

Polite, precious, splendid and sublime, tonight Richard Strange began what he calls his "almost evangelical mission to educate the provinces" (he laughs). It's a delicate art, a dubious pursuit, and mixing the impressive, intuitive sharpness of 'NEAT!' and 'Time Runs Out' with the impassive, inept stupidity and hysterical pomp of 'I Wont Run Away' is his give-away. But just as the whole performance was looking feeble and forced, his best songs — say, 'International Language' or 'Lovescare' — are a smart, strict dance, infinitely deeper and darker than the Godley and Creme-like detail of a Heaven 17. Full of sweeping gesture and the very noblest of notions, they almost rescue him to the very heights of brilliance.

Ponderous and profound, dashing but rarely dangerous, Richard Strange's stage show proves to be immaculately indulgent, intensely well performed and ultimately an interminable source of confusion. In one fell swoop? Let's just say that Richard Strange is the prince of pop dilettantism: a Blade with no cutting edge.

Jim Shelley

'Dynamic front man' *Pic Bleddyn Butcher*

KING
Liverpool Club Fiasco

PERRY HAINES has displayed a remarkable amount of sense in signing the Coventry based King to Dolphin Music. The rapid rise of JoBoxers has shown that the time is right for sharp *spunky* sounds to cut through the layers of frigid dross-fun music, played with some very welcome vitality and coupled with a healthy disregard for fashion.

The looks and noise presented by the five men of King seems to indicate they've come up through the Midlands Two Tone scene. They boast a couple of skinheads, and sport short baggy trousers, complete with brightly coloured, customised Doc Martens. Nice image eh?

The boys don't let the clothes do all the talking though; singer Paul is of the type usually referred to as a 'dynamic frontman' (with the right amount of tongue in cheek), while the others ensure he doesn't have to do all the work.

The music? Oh yeah, I nearly forgot (thought this was for *The Face* didn't I?) but it's loose and very, very hard. As strange and bright a mixture as their clothes, it absorbs a whole bag full of influences — '70s glam, ska, the merest hint of funk, spluttering out a curiously appealing amalgam. But anybody who can cheer up my least favourite place to spend a Saturday night must have something going for them.

Like The Boxers, there's always going to be the cynics bandying around the word 'contrived' but the 'rainbow boys' obvious affection for the music they're playing, its influences, and the uncommonly spirited way they carry it off suggests they'll have the last laugh.

Kev Mc

AMRIK 'RAIMOND' CHANDLER PULLS UP HIS TRENCHCOAT COLLAR, TAKES A LAST LOVING SLUG AT THE BOURBON BOTTLE AND SETS OFF THROUGH THE MANCHESTER DRIZZLE IN SEARCH OF CLOCK DVA.

ONE

'I need a man.'
NILE SPENCE was about 140lbs of middle-aged, scraggy-faced man who looked like he needed a bullworker. He would always need a bullworker. He was sitting behind a black formica-topped desk that looked like Napoleon's tomb in a recession, and he was smoking a cigarette in a long black holder that was not quite as long as a rolled umbrella. He said: "I need a man. I need a guy who can backchat like Boy George and act like a bar lizard, only better."

"It's a cinch," I said. "But after that what?"

"Listen," he caught my sleeve and held it anxiously. "There's trouble boys out looking in Sheffield. Two big, black suits with hats tilted way low. They used to wear the same hat only it wouldn't take that much ego. I need to know which set are the killers and which are the white souls with mugs for mouths. It's kind of up to you. You get an idea once in a while, don't you?'

'I can remember the last one I had. But talk it up, my mind reader just quit.'

"Clock DVA and The Box," he continued in a tone as avuncular as Atilla the Hun.

I started to get up. Then I remembered, business had been bad for a month, and I needed the money. There'd been a famine of Challenge recently and Challenge, as I'd often tried to convince myself, was my business.

"It's a cinch," I said hopefully, wondering whether the expenses would run to a wreath or six. I decided to start with Clock DVA.

TWO

IT SEEMED somehow natural that I should be looking for Clock DVA in Manchester. Instinct and groundwork had told me that their peculiar brand of paranoia and strategy would lead them to consolidate in the suave comfort of The Hacienda before tackling The Box and Sheffield.

The Hacienda hadn't changed any. It was still in Manchester and the cigarette smoke still curled lazily up the lean, grey girders. The plastic cat's eyes still winked coyly as I walked past them to the bar. It was a classy parlour trying to be a bum dive: nostalgie de la boue they called it in the French quarter.

The cigarette in my mouth lisped smoke. I said nothing and waited for the noise.

THREE

THE MUSIC was louder than I'd imagined. The economy of the old had been exchanged for a new extravagance. It contained the hot, acid blare, the frenetic, jittering runs of a jam session. But it wasn't a jam, it just tried hard to sound like one.

As an aural picture these people were treading untidily between the evocative and the crass. Sometimes they created well defined songs, building relentlessly to taut mini-climaxes and dissolving to throaty incantations and thin, black backbeats. Sometimes they chose to huff and puff for no imaginable reason. But at their best, they were etching out stark landscapes with a surreptitious menace, a panicky surrealism.

The stage was high and beaten black and blue with lights. On it five black silhouettes crouched sullenly and danced suddenly in front of two venetian blinds. And on those the DVA manifesto (the influences they preach highly of) was a multi-hued collage of Bogart and Bogarde, Stanwyck and even Crawford: the trendy corner called it Film Noir Visuals but I called it cheap.

The only remainder of the old DVA, Adi Newton played the gruff, important-sounding hero. Paul Browse had a hairline that receded to his shoulder blades and handled the sax with the delicate hands of a man looking for a crippled spider with a sledgehammer. John Valentine Carruthers was the guitar sweetheart. Nick Sanderson, a tall blond with sad eyes, was the drummer who looked like the before part of a before and after Charles Atlas commercial.

The five black suits played a song called 'Beautiful Losers'.

AT THE HACIENDA

O.K. SHOOT! LET'S HAVE THE SLAM ON THESE DVA-TIONISTS!
I HESITATE TO TELL YOU THIS, NILE,... IT'S FANTASTIC BUT IT'S TRUE!
COME WITH US INTO AN UNKNOWN WORLD!

FOUR

BENNY GOODMAN they weren't, but the old DVA's bohemian punk-jazz could still swing like a blackjack at three feet. Okay, so they spelt magic and mystic with a k, but they still kicked me in the pants with a record called 'Thirst'. DVA were pretty rough people with a winning frown and a nice line in mystique. DVA wanted to elevate music beyond the transitory, there was only one way to fall. They were losers but beautiful with it.

On May 11th, 1981, DVAtion was being measured for a coffin. A few weeks later, bass-player Judd was doing likewise. People die and other people like Adi Newton write songs about the sadness and madness behind the killing of an English junkie. I wished both of them hadn't,. Beautiful losers are still not winners.

FIVE

"ADI NEWTON is one of three people in the world who like Leonard Cohen," a voice whispered in my ear. "Five'll get you ten that's where a fair whack of the tacky imagery comes from too."

I said nothing and looked again. I looked at Adi Newton and saw the lead singer with The Human League. But that was a long time ago when Philip Oakey still decked his hair with flowers and Cabaret Voltaire wore flares that weren't quite as wide as Orson Welles' bidet. Adi Newton hadn't changed, he was still hungry for success despite a two year meditation in the wilderness. DVA made a false start last year with a couple of lamebrain funk singles (the bandwagon went thataway style) and he didn't even break sweat.

Adi Newton had a white, vampiric face with a texture closer to corrugated iron than porcelain. he was a small man. You could sweep him away with a dustpan if he bothered you. And yet there was something about him, a cold arrogance, something impossible in his soul that made my hands clammy and my lungs reach out for air like I'd taken a truncheon in the kidneys. I thought of a guy called Devoto and the things he could do with his little finger. If Adi Newton put his mind to it and became half as important as he thought he was..

SIX

I FLICKED a cigarette stub in a long arc across the half empty dance floor and watched it fall and spark. Clock DVA weren't killers but given half a chance, they were going to be awlful tough. I walked out through the swing doors and went to look for a box to open.

LIVE

GUNFIRE

SCREEN 3
FRIENDS AGAIN
CARMEL
London ICA

HOWEVER INFLUENTIAL The Association with Capital Radio's Gary Crowley may be, a date clash forced The Marine Girls to decline his offer late in the day, to be hastily replaced by Screen 3. Who would seem to carry more weight than the Marines — though just how much of that is dead weight, I arrived too late to tell.

But Capital's prize guy comes up trumps with Friends Again. Already labelled Son of Postcard by the less perceptive amongst us, let's put the record straight now. The true spirit of Postcard is being locally misinterpreted by a whole bunch of wet individuals who quite evidently lack the ability, insight or inclination to sound anything less than ludicrous at best. (Yahoo — the dawn of the New Male Sensitivity.)

Friends Again, in a nutshell, simply share the odd similar reference.

Having stated their case on the self-produced debut single 'Honey at the Core' (insidous melody, haunting chorus and something about Moonboots and Bothwell Castle), it's clear also that they're still learning stage pace and balance. They might peak in the wrong places, but the components are all there: searing guitar and psychotic acoustics complimenting soaring harmonies and offbeat vocals. The guitarist is the one with the interesting record collection. And the group will quite probably prove to be one of the decade's most infectiously finest.

Which is something that Carmel has absolutely no chance of aspiring to. The plump blonde screeched her way through a plodding set of tentative jazz-based pastiches in a translation about as graceful and sympathetic as Captain Sensible's treatment of South Pacific.

I can't stand the pain.

Kirsty McNeill

Jeffrey — mutating into a levitatng jellyfish? Pic Steve Callaghan

THE GUN CLUB
London Lyceum

JEFFREY LEE Pierce is a large, blond fellow with a thatched haircut and a voice like cracked tarmac. Jeffrey is lead singer with The Gun Club and he has two blinding talents: a tight clenched grip on the raw and ravaged throat of rock and roll, and a unique talent for resembling various aquatic creatures.

On his first visit to these shores, he struck a superb impression of a beached whale. Waddling around the stage of The Venue, wobbling along to his ironically naricissistic sagas of sexual power, he was a corpulent corpse with glaring black, blank eyes, burnt by the fire of love and blaring the message that lard buckets too could preach the blues.

On 'Miami', The Gun Club's second vinyl missive, he seemed to have mutated into a levitating jellyfish, as his voice hovered, quivered and quavered, hopelessly suspended high in the mix and starved of the surging life support of Ward Dotson's guitar by an atrocious Chris Stein production.

This time round he is pulling off a fair imitation of a lobotomised goldfish, as he stands stuck to the microphone, staring straight into the muted mass with a bemused expression of sheer gormless gone-ness, gulping for air and watching his caterwauling bubble through the dense murk of the new Gun Club's noise.

"The Southern tree bears a strange fruit", he wails in greeting to an ambivalent Lyceum audience. The Southern sea bears a strange fish, I reflected.

Not to put too fine a pike, I mean fine a point on it, Jeffrey Lee Pierce was about as charismatic as a rancid kipper.

This could have been a classic performance in the energetic rebirth. As it was, it allayed my worst fears of Gun, though its thunderous evocation still rang a little hollow.

Despite the neutering ravages performed on the body electric of their recorded work, the new message is that The Gun Club are far from frozen fish, thanks to the reviving effect of a new, stronger line-up.

Survivor from the American invasion that proved to be the non-event of the year, ex Bush Tetra Dee Pop provides a basic animal drum beat over which guitarist Jim Duckworth layers an awesome splintered rockabilly. The instrument may be the same sizeable semi-acoustic that he brandished in his days with Panther Burns, but with the aid of a dash of metal flash he's developed a destructive force within his sound that strips off the varnish of rock and roll respect that tarnished the Burns beat.

His new style rips through the restrictions of the iron laden chunka-chunk-a-chunka-chunk to provide a manic reconstruction that inevitably recalls the sadly silent Cramps in parts, but replaces their trash aesthetic with a sexual swagger.

The other saving factor is bassist Patricia Morrison, making her first appearances with the band. With a bone-white face, and a mass of black hair, she has a menacing Moricia Adams charisma that could be as corny as hell if she wasn't capable of producing a bass sound of ominous immensity, giving The Gun Club a *complete* sound that they have conspicuously lacked since the days of 'Fire Of Love'.

Now their sound is settling into a new and more elaborate exercise in total noise, that replaces the pared-down pure energy of the first LP, they simply have to boot out Chris Stein to return to vinyl form. When it comes to live excitement though, they've got problems.

Don Watson

TOKYO OLYMPICS
DARK AVENUE
Manchester The Gallery.

PEOPLE, HOW can I even begin to describe to you the many wonders of Dark Avenue? I offer no explanation for their existence in 1983 — frankly it eludes me. Initially a visually rivetting combo, I did, I must confess, get a little weary of watching the lead singer dry-humping his bass guitar.

Actually if you're in the right mood they could considerably brighten up a dull evening no end; being quite the most repulsive act I've witnessed for some time. Marvel! as the bass guitar is played with the teeth Hendrix-style. Thrill! to their version of 'Life On Mars' reduced to a heavy metal anthem. Laugh? I thought I'd prolapsed.

And after that...Tokyo Olympics just had to be an anti-climax. When mentioning this band it is essential to follow with the sentence, "are receiving interest from several major record companies..." viz: they look good/sound good/write neat little songs while remaining totally passive. A & R men throughout London must be wetting themselves in anticipation.

Tokyo Olympics 'delivered' an impressive 'set' of modern music which fuses soul/rock/pop influences and punches to leave a sting. I'm quite sure that a bright and fabulous future beckons them and if they retain their edge they'll become a useful if dull band. Personally they whip up the same kind of rabid apathy normally reserved for news of a new U2 live triple set. Does anyone really need another Comsat Angels?

From the ridiculous to the inoffensive. Tokyo Olympics are contenders and truly depressing.

Liz Neer

Street crier *Pic Kerstin Rodgers*

STREETS AHEAD

52ND STREET SYNCOPATION
London ICA

WHOEVER THOUGHT of putting 52nd Street on before Syncopation was not dumb. Had it been the other way round, few people would have been left in the audience to witness the better band.

They may be a jazz funk band, but I forgave 52nd Street on the merit of their youth, vigour and punch. Besides, they made the tired feet that had tramped across London for the best part of the day itch to dance (this strenuous suggestion was overruled by other body components).

It was breezy, colourful music highlighted by the easy style of the female vocalist. The performance relaxed rather than taxed the mind, a fact that was reflected by the musical content. This alone should ensure the band's future popularity.

In sharp contrast, Syncopation did more than jar the senses. Watching them, and even worse, actually listening, was akin to having your teeth filed by a chain saw. Painful.

They were obviously tortured, misunderstood souls, but I wish they hadn't been hell bent on ensuring that every member of the audience participated in their extremely tedious agony. If they had taken themselves a little less seriously, they might have been plausible, but I doubt it.

Standing at the back of the hall I saw people drift away as quickly as if they'd just had an audience with the Yorkshire Ripper. A core of die-hard enthusiasts remained when I succumbed to temptation and joined the mighty throng.

Jas Bancil

SWIMMING TO FRANCE THE REPUBLIC ROMAN HOLLIDAY
London ICA

AND SO the ICA embraces the amplifier once more.

Under the banner of 'Wavebands', and continuing in independent manner the trend of DJ as personality six of these creatures have been invited to put their taste in music where their mouths are and champion three 'up and coming' acts from the wastelands. Which is an interesting idea in theory, but by the time I've seen Swimming To France and The Republic, the only conclusion I can reach is that tonight's DJ Charlie Gilett, has got exceptionally bad taste.

Swimming To France are ancient New Wave (white suits, bow-ties and balding) and make me seasick after a couple of numbers. Drop them over the white cliffs... And perhaps The Republic could try swimming to France with them. Bit of bad blood in The Republic I think. Commune rock: they clutter up the stage with all manner of instruments and people and still manage to sound constipated and conservative. Radical rhythms, huh!

And a final breath of fresh air from Roman Holliday, with one of the most honest interpretations of The Big Band Sound heard in ages. Tinkling ivories, shiny brass and more energy in the angle of their hats than the entire combination of previous groups' talents.

Kirsty McNeill

HURRAH!
The Soul Cellar Newcastle

UPSTAIRS AT Grey's Club, supposedly one of the sleekest nightclubs in town, they are dancing to the latest disco sounds but down in The Soul Cellar 'the Newcastle music scene' is clearing its throat. Sadly The Soul Cellar, which was born in early February, tonight will breathe its last but everyone is glad to see that Hurrah! are playing the swansong.

Hurrah! are signed to the local Kitchenware label (an offshoot of the Soul Kitchen venture which has brought such bands as New Order and The Bluebells to the previously underprivileged North-East) and released their debut single 'The Sun Shines Here' last year.

Their songs are danceable and optimistic, arousing a certain passion for life, exuberant rather than lush and spacious. The guitars, inventive and tasteful, spark with intricacies. The drums are insistent and sharp but somewhat mollified by a mellowing bass and half-folky harmony vocals.

Despite the mild squalor and cramped style of The Soul Cellar itself, the music has been excellent and the atmosphere positively vibrant. Despite what you might think, the sun does shine here.

Susan Convery

CORPORATION
North London Poly, Kentish Town

'UNITY WITH SWAPO', 'Vote SWP', 'Sparticans unite' read the posters decorating this particularly grotty students' basement bar.

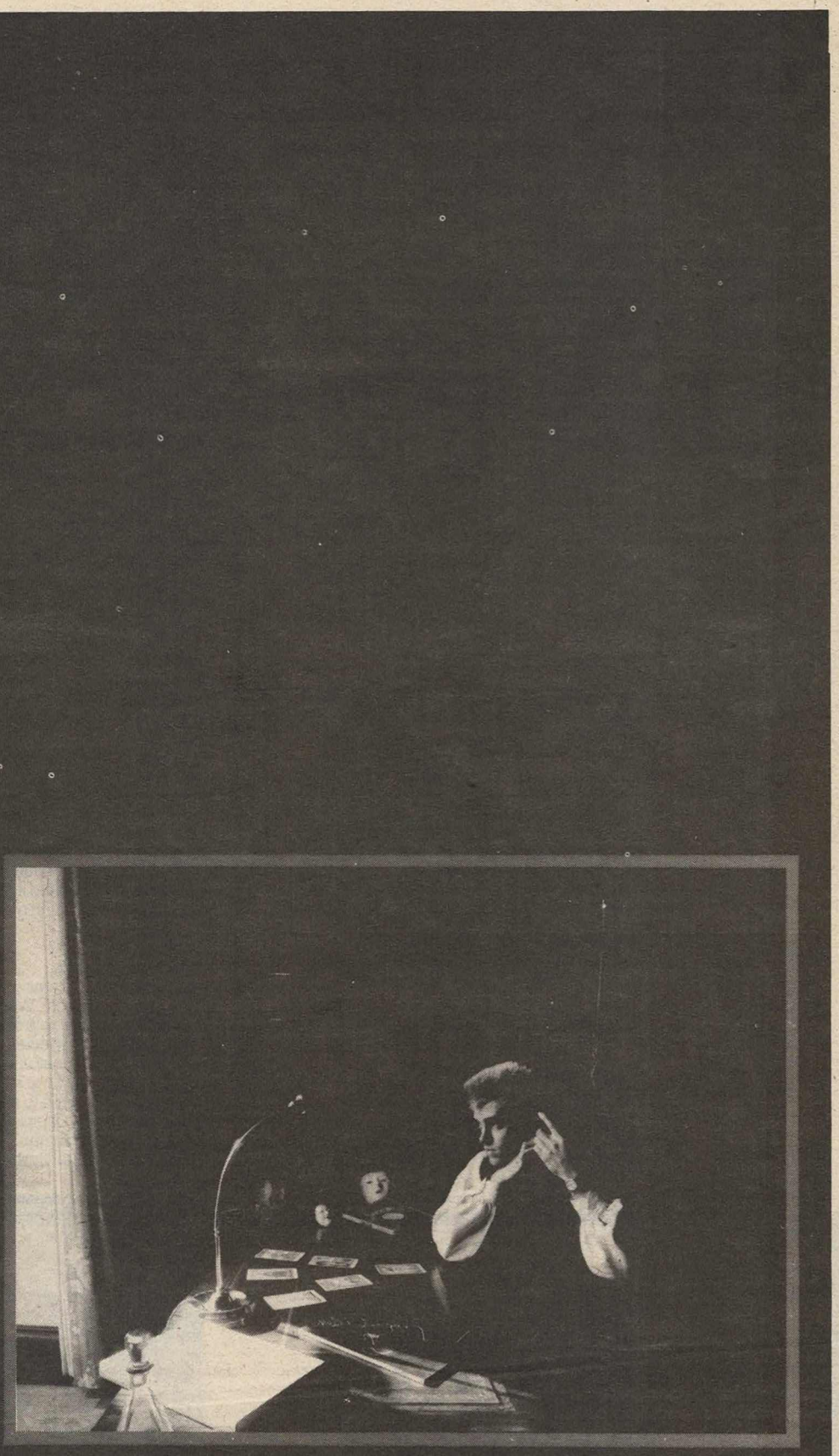
'Hard Times' the Corporation backdrop screamed, as though in sympathy with it's surroundings — almost but not quite. The band's slogan and stand out number (which is much harder live than the version on the recent *NME* cassette), based on the idea of love helping you survive through the economic doldrums, explores basic social/personal emotions in a way that totally trancends the sophomores' superficial and dilettante sloganeering. Here is humour, here is fun, here is...humanity, and you don't need lectures on that.

"Are you happy?" ask mainman Paul as Corporation fly into a frantic funk based set. Exciting stuff it is as well, Keith the bassist leaps around like a wildman while providing the basic heartbeat to which the band add hues and shades of delightful melody and rhythm.

Sharp, clear blue funk tunes merge into heavy, fully blossomed northern soul sweat-alongs that leave the *soul-less* JoBoxers standing and gasping.

The set finishes with a zestful, trumpet fuelled, stop-start encore of 'Hard Times' (nothing to do with the supposed club culture of the same name) and I am a happy man indeed.

Richard North



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YELLOWMAN MEETS FATHEAD

and at the grassroots of dub Fathead meets Dominic K.

CAST YOUR mind back to the Christmas *NME* and recollect a feature titled: The Year's Most Unlikely Sex Symbol! It was the first time we were supplied with comprehensive data on the MC maestro Yellowman.

Since when his popularity has gained new heights. First many viewers witnessed Yellow's chat on C4's *Reggae Sunsplash*. More recently, he and Fathead have infiltrated further with recordings like their appearance on the Aces live session LP.

Still many facts about Yellowman remain obscured in shadows, such as his life growing up in an orphanage right to his first record 'Eventide Fire'. Although it is speculated it was Ruddy Thomas who first put Yellowman on tape.

I met up with his MC companion Fathead:

Your first major hit was 'Operation Radication'. Where did the idea for that come from?

"Since gun law a special kind of police come in Jamaica and we sing 'bout them. It's to all countryman who come to town and join bad gang. 'Cause gunshot it respect no man."

When did you actually meet Yellowman?

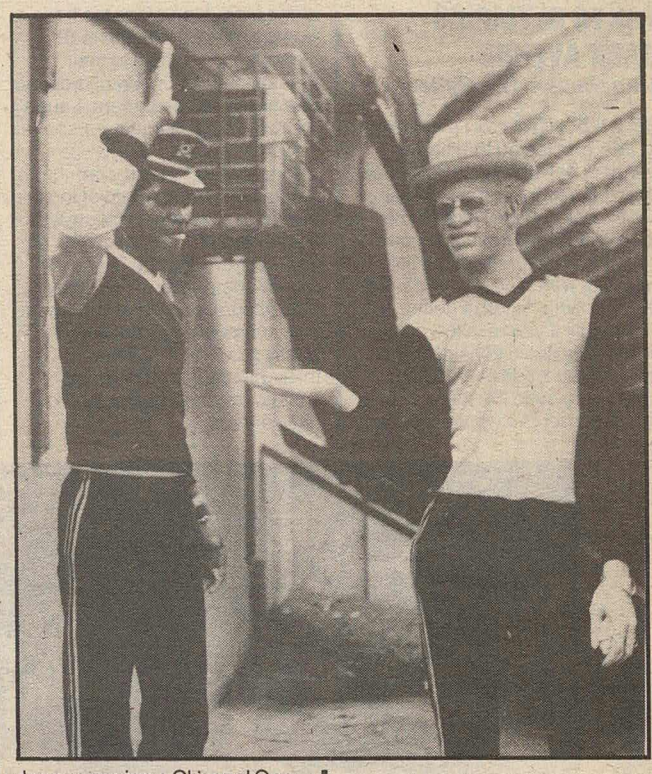
"From six month me DJ. Yellow start before me. My first sound was one called Midget and another was Chinna."

When Yellowman first started he received much hostility from audiences. How long was it before he became generally accepted?

"Well since him make his record him get fame, no man vex 'im. The pace of the disco and the record spread it."

Recently you have made some records on your own.

"Yeah 'Rat Trap'. We had done a session a Channel One and after I was singing to meself producer say, Yeah man start the tape rolling. Yellowman and me still friend, but 'im have this manager and say 'im must DJ on his own."



Taxi Fare

A VARIOUS artists album of **Sly** and **Robbie** productions recorded and mixed at Channel One has been released on the Taxi label.

Entitled 'Turbo Charge', the set features two titles from the dynamic duo, their version of The Techniques' 'You Don't Care' and their instrumental 45: 'Unmetered Taxi'.

Also represented is the popular **Roland Burrell** song 'Johnny Dollar', plus **Yellowman**'s toast of the same 'Soldier Take Over' and the **Taxi Gang**'s instrumental variation 'Soldierman Rock', as well as **Dennis Brown**'s 'Have You Ever' **Jimmy Riley**'s 'Hey Love', **Black Uhuru,** 'Sponjie Reggae' and **Tamlins,** 'Sweat For You Baby'.

Art D'Afrique

A SUMMER exhibition featuring the works of five African artists begins at the Commonwealth Institute in London this week.

Spotlighted are **Henry Tayali** of Zambia: May 4 — June 12; **John Muafangejo** of Namibia: May 5 — 29; **Dan Sekanwagi** of Uganda: June 29 — July 29; **Nicholas Mukomberanwa** of Zimbabwe: July 6 — 31; and **Ablade Glover** of Ghana: July 6 — August 7.

Times of opening are Mondays to Saturdays 10.00 to 5.30 and Sundays 2.00 to 5.00 and the Institute is situated in Kensington High Street, W8. Admission free.

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so with thy delicious numbers...in the footsteps of Michigan and Smiley... from Brentford Road emerge Rapper Robert and Jim Brown to exchange comment on two new Studio 1 pre. To the rhythm of Larry Marshall's 'Throw Me Corn' the duo chant of cassette and tape 'Pirates' and on the other urge a 'Minister For Ganga' morecut of 'Full Up'...**that, being ravished, hence I go away in easy slumbers**...also utilising the familiar 'Full Up' combination as laid at Maxfield Avenue is new Eek-A-Mouse soundalike Simple Simon, who on the Hitbound label tells further on the popular theme of Genoese citizen 'Christopher Columbus'...**ease my sick head**...new recruit at 56 Hope Road is singer Ken Boothe, where he records for the imprint of that address a B B Seaton composition entitled 'I Feel Like Daniel'. And current too from Mr Boothe is a Studio 1 recording of uncertain vintage chanting of 'Home'...**and make my bed**...also circulating from C S Dodd's music laboratory is Otis Gayle, 'What You Won't Do For Love' (Coxsone); Freddie McGregor, 'Sweet Child' (Coxsone); Lennie Hibbert, 'Montego Rock' (Studio 1)...**thou power that canst sever from me this ill**...while on Power House pre come Little John with 'True Confession' and Barrington Levy, 'Praise His Name'...**and quickly still**...other pre to arrive include: Santana, 'Physical Fitness' (Gamble); Mighty Diamonds, 'Kinarky' (Bad Gong); Don Evans, 'Lonesome Lad' (Gorgon); Hugh Griffiths, 'Mark My Word' (Hitbound); Michael Prophet, 'Obey Your Parents' (Vivian Jackson)...**though thou not kill my fever**...relayed to this STATION information that Errol D's recent Music Hawk release 'How Could I Let You Get Away' is improved at Easy Street with Tony Gad, Angus, Sonny Binns, Sowell Radics, Alan Weekes and Bro Lennie...

★★★

THOU SWEETLY CANST CONVERT THE same...dance at the St George's Hotel, St John Precinct in Liverpool on Thursday in celebration of Jamaica's 21 anniversary independence. Music by Blue Bells steelband and Scorcher disco. Tickets: 051 733 9555...**from a consuming fire...**on Friday at Riverdale Centre, Lewisham, SE13 is a Nite of Love & Unity in aid of the Ethiopian famine — from 6pm to 12 — featuring Sir Coxsone Down-Beat and Saxon. Buffet and bar. Adm: £3...**into a gentle licking flame**...on the same evening at Chalkhill youth club in Poplar Grove, Wembley from 7pm until midnight is sounds of Hawkeye featuring David Rodigan plus Soul Incorporated. Tickets from Chalkhill: 01-904 1974...**and make it thus expire**...onstage at the Dolphin Pub, Uxbridge Road, Slough this Saturday is Natural Roots plus support from Mighty Stripes and live on the dance floor Complex from Slough. Doors open 7pm until midnight. Ital food. Tickets £2.50 from Fasim 75-77588...**then make me weep my pains asleep**...meanwhile, on the same night in Huddersfield at Cleo's, Venn Street is Jamaican teen toaster Billy Boyo...**and give me such reposes**...late session in Fulham on Saturday rocking to West London champion Diamonds at 11 John Strachey House, Clemattlee Court, St Thomas Way, SW6 from 11pm till it done. Food and refreshments...**that I, poor I**...while on the Thames in the early hours of Sunday morning is a midnight Boat Cruise & Dance with music by Unity Hi-Fi. Coaches leave Tottenham Town Hall midnight on Saturday. Boat leaves Greenwich Pier 1am. Returns 6am..**may think thereby**...reggae night the Ace in Brixton on Monday features Aquizim+Ras Rombo+Jah Shaka sound. Tickets: 01-274 4663...**I live and die 'mongst roses**...while at the Nottingham Palais in Parliament Street on the same night—9pm to 2am—the two bad DJs Clint Eastwood and General Saint live onstage. Sounds by V Rocket and Mighty Two Hi-Fi...

★★★

FALL ON ME LIKE THE SILENT DEW...live onstage at the Africa Centre, King Street, Covent Garden this Friday is Urban Shakedown plus poet Benjamin Zephaniah. Doors open 7.30pm. Tickets: £1.75...**or like those maiden showers**...meanwhile, on current display at the Centre gallery until June 2 is *The Pan-Afrikan Connection*, an exhibition of radical black art daily for 10am to 5.30pm...**which, by the peep of day, do strew a baptim o'er the flowers**... demonstrate this Saturday in support of Britain out of Ireland and autonomy for the Irish people. Assemble at Speakers Corner, Hyde Park at 1pm. Speakers include GLC leader Ken Livingstone...**melt, melt my pains**...beside the rag market in Birmingham, dub specialist Don Christie has opened new premises at 10-12 Gloucester Street, B5. The shop also stocks a range of calypso plus scarves, badges, headbands, prints etc...**with thy soft strains**...news reaches this STATION that Trelawny showband The Twinkle Brothers are embarked on a four month tour of the US...**that, having ease me given**...the third issue of Boston reggaezine *Judgement Times* is now published. A 32-page booklet price one dollar, *JT* features a cover story on Yellowman, plus pieces on The Maytals, Sister Nancy, Triston Palma, Eek-A-Mouse and more. Available from: 118 Mass Ave. Box 132 Boston, MA 02115...**with full delight I leave this light**...also proclaimed is Vol 3 No 2 of Finnish reggaezine *Cool Runnings* with a cover story and interview regaling royal ras Prince Lincoln, an overview of Freddie McGregor's recorded works, plus articles on Addis Ababa, Skyjuice and Scientist. Available from PI 37, 02361 Espoo 36, Finland...**and take my flight for Heaven**...finally, further misrepresentation of the music is to be read between the lines of *Reggae International,* the new glossy book by the US authors of *Reggae Bloodlines.* In spite of a contribution on toasters from Carl Gayle and a rare interview with Clement Seymour Dodd, uncertain knowledge and slick coffee table generalisations betray each other page...

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

Nader sizes up Sizewell

RALPH NADER, legendary American consumer and citizens' rights champion, took time off his two-day UK tour to attend and endorse Friends of the Earth's launch of their new volume *The PWR Decision: How Not To Buy A Nuclear Reactor*. The book puts the government's 1979 decision to buy the American (Three Mile Island Model) reactor in historical perspective, showing that it is the fifth time the UK has been urged to adopt this option — and that it was *rejected on four other occasions*.

Nader appeared specifically to use his famous shoot-from-the-hip forcefulness in explaining the importance to Britain of a recent US Supreme Court decision — this ruled that every state now has the right to refuse the construction of a nuclear plant or reactor on economic grounds.

"There are 74 nuclear plants in the US," said Nader crisply, "and 50-odd under construction, but no order has been placed for any plant since 1974, well before Harrisburg. The economic unfeasibility of these plants is manifest: those which were costed for $300 million are today nearing completion at $400 *billion.*"

"In effect," he told *NME,* "this Court decision constitutes the final blow for an industry which is already crumbling financially; since 1979, the contributions to energy in the US from so-called 'alternative' sources were greater than the net increase of *all* other fuels combined!

"The ruling effectively removes decisions about proliferation in the nuclear industry from Reagan's Federal administration and opens everything up for citizen groups to get their states to act as THEY want with their tax dollars and safety considerations. What it does mean, though, is that the sale of the PWR to *you* is the last ditch for America's nuclear industry financially. If you buy it, they'll also be able to sell it to the Third World — and this is stuff the US won't buy or build."

Nader is notorious for his persistence and ability to wheedle the real truth about safety standards out of corporate monoliths. He appeared at the FoE conference fresh from a teach-in of 3,000 teens the previous day and a subsequent rally at the capital's Westminster Hall where he and a pantheon of notables urged Britons to take a militant stand for ecology along the lines of Europe's Green organisations.

At the press conference, he confided that "the documentation of unsafe factors in reactors and nuclear plants is now so voluminous in the US that to get yet another secret, leaked document on embrittlement, corrosion, earthquake vulnerability, or just the build-up of CRUD is now almost *boring.*

Ralph Nader

"I mean, whether you know it or not," he added more seriously, "we just escaped another Three Mile Island at America's Salem plant — it was 90 *seconds* from meltdown and was saved only because one little gizmo was not lubricated properly!"

Nader expressed trenchant doubts that "the country that covered up Windscale and built the Vickers planes whose wings fell off on the *way* to South Africa" would fare much better with the highly-sophisticated and demonstrably unsafe PWR.

"I tell you," he said firmly, "this technology is so intolerant whether it's Russian, American, or British, it can *never* receive the degree of managerial competence and attentiveness it requires. We even lost astronauts in our Apollo program — and there, believe me, no corners were cut. On the contrary, no expense was spared for their safety or for the provision of the very best scientists and supervisors."

Nader continues his brief but rousing visit with seminars for businessmen and industry chiefs and with rallies in Leeds and Bristol. Asked by *NME* for a parting comment on the nuclear question, he replied: "Believe me, if the public knew what the real facts *were* and they had to choose between reactors and candles, they'd choose candles".

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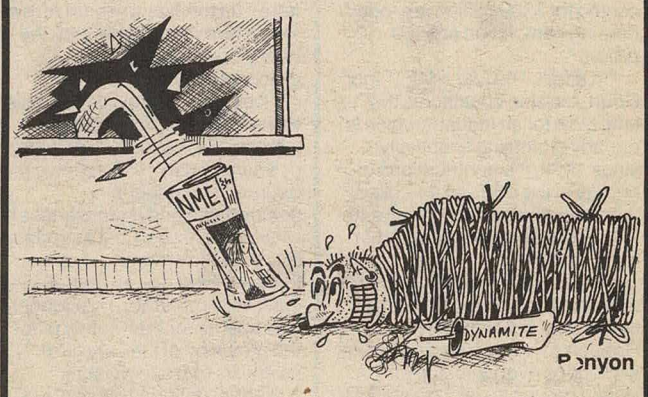

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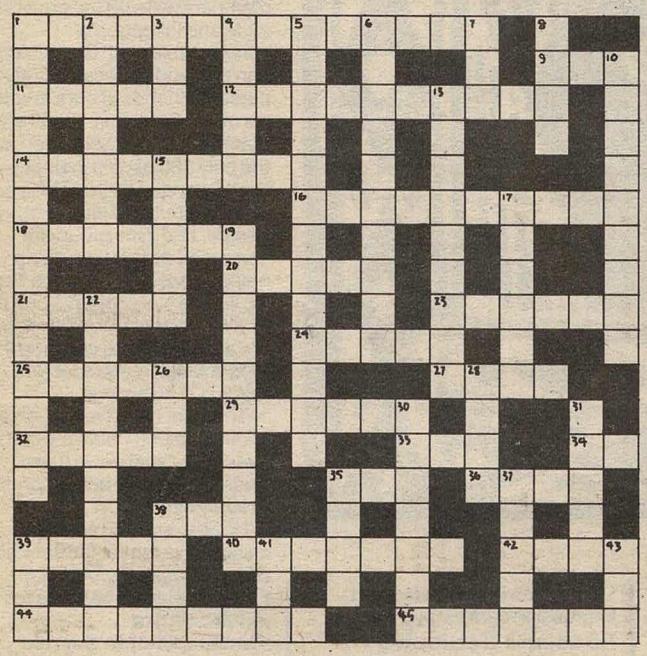
NME XPRESS

CLUES ACROSS

1 *We saw him smoking by the newspaper stand, something odd about his gloved left hand"*, 1983 (2,3,9)
9 'Power In The Darkness' was this group's first album release in 1978 (initials) (1,1,1)
11 How frequently the Angelic Upstarts 'ad nothin' (5)
12 GBH ditty — something for all TV AM's presenters to hum in nervous anticipation? (4,2,4)
14 Eric Clapton split from this band in 1965 when they departed from R&B and moved into 'pop' (9)
16 Simple Minds single taken from 'Real To Real Cacophony' (10)
18 Broken his wing? Belongs to one of the Flock Of Seagulls (7)
20 He's-a selling de ice-a cream-a at Status Quo concerts, yes? (5)
21 Trini, who would have hammered in the morning, hammered in the evening — if only he'd had a hammer (5)
23 Sportivo, as they are known to their friends in Holland (6)
24 The Christmas comedy Number One hit — for four weeks — in 1971 (5)
25 Pain and age somehow make up the vocalist for Secret Affair (3,4)
27 US female group who had a hit here (and there) in 1965 with 'A Lovers Concerto' (4)
29 + 45A Full name of one-time ivory tinkler with Squeeze, more recently a TV rock presenter (6,7)
32 What this paper is all about, or John Miles single from 1976 (5)
33 Some pie-filling for the London recording studios (3
34 see 22D
35 BBC2 TV rock prog (1,1,1)
36 Whose Cassette Pet was Anabella Luwin? (4)
38 '— Baby' by Peter (no, not Pete) Shelley in 1974 — or the Rovers Return potman (3)
39 + 40A Bass man for the Banshees (5,7)
42 Let's hear it again (and again) (and again) for Ian McCulloch (4)
44 Rolling Stones imprint themselves on your body, but mainly on your arms and chest (6,3)
45 see 29A



compiled by **Trevor Hungerford**

CLUES DOWN

1 She's involved with chainsaws, rubber, sex and also sings with the Plasmatics (5,1,8)
2 Laurie, Gaye, Howard and T. V. — forenames of original line-up of now defunct band (7)
3 Third — Band, who appeared on Harvest label from 1969 to 1972 (3)
4 + 10D From Warwick, he formed in the late '60s a band under his own name, with brother Steve (5,9)
5 When he's not being a pop-star, he's just plain Declan McManus (5,8)
6 O! Men pat fit — that's Heaven 17! (10)
7 Record label in the middle (3)
8 A kind of pest Elton John put into Christmas, 1973 (4)
10 see 4D
13 One-time line-up was Pete Balmer, David Simmonds, Daniel Miller, Robert Gotobed (3,6)
15 Punk band — current LP 'Voice Of A Generation' on No Future (5)
17 see 22D
19 Once best known for attempting to slap Russell Harty back to life (5,5)
22 + 34A + 17D Two of their original members were Red Helmet and Liquid Les (10,2,6)
26 Can be found appearing in a drab concert (3)
28 + 35D Besides an album under their own name, they also released 'Even Serpents Shine' and 'Baby's Got A Gun' (4,4)
30 Sent him around to look up one of The Monkees (7)
31 *"See her eyes they are bright tonight, see the stars coming out tonight"*, 1982 (5)
35 see 28D
37 Y's guy Dick (5)
38 Massive Dexys hit gone wrong? (4)
39 Thompson Twins album from last year (3)
41 Here come the warm jets taking tiger mountain by strategy (3)
43 From Durham — they're in there but they're from Liverpool (initials) (1,1,1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. The Final Cut, 6. Jam, 8. EMI, 10. Sober, 11. Creatures, 12. P X., 13. Lolita, 15. Eon, 16. Wonder, 17. Panic, 20. SPG, 21. See 33A, 23. Stompin, 24. Teen, 26. Dreamer, 28. Ry (Cooder), 29. Von, 31. Lazy Ways, 33. and 21A. She's In Parties, 35. I Am, 36. Co, 37. See 4D, 38. Show.

DOWN: 1. The Celtic Soul, 2. Eric Clapton, 3. Anita, 4. + 37A. Church Of The Poison Mind, 5. Tess, 6. JoBoxers, 7. See 34D, 9. Newton, 14. Edie, 18. Ipi, 19. Candy Yam, 22. Stevens, 25. Eros, 27. Eyes, 28. Rain, 30. Nico, 32. Smi(th), 33. Sid (Vicious), 34 + 7D. Now Martin's Gone.

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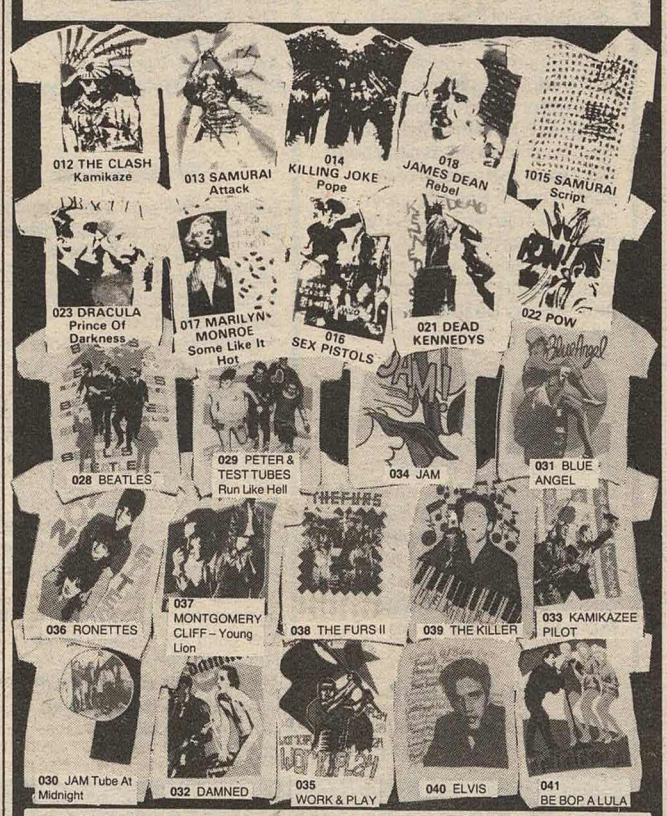
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GASBAG

Illustration Lorna MacDougall

THE CURSE OF GASBAG

On the day that my letter on politics was printed in the *NME*, I dropped my portable stereo out of the trapdoor of my attic. Then I trapped a nerve in my back. Finally, playing cricket, I got hit in the gonads by a full toss when I had made two runs.

Thinking that these were all messages from our maker to the effect of: "Socialism isn't all that bad, go on, try it out!", I went to buy myself an anorak. A nice blue one with a woolly lining. As soon as I put it on in the shop, it started to rain.

Nice one, God!

Feargal, The Attic, Enfield.

Wrong colour, obviously. — AG.

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

I was sitting there wondering whatever happened to Bette Midler, when I saw her last week on *Top Of The Pops* singing with Twisted Sister.

The Fast Forward Chestnut Rugby Club, Herts.

Can't you think of a Snider comment than that? — AG.

CHART TOPPERS

Forgive me, kind Gasbagger, I am writing to say that your new charts are the tops as far as I am concerned.

Thank you for being so tolerant. If I develop an opinion on anything else and I am feeling strong enough, I will write to you again.

Richard, A Hospital, Bradford.

Just had to get it off your chest, right? — AG.

Your new double chart page is very interesting and an improvement on a chart page which was already the best in the business.

Two minor gripes, though: to many of us, 20 years ago is a mere yesterday. Couldn't the retrogressive charts go back another ten years to the early '50s, thus covering the start of rock'n'roll?

Also, couldn't we have a "Hipster's Chart" made up by the paper's journalists and giving credit to original/soulful/classic records of today? It would encourage excellence in the record business because on snob value alone it would become *the* chart to be in.

Kerouac fan, Devon.

Now there's a man who knows how to get a letter printed in *Gasbag*. — AG.

Please can I suggest some improvements to your already improved (and very good) chart section? I'd just like to point out a few categories you've omitted that could be useful — a posers chart, a positive punk chart and a five, ten, 15 and 20 years later chart.

Green Garside's hat, Sale.

PS: Can I have Neil wotsisname's (The Ed) autograph? Ta.

Certainly. Here it is:

Please tell us how you are distributing chart points now that charts have extended to a Top 50.

I want to make sure there's no, er, fiddling (!) going on, you see.

Christopher, Bracknell.

The new system works as follows: everyone in the office (the saloon bar of the Sun And 13 Cantons) puts their name into the Ed's top hat, and whoever's name is first out gets to compile the chart. Adrian won this week. — AG.

DANCING FINGERS??!!

'Twas with great interest that I read Penny Reel's Top Ten International play list, for at the very top was none other than Dermot O'Brien...yes *the* Dermot O'Brien.

For years, I've had to listen to endless sessions of Dermot O'Brien records, belting out of our front room. My father has endless LPs by this light-fingered accordion maestro. Titles such as 'The Boys Of Killy Begs', 'Mother Malone' or even 'The Turf Man From Ardee' are as familiar to me as any of today's chart records.

This man has laboured for 20 years, achieving obscurity in Europe but stardom in Ireland.

Why not check out some of his LPs such as 'O'Brien's Crossroads Ceili', 'The Laughing Accordion', 'The Three Dimensions Of Dermot O'Brien' or even the seminal 'Dancing Fingers'. Lets put this unsung hero where he really belongs! Let's show Julio Iglesias that *other* Europeans can really turn it on when it counts!

This has been a public service announcement!

David D. Manchester.

Ah, yes, 'The Three Dimensions Of Dermot O'Brien'... was that the one that included 'Height', 'Length' and 'Breadth'? — AG.

SUCCESS!

Out of two letters I've sent to *Gasbag*, I've had two printed. Does this mean I'm getting the hang of it?

Hoddy, London SE19

No, it means we're short of letters.— AG.

LET'S GET SERIOUS!

John Boy Spontane's letter (re the 'Welsh' Velvet Underground) was typical of the mocking attitude of the English (and certain non-Welsh-speaking Welshmen) towards Welsh Nationalism. Ask yourself this, *NME*: would you, with your oh-so-hip radical attitudes, have printed Spontane's letter if it had taken the piss out of Rastafarians, feminists, or the Irish?

Of couse you wouldn't, but it isn't trendy to side with the Welsh as an oppressed minority... despite us having all the 'radical chic' qualifications, having been colonised and robbed of our culture by the English upper classes! This is probably due to myths as perpetuated by persons of Spontane's ilk, with his banter about "pointy hats", "daffodils" and "Shirley Bassey". I suppose we all say "yacky-da" and "boyo" too?

Wyndham J Bettius, Brecon, Powys.

Come on now, Wyndy, we all have our national characteristics. It's just unfortunate that the national characteristic of the Welsh happens to be a complete absence of a sense of humour. By the way, have you heard the one about the Irish Rasta feminist...? — AG.

MR NICE GUY

In view of the fact that *Gandhi* has won eight Oscars and the Patel chain of sweetshops got 93rd place in the Queen's Award To Industry (sponsored by Larry Grayson), I am making public the findings of the recent report by the Ministry For Nice Things.

It has been discovered that culture, good food, comfortable shoes, Portuguese-Swahili phrasebooks, clammy hands, *Emmerdale Farm,* XTC and other nice things are now found in all parts of the globe. All parts, that is, except Asia.

Bude, the Minister For Nice Things, Some Boozy Club In Westminster.

And maybe Wales. Not forgetting Belgium, of course. — AG.

SPONDULICKS

I agree with Paolo's assumption that Spandau have been deserted by the 'Wag Club' crowd and adopted by a teeny audience but is that good reason to dismiss them as a band of no consequence? It all smacks so much of the "build 'em up, knock 'em down" syndrome.

Bournemouth's local magazine *Coaster* had no trouble getting an interview and pictures from the band and I would suggest that the reason why Mr Hewitt failed in his quest was that his attitude was aggressive from the start. Surely Adrian Thrills would have been a much better choice for this assignment — or does he fit into the "lickarse" category like Robert Elms?

Mick Tarrant, Bournemouth.

We prefer to think of it as different shades of subjectivity. — AG.

I must answer the misleading impression created by Paolo Hewitt in his "To cut a long story..." article that Spandau Ballet are in anyway frightened to speak to him because the intelligence and insight he would bring to bear on us would reveal us as the fakes he obviously desperately wants to prove us to be.

Our reluctance and eventual refusal to take part in the article he wanted to write about the group stems from a tendency to lie and mis-represent in print in order to suit his own ends, which he had previously displayed graphically in his review of 'Communication'. In order to make the criticism that the lyrics were pompous, he quoted a supposed extract from the song which was certainly pompous, but certainly not in the song. Whilst accepting that anyone can make a mistake (although the lyrics were printed on the bag of the single), when this inaccuracy was pointed out to him immediately he unconvincingly blamed the printers (???) and agreed to correct the error in the next issue. He of course failed to do so because the truth didn't suit the "critical appreciation" he wanted to write about the group, and the contents of which he had already decided upon. There seemed little point in adding credibility with quotes (probably misreported) and photographs to a set of assertions about Spandau Ballet and the London club scene which he seems determined to make whether they have anything to do with the truth or not. The truth is he is obsessed for some reason with attempting to criticise and discredit something which he is not part of and doesn't understand, clearly displayed by his remark to a reveller in Bournemouth, "Why are you pretending to enjoy yourself?" This also explains his hostile attitude to other journalists (including *NME* journalists) who did write about the group enthusiastically and his strange assertion that anyone in the press who likes them is an arselicker.

And here we come to the crux of his problem. His ugly face has only relatively recently appeared on the fringes of the London club scene, and sure, I've never bought *him* a drink, I don't really know him. Perhaps I haven't licked his arse sufficiently for a good write up. Sorry Paolo, just writing for a music paper doesn't qualify you for inclusion in my rounds. And even when I did *try* to be nice after I sent you home you accuse me of making placating noises! It won't happen again, wait until we *next meet,* swinger.

Also his comments about the Wag Club were particularly amusing. It certainly is true that very few Spandau Ballet tickets for Bournemouth were sold in the Wag Club. Instead most of its members were on the guest list at mine and the group's considerable cost! Something we don't begrudge because they are personal friends of ours to whom we owe a lot for their moral and material support when they were the only 300 people in Britain who liked Spandau Ballet. This year in Bournemouth we played to 3,000 people, and if the group are screamed at, they can't help being handsome. You see Paolo, we were a cult group playing only at small events to a close crowd because you were covering the Mod-revival (remember that readers?) at the time.

To close, I don't regret for one minute making Paolo the first man ever to be "sent down from Bournemouth for not pretending to enjoy himself".

Hope to see you soon to discuss this matter further Paolo.

Steve Dagger, Reformation.

I'll apologise once more for the misprinting of 'Communication's' lyrics which, whatever you might care to believe, *solely* came about due to a printing mix-up. I've never lied or willingly misrepresented in an article of mine and never will. I have standards.

You might also care to note that apart from the thorny problem of the lyrics the rest of my review for 'Communication' was enthusiastic and encouraging. According to your interpretation that makes *me* an arselicker. Strange.

If Gary Kemp doesn't want to justify himself, then fine, only don't pretend otherwise and then moan like children when you feel the consequences.

As for the London club scene you're so proud of creating, I, along with a lot of *NME* readers I suspect, have purely ambivalent feelings towards it. Only when you try to elevate it (cf Bounemouth) to some cultural height do the more sane of us start to get annoyed...

I do hope we get to discuss this matter further Steve and mine's a vodka and tonic. Double of course. — PH. Seems like a bloody long-winded way of telling someone to go boil their bum, Paolo. — AG.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION OF DERMOT O'BRIEN

Penny Reel is a right gob-shite.

For how much longer does Irish youth have to put up with Irish romanticism from their elders, and worse still, reggae correspondents from the *NME* (whether he's a paddy or not).

ANDY GILL DRUMS UP ANSWERS TO A BAGFUL OF LETTERS

How can he justify giving pride of place to Dermot O'Brien *et al* (whose main audience includes the likes of the old fellas you can see alseep drunk in their meals in any cafe on the Kilburn High Road on any Sunday afternoon), while dismissing the 'Five Go Down To The Sea' single in two lines? If Penny Reel was interested in helping Irish affairs, he would have left the singles to somebody who knew what they were talking about.

Penny Reel's interest in the "oppressed people" of the world is both patronising and superfluous. Kabuki Records was set up in London to help Irish bands, who can see beyond all this false romanticism crap. That's why we called the label Kabuki (a Japanese word), not Shamrock or Molly Malone Records.

Perhaps he would have reacted better to some romantic REBEL lyrics like these: "Up me hole/Lookin' for coal/In a shower of rain/How's yer dad/Not too bad/WANK!"
Gareth Ryan, Kabuki Records, c/o Rough Trade.

What's this "oppressed people" in quotes mean? I never said these words. Nor suggested interest in helping Irish affairs. I was reviewing *music*, which is what Dermot O'Brien *et al* deal in. Whereas the majority of Kabuki seemingly dispense pretence, your choice of lyric perhaps being an example. — Reel.

BAD PENNY

I thought Penny Rimbaud was a man! are you mocking your readers by not telling? Yours fraternally,
Red Ladder Theatre Company, Leeds.

No, you daft pillock, we're mocking Penny Rimbaud. And what's all this "fraternal" stuff about, then? You lot a bunch of macho chauvinists or something? — AG.

I feel it necessary to inform you dears out there that Ms Rimbaud is actually *Mr* Rimbaud — a gentleman who is rapidly approaching his half century of life as we know it.

At this "mature" age most people suffer cranial deterioration, lose their teeth and occasionally provide the "youngsters" with words of wisdom.

After reading *A Series Of...*, I think we can discount the latter in dear Penny's case. Come along quietly, dear, we're waiting.
The Matron, Sunshine Secure Retirement Home.

SARKUS MARCUS

I feel I must protest about your recent article on Just Look At The State Of My Underwear, that up-and-cloning young band with the entertaining off-the-peg accents. Ian 'Willy' Williamson was made to look a complete dodo, and what about the others, eh? No mention of their haircuts *at all.*

And another thing: what's the point of interviewing a group if you aren't going to divulge the members' first dubious sexual experiences? Next you'll be forgetting to spend three-quarters of the article 'scene-setting', and then where will modern music be? Harrumph!

And where's the archive picture of pre-facelift Durban Durban in flared denims? *Someone's not doing his job?*

I don't know. You people are really losing your grip. You should employ that nice Robert Elms; I'm sure he could get it right.
Marcus Crash.
Doubtful. — AG.

IT'S A FAIR CLOUGH, GUV

Can we be the first to say that we sincerely hope that the new disco opens in Coronation Street. Stuff Ken Barlow.
Abba, Stockholm.
Some folks will do anything to get airplay. — AG.

Write to: GASBAG, *NME*, 3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG

T-ZERS

BLOODY *T-ZERS!* Just look at 'em all! Running, jumping, probing, slagging, slandering, fibbing, embellishing, exaggerating, gossiping, gushing, chatting, gassing, waffling and prattling all over the inside back page!

They're frightening aren't they? The fibs they tell are enormous. The rows they cause are legendary. The gossip and tittle-tattle that they spread have alienated them from the rest of the paper, even the letters page!

Bloody *T-Zers!* Who do they think they are? Why do they look the way they do? Who supplies them? Why are they so hard to find? Why are they always handed in so late? Who or what is a "dot"? Why are 'Those Bloody *T-Zers*' so misunderstood by their elders back on *Silver Screen* or the albums pages?

We have been listening to Those Bloody *T-Zers* by the hundred. We have heard them talk like they have never talked before — except among themselves — and are now ready to print the results. Now it is your chance to listen. A chance to make your mind up about Those Bloody *T-Zers*!

Take young **Sharon T-Zer,** 17, of New Barnet. She says; "The *T-Zers* of today are always being criticised as if they were just a bunch of good for nothings who make up lies on the spot and go around beating up grannies while listening to **Twisted Sister** on our walkmans. What if we do? It's no reason for us to be shoved up at the back of the paper every week where no-one can find us. Even when they re-design the front of the paper, they don't take us into account! Here we are left up at the back again, resigned to the scrapheap!"

Is Sharon right? Are her thoughts totally representative of Those Bloody *T-Zers* or are they really all decent, young law-abiding items of innocent intrigue? Sample a few of the case histories below and judge for yourself — just who are Those Bloody *T-Zers*?

"THE 1980 winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature (Essays) **Kevin Rowland** is to wed pretty young coleen **Helen O'Hara,** the violinist in **The Midnight Express.** No *not* the film, the bloody band! The happy occasion takes place in Birmingham at the end of June." — *Carlo Rolan T-Zer, age 16, unemployed chimneysweep, Kilburn.*

"Defender of the funk **Prince Charles** was most astonished to learn that the lead warbler in our very own, very wonderful **Culture Club** was, in fact, really just another boy in woman's clothing. Charlie had been rather struck on the idea of a female singer with both a man's name and voice and was most miffed on hearing the truth." — *Muthafunkin T-Zer, age 18, pimp, Times Square.*

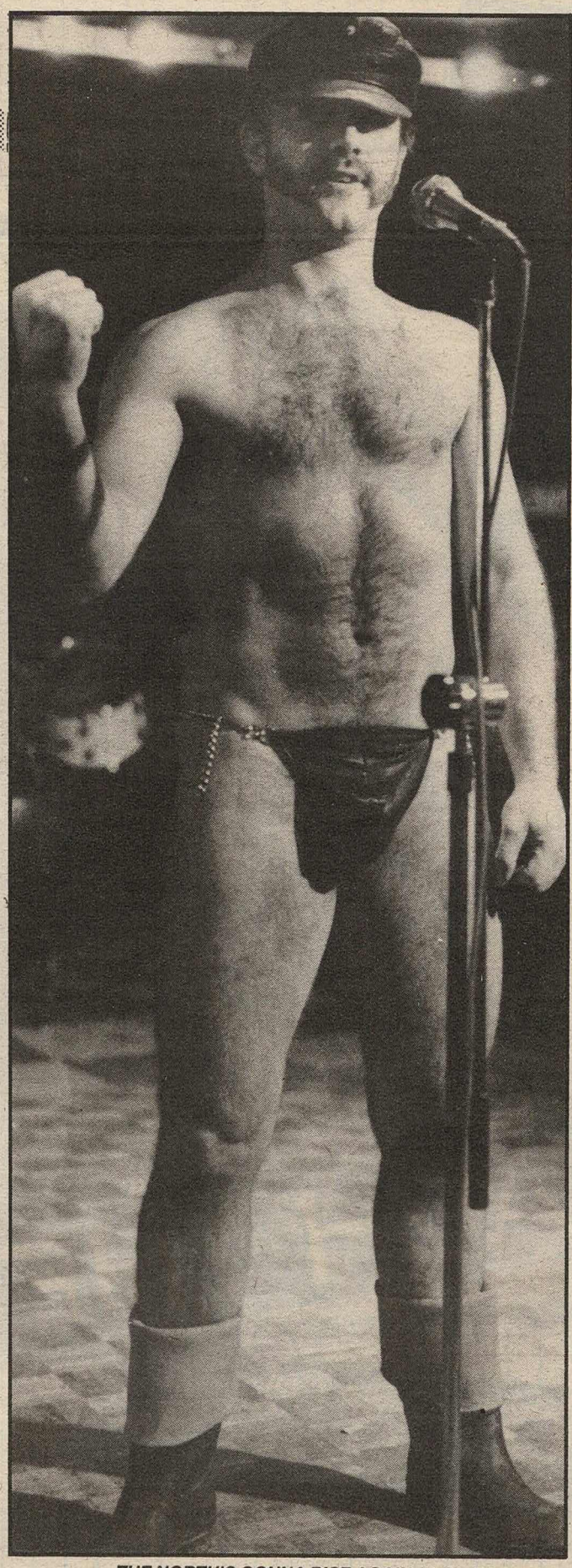
"Dread Broadcasting Corporation would like to apologise for their non-appearance on the airwaves recently, but promise faithfully that they'll be back this Friday." — *Ranking T-Zer, age 15, apprentice dubmaster, Ladbroke Grove.*

"**Glenn Matlock**'s new band, the aptly named **London Cowboys**, went down well (ho ho) at the Titanic Club last week, particularly with audience member **Michael Jagger.** Mr Jagger spent his only night in town checking out the Cowboys and was apparently well impressed. Which just goes to prove. Old rock stars never die, they just develop dodgy taste." — *Pretty Vacant T-Zer, age 57, Wardour Street.*

"The agile **Fad Gadget** came a crippling cropper during his recent performance at the Paradiso in Amsterdam. Fad made one of his usual spectacular leaps into the audience, only to discover a previously un-noticed moat. Crash! Bang! Ouch! The intrepid Fad continued his set before being rushed to hospital on its completion, where two fractured heels and torn ligaments were diagnosed by a phisio. The exciting number nine shirt will now miss the last five games of the season and his chance of a place in next year's UEFA Cup." — *Don "How?" T-Zer, 50, Defence expert, Highbury.*

"**Richard Jobson**'s new group is to be called **The Jungle Of Cities.** Surprisingly, they're kicking off in Sweden." *Herr Jobbo T-Zer, 22, somewhere behind NATO lines, West Germany.*

"Kiss and make up! Controversy is mounting in the states at various rumours that **Gene Simmons,** that nubile young beauty from AOR band **Kiss** is a cannibal! Is he really innocent, or is his fetish for the odd Shepherd's Pie more sinister than it looks?" — *Vic Driller-Killer T-Zer, 15 years, Max Factor, New Jersey.*



THE NORTH'S GONNA RISE AGAIN: Keith Allen reveals his alter ego as Northern Industrial Gay at The Slammer. Pic: Carlos Auguste Guarita.

RAY DAVIES wakes up and wonders what decade he's in, and why he's in bed with MARI WILSON. He'll have to turn to page 20 and the preview of BBC Arena's It's All True to find out.

"**UB40** are currently working on an album of cover versions, mainly old ska and reggae tunes, for forthcoming release of their Dep International label. The title? 'Labour Of Love'. **Culture Club**, meanwhile, are close to completing their next single 'Stormkeeper', while **Duran And Ran And Ran** have roped in **Alex Sadkin** for their forthcoming elpee. The task will take 'Sadders' a full nine months before the terrible beauty is born. That means three months recording, three months mixing and a further three months rolling around in sleeping bags to crumple their **Anthony Price** suits for a new video." — *Ronald Biggs T-Zer, 44, Rio.*

"**Billy Currie** has vamoosed from **Visage** and will in future concentrate on **Ultravox** and a solo project. He claims that working with **Steve Strange** has become a strain with business coming in the way of music." — *A Faded Grey T-Zer, 20, The Market Palace.*

"BLOODY *T-ZERS!* Or in this case, F***ing *T-Zers!* Those Swede bashing hipsters, **The Stray Cats,** have just found themselves in the doghouse after receiving a £5 milion lawsuit for adding the word 'fuck' numerous times to their version of **Eddie Cochran's** 'Jeanie, Jeanie, Jeanie'. Like a hot tin roof maaan!!! Geddit?" — *Elma T-Zer 47 yrs — Pussyfooting, New Jersey.*

"**Boy George** sacked scandal! Our condolences this week are with one time romeo, **George Dowdy,** who only managed to accrue 4,000 cards (USA alone) this Valentine's day past. How fickle love is these days". — *Rudolfo 'Valentino' T-Zer, 101 yrs, Church Of The Poisoned Heart, Romford, Essex.*

"Another popular gal, this time with the Australians, is **Joan Propeller** (formerly **Jett**). She was escorted to her hotel by hundreds of bikers when she touched down in the Antipodes for the start of her tour. Sadly, Joan had only booked a single room..." — *Bruce Foster (nee Sheila Castlemain), 21 yrs old, Sydney, Kangaroo West, Australia.*

"Not so popular with the *people* are the **Hee Gee Bee Gees** who have just been nabbed on a plagiarism charge. As explained to a Federal Jury in Chicago (the Hindy Bindy Windy City) major themes in 'How Deep Is Your Love' were lifted from 'Let It End', an unpublished ditty by **Ronald Selle**, an antique salesman. On that count alone it's probably true as most of their numbers are very high and very old. **Robin** 'Red Breasts' **Gibb** was hauled from the court screaming "Lies, Lies! I don't believe it!" But damages should still make Selle'm Cheap a very rich chap. *T-Zers* are still speculating on what sort of 'damages' the man will receive, favourites with the bookies at the moment are: broken legs 3-1, knee capping 7-4 on and decapitation evens . . . — *Ron Travolta, Freda's Perm Salon, High Road, Belper, Derbyshire.*

"Britain's top popsters **Splendid Wallets** disappointed hundreds of fans at the Regal in Hitchin when they walked off stage after only three numbers of their *Old Grey Whistle Test* showcase. A spokesman for the venue claimed they were as surprised as anybody, and had expected the group to do a whole set as every other band on the programme had proceeded to do once the cameras were off. — *Uncle Sid T-Zer, 20, Hitchin.*

"Productivity work rates on the Tokyo production lines of Nissan, Honda and Aduki slumped a dramatic 0.3, 0.6, and 0.4 per cent respectively at shock news that **Public Image Limited** are to play a series of three concerts in the Japanese capital next month. Among others who will be nipping over to the land of the rising yen include **Pip, Dig & Derek** who also plan to record with venerable Nippon jazzers in honourable eastern digital studio. Hellow and sayonara." — *Yuko Kupo'sake, I2, trainee export manager, Tokyo, Japan.*

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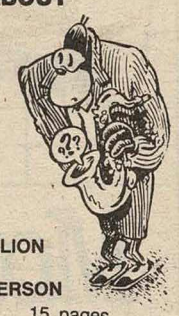

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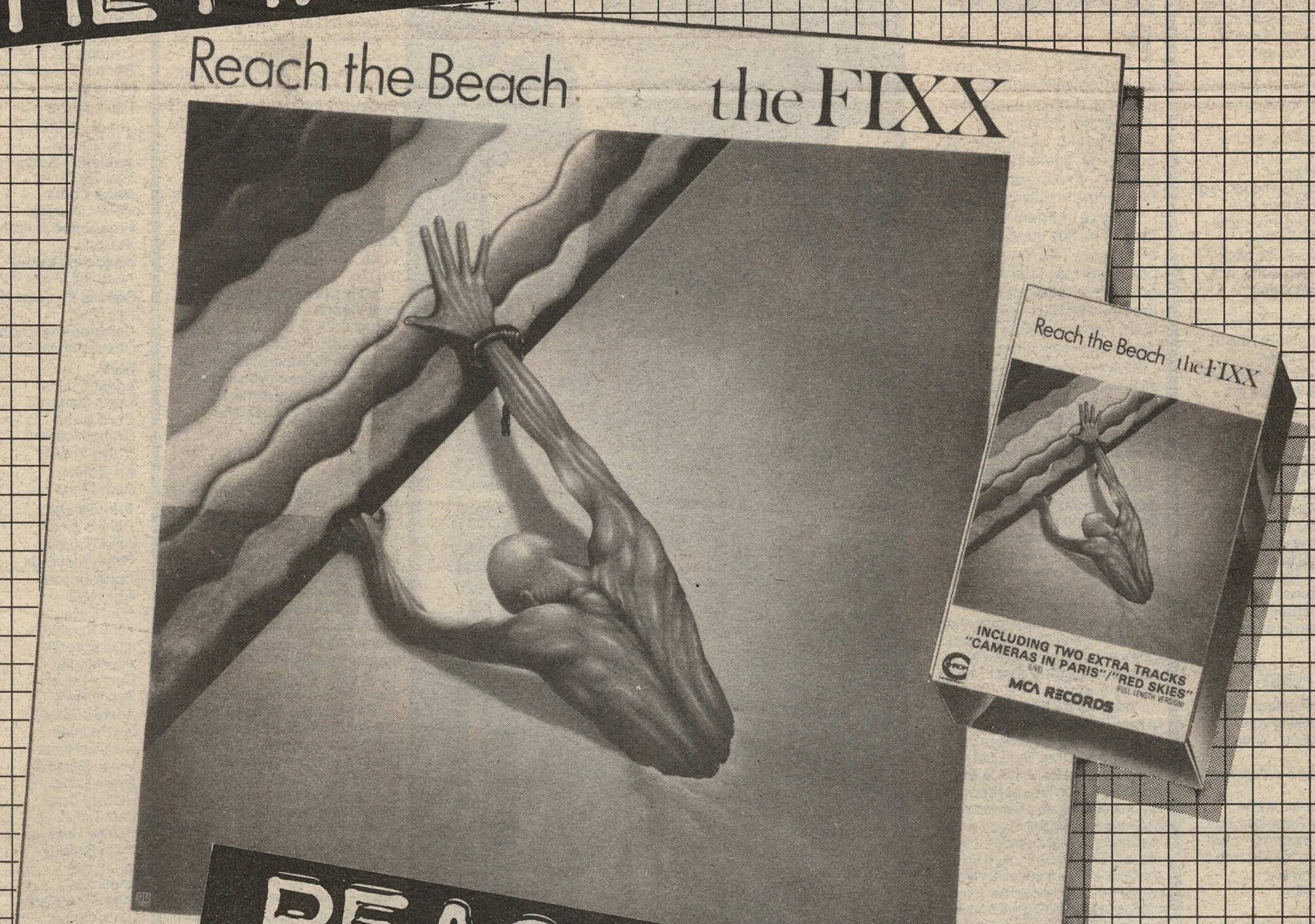
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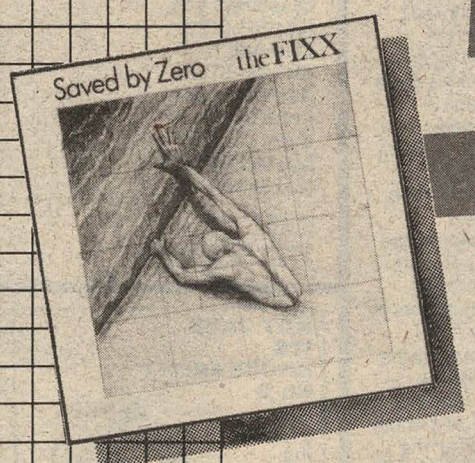

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